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Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
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tended to.

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GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
103 Main Street, - - Woburn.

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SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
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Orders left at H. P. Smith's Tea Store, 124 Main
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We have added to our Soda Syrups the above, which is highly appreciated by many.

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CHOCOLATE,
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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

COAL!
I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"
"GIRARD,"
and **"Lykens Valley,"**
coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,
MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.
ICE. ICE.
The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE
of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Pool, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
R. PICKERING & CO.,
Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturges Sts.,
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Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent
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DR. B. R. HARRON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Particular attention paid to Surgery.

MEN'S CALF SHOES,
\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.
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All work warranted. 28 Repairing neatly done.
JOSIAH LEATHE, 241 Main St., Woburn.
ICE CREAM.
Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be
FILLED THE SAME DAY.
S. H. PATTEN,
MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM,
East St., 3d house from High St. Ice Cream wagon
runs every afternoon and evening.

Musical.
Miss J. A. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.
A MAN IS BORN.

BY GEO. S. DOHR.

Our friend is gone—we say he is dead,
As we gather round his narrow bed,
And we speak our last farewell on earth,
Give back his dust to its mother earth.

The silent spot we lovingly tend,
We plant the willow that to us is bend,
We place the marble shaft at his head,
And tenderly say "A man is dead."

These are our words when a loving friend,
His footsteps heavenward silently wend,
We gaze on the path his footsteps tread,
And tearfully say, "A man is dead."

But what are the words the angel throng,
Breathe on the wings of their happy song;
What do they say as they welcome him,
The friend who passed from our vision dim?

What greeting do they, as gathered there
In the golden aisles of song and prayer—
Wait to him who comes with faltering tread?
The friend we loved—whom we say is dead.

That angel chorus of love and light,
Singing in realms where is known no night,
With faces bright as a summer's morn,
Send forth this greeting—"A man is born."

They gather round him with words of love,
And welcome him to his home above,
"A man is born," they joyously sing,
And words through heaven's high arches ring.

Passing along through the golden street,
They bow their heads at the holy feet
Of Him who wore the crown of thorn,
And lovingly chant, "A man is born."

E. WAKEFIELD, 1879.

Selected Story.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I will not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley—a stout, middle-aged lady, with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.

"Bow-wow," responded her little dog Bijou.

Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours without result. She was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire, and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.

The bag was produced by the maid. It was a large bag of black leather. Bijou eyed it apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terrier, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on breast and paws, jumped into the outside pocket of this travelling mansion, and submitted to having the strap carefully adjusted over his prison in such a manner as allowed a breathing space. Bijou was smuggled on board trains; the maid was not trusted with the bag in her third-class seat, and it was a point of economy with his mistress not to pay for a dog's ticket in her own first-class carriage. Miss Norfolk-Stanley took the bag herself, thus exciting the interest of keen-eyed birds of prey hovering about in scent of jewel cases and bags carried by the English lady traveller. At frontiers the pet was popped under his mistress's mantle, while the maid took the bag to the custom-house officer for inspection; then the inmate was successfully restored. Bijou remained as silent as a mouse in the pocket for hours, and resisted the most tempting inducements to bark at startling noises. He knew full well when the enemy had deserted the field his mistress would take him out of the dismal captivity. Bijou's fur stood on end, at the approach of a guard, by instinct.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley and her maid appeared on the platform of the Turin depot at nine o'clock in the morning. Nephew Dick would find the birds flown when he saw fit to grace the Piedmontese capital with his presence. Bijou was invisible to the most penetrating eye, curled up in the bag.

"Give me a ladies' carriage, and alone if possible," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley to a smiling official, with a persuasive exchange of francs from palm to palm. The smiling official bowed, and soon the lady was installed in a vacant carriage.

"You shall come out, pet, if we are left alone," she whispered, unfastening the strap over the pocket of the bag as it rested on her knee. Bijou thrust out his little black head, reconnoitered the premises, and directly withdrew from sight again.

The Turin depot is one of the most amusing fields of observation in Europe. How Charles Lamb, the gentle philosopher, fond of a London crowd, would have enjoyed it! The British lion monopolizes the field, as a rule, and presents here his most eccentric national aspect. He comes from Nice and Marseilles, via Genoa, stiff in gait, with dyed whiskers and haughty mien, followed by his wife and troops of daughters. He comes from India via Brindisi, tall and lean as a cane, in Oriental cap and belted tunic, like a very large school-boy, accompanied by a sickly and querulous helpmate, whose aspect suggests loss of health and children on the borders of the jungle. Everywhere is clamor, confusion, panic and haste; piles of wraps, still odorous of long sea-voyages, trip the unwary pedestrian. A negress, with good-humored laughter. An anxious mother escorts her darling boy, who is collapsed over the shoulder of a panting fagotto, and demands wildly her coupe, engaged for Paris. An ambassador of Morocco, in a crimson gown and white turban, passes with dignified rosette of manner, surrounded by his suite

enveloped in snowy burnouses, each wearing yellow slippers. A group of young soldiers lean on their muskets, and criticize the throng; porters skurry along, and guards gesticulate; but the quick, mocking Italian eye has ample leisure to scan the laughing negress with her gorgeous wraps, the tall old gentlemen, the toddling old ladies round as balls, the ambassador in his turban.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley gazed out on the hurrying throng with that selfish complacency peculiar to the traveller who has already secured a good seat in a Continental railway carriage. She held an old-fashioned theory that, deprived of the escort of Nephew Dick, a ladies' carriage was the safest place for herself. That she was alone in this opinion was speedily revealed by the fact that every other woman in the crowd bestowing her person in the conveyances adjacent, rather than submit to the awful possibility of a troop of children for hours. Bijou's mistress was an old traveller; experience had made her timid and suspicious. She read all the robberies in English and foreign newspapers, and looked dubiously at mankind of the tourist species. Who are these men? Why did they observe her? A ladies' carriage for her, if you please, and not one where each man in the corner may prove an assassin and a thief if a favorable opportunity offers. She had learned the words "Help!" and "Thieves!" in six languages, for emergencies.

Two ladies paused at the door of the carriage. The smiling official, in remembrance of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's bribe, resisted their efforts to enter, and led them elsewhere. They were both women of medium height, in long water-proof cloaks, their heads enveloped in blue veils, which concealed their faces. Miss Norfolk-Stanley saw a long yellow hand, with thin fingers peculiarly talon-like, stretched forth to turn the handle of her carriage door. The hand belonged to the first woman, and she experienced a strange sense of relief when it was again withdrawn, and the owner passed on. Why? Because Bijou could caper about at liberty if she retained the carriage alone. She assured herself this was the sole reason for dreading the yellow hand and the shiver which crept over her at sight of it.

This danger surmounted, there remained one more to be overcome before Bijou and his mistress could breathe freely. The surly guard jumped on the step, demanding tickets. The surly guard gave and received no quarter. His expression of countenance was saturnine, his gray mustache curled upward in a truly savage manner, and his cap was pressed down over a deeply wrinkled forehead. He was always in a hurry, and his life was rendered burdensome by the questions of nervous travellers. He eyed Miss Norfolk-Stanley sharply—sole occupant of the ladies' carriage, sitting with a leather bag carefully held upright on her knee.

"You have no dog?" demanded the surly guard, peering about on the floor suspiciously.

"Certainly not," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, blushing at the fib which she uttered in alarm for her pet.

Then the surly guard banged the door, departed, and the train actually started at last. Bijou skipped out of his prison, executed a wild but barless dance over the seats, stood on his hind-legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny travelling flask.

The train wended its way toward the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the fountain rampart dividing France and Italy, and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valleys weather-beaten little hamlets huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silvery ripples; the peasants worked in the blooming fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations, and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans, with slightly compressed lips. She would go to Paris, and thence direct to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself!

The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to restore her pet to the bag pocket when the opposite door flew open, and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van, and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again, that long, yellow hand groped upward for the door handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk-Stanley's territory. She resigned herself, with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign-looking, mere harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the text. A second glance at those veiled figures deterred her. The strangers, with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually, as the windows were closed to exclude the smoke.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mont Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was engulfed in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the roof of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke, like an opaque wall against the window-sash! Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar, and sought her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling-bottle of cut steel had vanished.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveller with yellow hands quietly unfastening her cloak, and produced her smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial of colorless glass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using.

A rush of steam, a shriek of a locomotive, and the train passed into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage. After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was tested before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mont Cenis opened its great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes! Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been again closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a heavy cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.

Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—of which the strap had not been refastened when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress's dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any law, short of reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.

The two women, divested of their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk-Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of utter darkness, lost in the heart of Mont Cenis.

"Do not kill her," whispered the elder, a keen, yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.

Her accomplice removed the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley, and lifted the cloak from under her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain, rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the rack above for valuables, and raised the leather bag, Bijou's house, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.

"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Madone. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."

"It were such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected on the frontier!" murmured the younger woman.

"Attend, ma chere; I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive at the French custom-house, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend, I join Adolphe, and lean on his arm; you go with the boys, and speak German. We no longer know each other. You take the Geneva route, and I journey to Macon. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse containing a little silver."

Daylight at last! Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress's robe. The light re-assured him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the older woman saw him, darted forward, and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky little body landed on the ledge of the sash just as the surly guard appeared, who was walking along the outer railing or platform, in response to that shrill volley of barks. What! a dog in the ladies' carriage after all! Ah! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands; heads appeared at neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.

A dog in the ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out the window by a venetian hand! One glance from his point of vantage on the step revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; bags and cases were scattered on the floor; a faint scent of chloroform lingered. A very well arranged plan, hinging on the train's not pausing again until Madone was reached, when all traces of disorder would have been removed, but for the frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stowed away in the pocket of a leather bag.

A group of those highly ornamental gene-

who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a condition of confused consciousness, and was removed to a hotel under guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog instead of demanding his ticket.

Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Madone in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocket-book, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had staid in the same hotel at Rome.

In the years 1877 and 1878 a band of thieves waged war on the Continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued every where the higher branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily re-instated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable women.

Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and moving train, he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurled him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

St. Nicholas for July has eight extra pages and more than eighty illustrations. It opens with a country story, "Dru's Red Sea," illustrated by Walter Shirlaw with a picture—the frontispiece of the number—which shows the young heroine on the road-side startled by an "old traveler." Next comes "Mid-Nodding," a summer poem by Lucy Larcom, followed by an illustrated account of cod-fishing from a small row-boat on the Banks of Newfoundland. Further on comes "Blown Away," a thrilling story, with a spirited picture of a thrilling railroad incident. Boys and girls both, will take interest in the paper entitled, "How to make a Hammock," with its ten plain diagrams, and clear descriptions of the process.

"Blossom-boy of Tokio," an article by Professor William Elliot Griffis, tells of the curious ways of Japanese children, and contains thirty-two drawings by Japanese artists in their old style. Mr. Moncreur D. Conway contributes a story—"The Child and the Image"—suggested by an actual occurrence and illustrated with two pictures by W. J. Hennessy. The Fourth of July element finds expression in a stirring "Patriotic March," a piano piece for four little hands, composed by William K. Bassford; in "Rattle-de-Bang," verses with huzzas and drum-beats in every line; and in "Hayfoot! Strawfoot!" an amusing picture of the drilling of an awkward squad of recruits.

"Glories," by Sarah Winter Kellogg, with seven of Addie Ledyard's lovely pictures, narrates the happy fun of two children in a game with morning-glory blossoms. "A Jolly Fellowship," Frank R. Stockton's serial story, takes its heroes through an exciting diving episode, and leaves them aboard a burning ship; and "Eyebright," the continued tale by Susan Coolidge, brings its chief character to the threshold of an adventure in a sea-cave. Funny verses, comical pictures, gay jingles, a page of bright contributions from the young folks themselves, and Departments brimful of good things, help to complete a number exactly suited to summer holiday reading.

A FEAT A WOMAN CAN PERFORM.—A woman will go on a shopping tour in quest of a score of dissimilar articles. The ribbon must be ten and a half fingers long and half a finger wide; the carpet must be like Mrs. Spriggins', only that she wants hers brown where Mrs. S's is green; first knot in the string she carries in her pocket is the width of the window curtain; the second knot the length of Susie's skirt; the third knot, of the picture cord, and the whole string the distance around the centre table. Besides this she has buttons to buy, cotton to select, silk to match, and Heaven knows what not; she will come home without having made a single blanket, and with a full satchel and an empty pocket book, and an express package will be arriving for a week to come. But the strangest part of this strange, eventful story is, that she can also tell you off-hand the costume of every lady she saw during the tour, either on the street or in any of the numerous shops visited. Can a man do this?

Raphael died without knowing the rapture it is to catch the expression on the face of a man who chases a street car three blocks, and then, just before he makes the jump, for the step, pulls up suddenly and goes back to the sidewalk, trying to look as though he hadn't just discovered that he hadn't a solitary, lingering red cent about his clothes.

They begged him to play a little. He seemed to feel bashful at first, but after a while began to paw the ivories vigorously. "What power!" said a listener, to the owner of the piano. "Yes," exclaimed the latter, in alarm, "he seems to have considerable muscle; but he ought to know that this isn't a gymnasium."

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work, and the doctor asked him what he could do. "Well," said he, "I could dig graves."

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Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscription's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The 4th was celebrated in a quiet manner in Woburn. The flag on the Common, salutes fired from Rag Rock, and bell ringing, comprised the municipal observances. The citizens chose their own private ways of celebrating, and it is hoped every one enjoyed the day. A horrible demonstration by three men in a wagon drawn by one horse, created a slight diversion early in the day. During the night a mob visited C. W. Oxford and insulted him, and disturbed the neighborhood. We understand that two policemen were detailed for his protection, but if they are specimens of the efficiency of the force, ours is not the best in the world.

During the forenoon a boat race came off on Horn Pond, witnessed by a small number of people. A purse of \$8 had been made up and Edward Payson Holway, Parker L. Richardson, and Frank Hunt were expected to contend. Hunt selected a shell lighter than either of the others, and as the three could not agree as to the weight, Hunt was allowed to pull but not to go for the purse. The three got away in good shape, Richardson inshore, and Hunt in the middle. At the stake boat the judges report Hunt as fouling Holway. Hunt led home, with Holway and Richardson in the order named.

SHILL RACE, JULY 4, 11 MILES.
Frank Hunt, 10 min.
E. P. Holway, 10 min. 40 sec.
P. L. Richardson, 11 min. 20 sec.

Holway was awarded \$5, and Richardson \$3. It is claimed by some that Holway can beat Hunt on equal terms as to boats.

Thursday night Walter Kelley, with others, fired a cannon on the sidewalk near Dr. Hutchings' house, and broke two large lights of glass in the front windows of the Doctor's office.

Walter, son of E. W. Champney, had both eyes burned, one of them badly, by a fire cracker.

A son of Thomas J. Harney, of Central Square, caught his clothes on fire while fire crackers, but the timely assistance of Mr. Loren Searle, who was passing at the time, probably saved the boy's life.

A big bonfire on Mt. Pleasant, Thursday night, lighted up well.

Friday evening was pretty generally devoted to private fireworks, and some good displays were made. A big bonfire on Prospect street attracted considerable attention.

A boy named Miles, living on Green street, had one of his hands injured by the explosion of a toy pistol.

During the forenoon, some one threw a cracker into a window in the rear of Lyceum Hall, and a lively battle occurred in the part occupied by J. P. Fernald, requiring several buckets of water to extinguish it.

Patrick B. Foley was found in the entrance to Lyceum Hall, in the morning with his nose broken. He was taken to his home on North Warren street.

A neighborhood picnic was held in Central Square on the 4th, in Jonathan Thompson's grove.

St. Joseph and St. Mary Catholic Societies had a picnic on the 4th in Rock Pond Grove, on the south slope of Mt. Pleasant.

The National Band picnicked at Hiawatha Grove on the 4th.

St. Charles Catholic Sunday School held a picnic on Hudson's grounds, Horn Pond, on the 4th, and it was supplemented by a dance in St. John Institute in the evening.

AMEND IT.—We understand that Judge Colburn, who is looking over the Woburn By-Laws, does not approve of Section 3 of Article IV, which is as follows:—

Any person who shall kindle any bonfire or other fire on the highways or common lands, or on any other lands, without leave of the Selectmen or Chief Engineers of the Fire Department, shall forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding \$10 for every such offence.

He says that under this By-Law a man could be prevented from building a fire in a stove in a house. This may be so, and the Judge ought to know about it. We think the difficulty might be removed by inserting the words "in the open air," between the words "lands" and "without," so that it would read—

Any person who shall kindle any bonfire, or other fire, on the highways or common lands, or on any other lands, in the open air, without leave, &c.

Under the old By-Law, several convictions have been had, and the practice of building fires without permission has nearly ceased. This By-Law is a very useful one, and ought to be retained in some shape.

Capt. Edmunds, chairman of the Board of Aldermen of Newton, has gone wrong, uttering forged papers to a very large amount, and is now in jail unable to obtain \$100,000 bail. By the way, whatever was done with Tappan, who embezzled such fabulous amounts from the Rubber Belting Company? And where is Demand, who stole so much money from the Home Missionary Society?

MUSICAL.—Miss Alice C. Dyer, who has been pursuing her musical studies in Europe the past three years, was in town on Wednesday. She is a very accomplished singer, and the wish has been frequently expressed that she might be heard in public before her departure for California where her parents reside.

The Fourth partook somewhat of the nature of a National Thanksgiving on account of the adjournment of Congress.

CAFE.—Hammond's Cafe was re-opened on Saturday.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At the regular meeting of the School Committee, all present but Mr. Converse, the following teachers were appointed:—High School, James I. Hanson, Vanie B. Robinson, Sarah J. Kelley, Cummings Grammar, E. H. Davis, Lillian A. Hayward, Fannie C. Wheeler, Mina J. Wendell, Hannah R. Hudson, Sarah F. Stevens, Susan A. Russell, Emma F. Hovey, Elizabeth H. Boyd, Central Grammar, Eliza A. Hayward, Harriet Thompson, Rumford Grammar, Andrew R. Linscott, Mary E. Briggs, Johnson Grammar, Henry B. Wood, Mary E. Hevey, Plympton Grammar, Frank B. French, Emily W. Eaton, Amanda Sevens, Union Street Grammar, Jennie E. Skinner, East Woburn Grammar, Ina V. Austin, Cedar Street Mixed, Elizabeth A. Richardson, Cambridge Street Mixed, Julia H. Lincoln, Lawrence Primary, Elizabeth P. Ingalls, Josephine A. Randall, Lucretia K. Tidd.

Of the 64 applicants for admission to the High School, three withdrew. It was voted to grant certificates of admission to those who had an average of 60 per cent, and the following were so certified in the order of their standing, the highest being 94 per cent:—Warren W. Cummings, Marion I. Smith, Elsie M. Burrill, Lillie M. Leslie, May H. Perkins, Edwin T. Carter, Minnie E. Moody, Mary E. Purtil, M. Alice Robins, Ernest C. Bartlett, Minnie Hyde, Fanny W. King, Marion A. Tidd, Carrie A. Richardson, Mary E. O'Donnell, J. William Fox, Harry Parks, Laura V. Ellison, Geo. E. Dempsey, Lizzie B. Dodge, Etta W. Crane, Frank L. Perry, Peter P. Mehan, Annie Farry, Everett G. Place, Edith C. Chamberlain, Olive P. Baker, Hattie Devier, Margaret Bearisto, Sarah J. Colburn, Felix J. Carr, Alice G. Dow, George O. Dean, William P. Symonds, Hattie E. Harris.

It was also voted to admit on probation, all those who had 50 per cent, and less than 60, which included the following:—Florence E. Starkey, William Bearisto, Mary E. Porter, Sarah E. Ellard, Josephine S. Poflard, Alice M. Duren, Charles E. Leighton, Annie N. Taylor, J. Henry Hutchings, Nellie E. Platts, Florence A. Rice, Kate Maguire, Jenny L. Cummings, Dennis S. Doherty, Sarah M. Jennings, Edith C. Richardson, Belinda M. Battell, Addie J. Frampton.

At the adjourned meeting Thursday evening all present but Mr. Anderson. It was voted to open the primary schools with two sessions a day. The following additional appointments were made:—Union Street Primaries, Jessie A. Dimmick, Alice M. Grammer, Lilla G. Walker, Plympton St. Primaries, Marion T. Hosmer, Alice S. Harshorn, Jessie A. Day, Munroe Street, Sixth Grammar, Carrie H. Robinson; Primary, Abbie L. Blake, Rumford Primary, Mary A. Richardson, Main Street Primary, Martha A. Russell, Highland Street Primary, Nellie Grace Gould, Johnson Primaries, M. Louisa Bacon, Clara M. Fox, East Woburn Primary, Emma F. Fowle.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—At the request of the Boston & Lowell Railroad management, Dr. B. Joy Jeffries, who has recently been examining a study of color blindness, examined half-a-dozen of the engineers last Tuesday, in the presence of the Board of Railroad Commissioners and officials of the corporation. After explaining the methods used in Europe for testing the disease, Dr. Jeffries applied the tests to the men before him. The first test applied was that of visual power determined by their ability to read letters of different sizes at a distance of twenty feet, with both eyes and with each eye, singly. In one case the visual power was normal with both eyes, but the right eye possessed only one-quarter of, and the left eye was double, the normal power. The other five were all normal. The test by colors was then tried, which consists in picking out a bunch of worsted, usually green, from a large number of bunches of all colors, and telling the subject of examination to select all the bunches which present to his eye the same or nearly the same color as the first one chosen. All of the engineers passed the examination satisfactorily. The Railroad Commissioners were present to examine into the subject of color blindness, a subject upon which the legislature ordered them to report at the next session of the General Court.

A SENSATION.—On Monday a boy reported seeing a human head in a well near Sawtelle's shop on Green street. The story finally, somewhat enlarged, reached the ears of Chief of Police Conn, who went over to Green street, and on investigation found that the body of some small animal was in the water, and what promised to become a sensation, turned out to be simply a mild case for the Board of Health. The well will either be cleaned out or filled up.

EXCURSIONS.—Last week Saturday, Charles Porter Hose Company went to the Beach in the Commonwealth.

Monday the second class in the High School, with friends, went to the Isle of Shoals, and spent the day very pleasantly. Wednesday a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Baptist Society, went to Nahant in the Commonwealth.

ACCIDENT.—Geo. F. Luce, of Woburn, employed in a leather manufactory on Harrison Avenue, Boston, had his right arm and hand badly jammed one day this week. A large machine was being moved from one floor to another, and it slipped, catching his arm between the partition and the machine. He received treatment at the City Hospital.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Some one, last Saturday, set a fire under a flight of stairs at the unoccupied Winn Tannery. It was discovered and put out without raising any alarm, and before it had done any damage.

INSURANCE.—George H. Cobb has taken the agency of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., of Liverpool, England, and will insure property in Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

THE SAVINGS BANK.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank occurred Friday evening. The Directors met and adjourned for one week.

RUNAWAY.—Graham & White's horse ran away on Winn street last Tuesday, and broke the shafts of the wagon. The horse was slightly cut.

That quarter past one train from Boston is a great convenience.

WOMEN VOTERS.—The ladies in the towns about us are agitating the subject of the exercise of their newly acquired right to vote. In Woburn, on the 4th of July, a patriotic lady devoted her time to calling upon her sisters throughout the town, and procured signers to the address which we give below. The day was hot and the road was long, but she persevered, and only regrets her inability to call on more. The example of these ladies is commended to the ladies of the town, who it is hoped will see to it that their names are registered. The following are the names already sent in to the Assessors:—

WOBURN, July 4, 1879.
To the Assessors of Woburn.
GENTLEMEN.—Being reminded, upon this anniversary of the Declaration of Independence made by our forefathers, that a partial right to exercise the privilege of voting has been accorded to the women of Massachusetts, we, the undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts and inhabitants of this town, in accordance with the Statutes of 1879, chapter 232, section 2, request you to assess us for a poll tax, and to return our names to the Town Clerk in the list of persons assessed, so that we may be registered as voters, and have the right to vote for members of the School Committee of this Town.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. Betsey A. Stearns, Mrs. Lucy E. B. Converse, Mrs. Anna M. Kehon, Mrs. Mary S. Stanley, Mrs. Martha C. Higgins, Mrs. Adeline Place, Mrs. Emma M. Hutchings, Mrs. Hattie L. Doyle, Mrs. Margery T. Pierce, Mrs. Susan Taylor Converse, Mrs. Lucretia T. True, Mrs. Henrietta Lund, Mrs. Helen Blanchard, Mrs. Agnes E. Champney, Mrs. Martha J. Putnam, Mrs. Susan C. Pindar, Mrs. Nancy M. Thompson, Miss Hattie A. Blaisdell, Mrs. Caroline R. B. Hayes, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Hammond, Miss Sarah J. Kelley, Mrs. Mary W. Poole, Mrs. Abby Yundt, Mrs. Abbie A. Pierce, Mrs. Maria L. Cragin, Miss Mary A. Frost, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. Amelia J. Parker, Miss Ellen L. Eastman, Miss Clara E. Stearns, Mrs. Sarah L. Simonds, Mrs. Annie B. Tidd, Mrs. Mary W. Eaton, Mrs. Susan B. Tidd, Miss Susan J. Buxton, Miss Angeline Buxton.

DWELLING-HOUSE BURNED.—About 12 o'clock Friday night an alarm was sounded in such a way as to send the firemen all over town. Blowing for the Center and then Five, Hose No. 1 went up Green street, and finding no fire came back and started for Button End. Hose 5 came up town and then up Salem street, a bright light appearing in that direction. Finally a light appeared in Central Square, and after considerable delay the department reached the scene, a double dwelling-house on Page Court. Hose 6 was early on the ground, but attaching to a Main street hydrant did not have hose enough to reach the fire. The house belonged to J. Horace Dean, who is absent with the Phalanx, his wife also being out of town on a visit. One-half of the house is unfinished and unoccupied. The fire was the work of an incendiary, as those who were early at the fire say it was set under the stairs, which could be reached from the unoccupied part. The furniture was got out in a damaged condition. The fire ran up to the top of the building, and was confined there, burning off the French roof and upper rooms. It was insured for \$1,300, which will cover the loss.

HIS STATEMENT.—Mr. Prescott, who was referred to last week as having made unauthorized collections for the National Band says that he was one of the directors of the Band, and one of our prominent citizens met him in a saloon and suggested the idea of the concert. Mr. Prescott thought it would be a good idea, and he would give a long list of signers, and reluctantly received six dollars from subscribers who insisted on paying when they subscribed. It was his original intention to surprise the Band with the paper at their meeting on Tuesday evening, but being out of town he could not carry out his plan. In regard to the instrument taken from his boarding house, Mr. Prescott claims it as his property. He at one time had an instrument belonging to the Band, but lost it, and he claims it not responsible for the loss. He then bought another instrument, which is the one in question, and which he insists that the Band has no claim upon.

BURGULAR CAUGHT.—Friday afternoon Mr. J. P. Fernald was in his store, airing some of his goods, the store having been smoked by the fire. Going out for a short time he returned and found Christopher Smith in the store, and immediately gave him in charge of Officer Walsh, who happened to be passing the door, and the young man was locked up. Entrance was made through a rear window. Smith was locked up last year on suspicion of entering the fish market, but was discharged for lack of evidence. Being caught in the act this time, he pleaded guilty when arraigned before Judge Converse this morning, and was held in \$500 for appearance before the Superior Court.

THE FIFTH GOES TO NEW HAVEN.—Thursday evening the Phalanx took the 9.15 train for Boston, to go with the Fifth Regiment to New Haven. Capt. Ellard had 39 men and 3 officers. They were accompanied by Col. W. T. Grammer, Capt. John P. Crane, Capt. Luke R. Tidd, Capt. E. F. Wyer, Lieut. M. S. Seeley, Thomas H. Hill, Esq., and Dr. George P. Bartlett. Sergt. R. F. McKee folded the overcoats for the whole regiment, thereby securing uniformity as well as neatness. The regiment assembled on Boston Common at 10 o'clock, and took a special train on the Providence R. R., at 10.35.

POLICE COURT.—John Keating, drunk, \$5 and costs. Wm. McCafferty, drunk, \$3 and costs. John Maguire, drunk, \$3 and costs. James Farrell, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas McGuire, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed for non-payment. Grace Callahan, drunk, \$3 and costs. John Davin, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Bridget McGoff assaulted James H. Robushaw on the 4th, and her case will be tried to-day.

TO EUROPE.—William B. Doyle sailed Wednesday for a trip through England, Ireland, Germany, and other places. He will join Mr. E. F. Johnson in Germany, and from there they will travel together.

FIRE.—Thursday morning some children set a fire in the stairway of the wooden building adjoining the Grain Mill. It was discovered soon after, and extinguished with a pail of water.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.—A private letter from Germany, from which we are kindly permitted to make extracts, gives a pleasant picture of German home life, which will be quite interesting to readers of the Journal.
"Parrer (German for minister) Goring has two daughters, the youngest of whom is married to a Russian Marquis, and lives in St. Petersburg. She has been home on a long visit to Kleinfahner, and Saturday her husband suddenly put in his appearance to give her a surprise party. He is a short, stout, good looking man, and for aristocracy will do very well. Of course his arrival has made quite a little stir among us, and with his four-children we have now quite a family. It seems that some years ago he came from Russia to Germany to study German with Parrer Goring, as I am doing, and that Miss Goring proved so attractive he took her home with him. To-day at dinner, he, Goring, and myself drank President Hayes's health, so the President ought not to feel very badly, even if bad Democrats do abuse him, when a Russian Marquis and a German minister join with a humble American to drink his health. The Germans think a great deal of America, and believe it to be a wonderful place.

"The weather here is much cooler than at home, and my winter flannels have not seemed uncomfortable as yet. You would enjoy greatly to see some of the calls people make on each other here. Two Sundays ago we all went to Grossfahner. Arrived there, we found another minister and his wife, three elderly unmarried ladies, a grandmother, and a governess. We got there about 4.30, and immediately sat down to a lunch they call "coffee." While sipping this, all the ladies kept at some hand-work or other and joined in the conversation. At 8 came the supper, immediately followed by a great bowl of wine which occupied us all about two hours. The ministers sung (remember this was Sunday) Parrer Goring danced a hornpipe for the ladies, and such a hubbub you never saw. As an observer I enjoy these things immensely. The people all about here are very pleasant and informal in their manners, and as they treat me so well I'm disposed to like them very much. The peasants also are, to my thinking, much better inclined to do what is right and civil, than are the lower classes at home, although their lot is indeed a hard one. All peasants about here, man, woman or child, bow or take off their hats, and say "good day," "good morning," etc., whenever one of a higher rank meets them. As I walk through the village the children all cry out "Guten Tag" (good day), the women bow, and do the same, while the men usually take off their hats. The women apparently work much harder than the men.

"There is a pond a little back of the town, and from it a brook runs through the one street of the village. From this brook water for all purposes is taken, and the three or four wells in the town are only used in case of drought. The women invariably carry all the water, using either a large yoke which fits on their neck and shoulders, and enables them to carry two large pails at once, or a sort of a washbuck which holds four or five large pails, and which they strap on to their back. You couldn't hire a woman in America to do the work the girl here does (second girl) less than five dollars a week. I venture to say she gets less than a dollar. On Sundays at church the women wear a perfectly immense black bonnet with a black shroud over their shoulders. The men all sit by themselves in the gallery, the boys altogether near the organ; the women all sit alone, down stairs, and the girls occupy the front seats with uncovered heads. The service is rather peculiar, but I have not time to describe it here."

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting Thursday afternoon; all present but Cummings. Mary A. Harkins was recommended to be released from the Industrial School at Lancaster. The following special policemen were appointed for duty on July 3d and 4th: R. F. McKee, Edward Hoskins, James McMahon, Edward A. Pierce, J. E. Stewart, T. P. Stowers, Frank Lippitt, John Murphy, Daniel Sutherland, John Brauer, John R. Hamilton, T. W. Gilecrest, J. F. S. LeBaron, John Thornton, F. L. Morrill. The petition of W. D. Bartlett for permission to put a post in front of his drug store was referred to the Highway Committee. The usual bills approved.

ORGAN RECITAL.—Mr. Cutter and Mr. Lewis gave an organ recital in the Unitarian Church last Monday evening, with the following programme:—Sonata, D. Minor; Introduction, Allegro, by Guilmant; Pastorale, Finale. Canon, by Merkel; Home Sweet Home, by Buck. Grand Chorus, D. Major, by Guilmant. Variations, Star Spangled Banner, by Buck. Ave Maria, 16th Century, by Liszt; Military March, by Gounod. Overture of William Tell, by Rossini.—Buck. Mr. Lewis played the last two numbers.

BURGULARY.—Thomas S. Curtis reports the loss of a quantity of tea, tobacco, and other groceries, from the barn on Salem street, used by him as a storehouse. He is selling off his goods rapidly and cheaply at The Little Red Store, but he don't like this new way of running off goods.

PRESENT.—The scholars of Miss M. C. Stearns, and their parents, have made her a liberal present of money, as an evidence of their appreciation of her success in teaching, and her long tried fidelity to the best interests of the school she has conducted so well for many years.

William Haber, a lad who sometimes assists in the tolling of the church bell, cut his hand severely last Friday evening, attempting to raise a window in the Congregational belfry.

The Woburn Band appeared in new caps at their open-air concert Wednesday night. We noticed Mr. J. W. Marrinan among the performers.

Tuesday evening a very pleasant lawn party was enjoyed at the residence of Mr. John D. Gilman, on Montvale Avenue.

PICNIC.—Thursday, a number of young people held a picnic at the Cove, Horn Pond.

It is a remarkable record that Miss Alice Emerson has made the past year, as a pupil of the First Grammar School. On a scale of 100, her average for the entire year, in all her studies, has been 100, while she has also been marked 100 in deportment. A perfect mark for the entire year has never before been received in this school and probably will not be, soon again.—Reading Chronicle.

Mr. Editor:—Believing it to be your aim to diffuse all the useful knowledge within your reach to the readers of your paper, I beg to inform your correspondents to be gentlemen. Last Saturday, as one of our fellow citizens was coming from Boston on the train he was surrounded by two of the Greek deities, Bacchus and Morpheus. The latter swung him into the land of Nod, and when he arrived at the depot in this town he found that the goddess had robbed him of his head-gear, which enabled him to inhale the cool balmy zephyrs of New England until he arrived at his shieling in Cummingsville. So the citizens may know for the future that they will find all the news in the Journal.

North Woburn.
Hose 2.—A new company was organized Monday night, to take charge of the apparatus in this section of the town. Shafts have or will be put on the carriage, and a horse used to take the carriage to fires. The company are allowed ten men, and will be officered as follows:—Foreman, P. M. Wardland; Assistant Foreman, Sylvester Call; Clerk and Treasurer, Walter W. Bennett; Steward, George A. Tuttle. Several of the citizens have joined the company as honorary members, and the new organization will no doubt be a credit to the department.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.—Last Friday morning, about two o'clock, an attempt was made to force open the door of Deming & Boynton's store. Failing in the attempt, they tried to force the door of the shoe shop occupied by Henry P. Flint. Mr. Frank Hall, who sleeps in the rear part of the building, hailed them, but failing to receive an answer, he struck a light and went out. Hearing a noise in the Post Office and thinking they might be in there, he went and called up the Postmaster, J. P. Tyler, but upon investigation everything was safe. The would-be burglars had fled.

SINGULAR ACCIDENTS.—As Albert D. Carter was returning from Reading with a cow in a box wagon, he was attacked by a dog, who seized the cow by the heels; the frightened animal sprang over the front of wagon, knocking Mr. Carter to the ground in such a manner that the wheels ran over him nearly lengthwise, bruising him severely. He reached home without assistance, but is now under the care of a doctor.

Winchester.
HIGH SCHOOL.—The exercises of the graduating class last Friday afternoon, were of a very interesting character. The programme, as outlined in the Journal was carried out in full. All the parts were well sustained. The History of the Class was well written and delivered in a clear tone, which was very gratifying to the auditors. The class prophet exercised her prophetic power and presented to the view of her classmates, the scenes of the future in which they shall bear prominent parts, and not to be slighted, the fancy of one of these was equal to a forecasting of the future of the fair seer herself. The trial scene of the "Merchant of Venice," was remarkably well done, Miss Richardson as "Portia," doing herself especial credit. This young lady proved the good judgment of whoever selected her as the valedictorian, for it is no disparagement to the class to award to her the honors of the occasion. Mr. Tyler presented the diplomas in an appropriate address, and the exercises closed with prayer by Rev. H. F. Barnes.

BAD BOYS.—On Tuesday a carpenter at work in a house on Hancock street, suffering from the heat, took off his pants and hung them up, continuing his work in his overalls. In the pocket of the pants was a wallet containing about \$40. He resumed his work in the cellar, and having occasion later to go to his clothing he discovered the loss of his money. There was another man at work in the building who was at once suspected of the larceny, and he was detained on the premises until the arrival of an officer who searched the man but found nothing. Some of the neighbors learning of the trouble, reported seeing some boys enter the building. Two boys named Meagher and Donovan were arrested, and most of the money recovered. The father of one of the boys made good the loss and paid the costs, the carpenter acknowledged satisfaction and the boys were discharged. Before their arrest they had been to Boston, spending their money quite freely.

RAILROAD CASUALTY.—Joseph Fogie, an employee of P. Waldmeyer & Co., was found lying on the railroad track last Friday morning, in a helpless condition. He had been run over by the morning freight train from Boston, and his left arm was cut off, and also one of his heels. He was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, where he died of his injuries on Tuesday.

RECEPTION AND PRESENTATION.—The High School Association met last Friday evening, at the house Mr. A. W. Quimby. During the evening the President, Mr. C. A. Conant, presented in behalf of his classmates, a silver fruit dish to Mr. Charles L. Harrington, principal of the school.

SLIGHT MISHAP.—Henry Smalley, who is an accomplished bicyclist, was exhibiting his favorite steed the other evening, when a treacherous pebble appeared in his course, and horse and rider went down with a shock. He was soon re-seated, however, and went off in good shape.

UNHORSED.—Tuesday evening, a daughter of Gen. McNeill, was equestrianizing on Washington street, when she was thrown violently from her horse at the corner of Mt. Vernon street. She was assisted to remount, and continued her ride as if nothing had happened.

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS.—Twenty trains leave Winchester every day for Boston, and twenty trains leave Boston daily for Winchester. There are five other trains which occasionally stop here to leave and take up passengers.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CROCODILE.—It is alleged that there are several alligators in the Abajona river, and bathers are warned to avoid them. The small boy, however, denies the allegation and defies the alligator.

BASE BALL.—A picked nine from Woburn came down last Saturday afternoon, and were met by nine Winchesterers, who took them into camp at the rate of 26 to 15.

FOOT BALL.—Seems to be interesting our young men considerably of late.

HAY.—The hay crop in Winchester, promises to be quite heavy.

Wilmington.
A clever piece of detective work has been performed by Mr. Henry Sheldon, in the discovery of a portion of the gang that has lately infested this town. Last Wednesday, Mr. Horace Sheldon missed 7 sheep from his pasture. He at once informed his brother Henry, and the latter started for the pasture without delay. After a minute's examination of the tracks, he observed that the horse used by the thieves had remarkably small hoofs, and one of the men wore rubber shoes and was slightly lame. By these tracks Henry Sheldon patiently traced the thieves to Woburn. Upon his arrival at that town he communicated with Chief of Police Conn. This interview led him to start at once for Boston, and acting on the supposition that the sheep had been butchered, he instituted a search amongst the several dealers in hides. He was extraordinarily successful, as in a store on Fulton street, the third place he visited, he found the seven pelts of the missing sheep, which he easily identified by some peculiar marks. On asking the storekeeper the name of the party who sold the pelts, he was informed that he was a young man whose name he did not know, but that a man who had often done business with them, by the name of Libby, had accompanied this young man. But of Libby's residence or how to find him, they could give him no information. Mr. Sheldon at once started out amongst the marketmen, but could find no one who could help him towards the discovery of Libby. But he did not despair; he had undertaken the task and was determined to succeed in catching the thieves. The next day he was successful beyond expectation, for he found not only Libby, but through Libby he discovered two other parties, one of whom actually confessed to the robbery and selling the carcasses and pelts. Another who is known to belong to the party, has so far eluded the officers, but his arrest is simply a question of time, as he is well known. Last Saturday, Al Libby and W. N. Morrill were brought before the court at Malden, and both placed under bonds of \$500 each. It now remains for the proper authorities to display the same untiring vigilance and perseverance as was exhibited by one of our citizens, to root out the gang of thieves and burglars that has been infesting this and neighboring towns for some time past. Thomas Bancroft, our Chief of Police, and Deputy Sheriff Davis, of Wakefield, also deserve great credit in working up this case.

A horse belonging to Mr. J. M. Ellis of Woburn, while on Winthrop street last Friday, thinking to have a circus of his own, walked up the stone steps of the grounds on the corner of the above street and Main and afterwards down the steps on the Main street side. In the carriage was a quantity of strawberries that had about like a shower of red hailstones and acted as if they were natives of the place.—Melrose Visitor.

ART NOTES.—The Sunday Herald says that Mr. H. W. Berthrong, an amateur artist whose work has long been favorably known, is contemplating giving his whole time, for the future, to the practice of art. His latest pictures were two crayon portraits, now on exhibition at Bigelow & Kennard's, of Miss Mary Beebe and Mr. Jessup of New York. These drawings are particularly soft in outline, and extremely delicate in the effects of shading and modeling.

TEMPERANCE CAMP MEETING.—The Fourth National Temperance Camp-Meeting, under the auspices of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, and of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, will be held on Lake View Camp-Ground, South Framingham, where excellent meetings have been held the past two years. It will open on Tuesday, August 19, at 2 P. M., and close Monday morning, August 25. The meeting will be under the direction of Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia, one of the secretaries of the National Society. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, President, and Mrs. Dr. L. B. Barrett, Secretary, will hold daily devotional and conference meetings. These meetings have been greatly enjoyed in past years by all who have attended them, and have been very helpful to temperance workers. Mrs. Livermore expects to be present most of the time during the meeting, and will give one of the addresses on Sabbath afternoon. Bishop Samuel Fallows, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted an invitation to preach the Sabbath A. M. sermon, August 24. The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Massachusetts will occupy Thursday P. M., and possibly the evening. Rev. Joshua Gill, W. C. T. U., will arrange the programme for that service, and preside. Rev. Henry W. Conant, of Providence, R. I.; Rev. O. H. Jasper, D. D., of Nashua, N. H.; Rev. Geo. S. Chadbourn, of Somerville, Mass.; J. R. Sypher, Esq.; D. D. Smith, D. D. S. M. D., of Philadelphia; Rev. Alfred Taylor, of New York; and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Illinois, will speak on specific phases of the temperance question. Mrs. L. B. Hunt, of Hyde Park; Miss Louisa Baker, of Nantucket; and Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., of Natick, Mass.; Hon. Henry W. Blair, M. C., of New Hampshire; Mrs. S. K. Bolton, of Boston, Mass., and J. N. Stearns, Esq., Corresponding Secretary, and Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, President of the National Temperance Society, have also been invited to be present and participate in the services. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts extend a hearty invitation to the ladies of other unions to unite with them in these meetings. There will be ample accommodations for all desiring to attend, and at low rates. Prof. W. W. Bentley, of New York City, will have charge of the singing during the meeting. Arrangements have been made for excursion rates over the Boston and Albany and Old Colony Railroads, and divisions. Call for excursion tickets. Board will be furnished by Mr. Sawtelle at \$1 per day, or on the European plan.

THE LOVER'S TALE. By Tennyson. Houghton, Osgood & Co. pp. 32, paper, 10 cents.
The original preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in the poet's nineteenth year, and though it ranks very high, we think none who have read the gifted author's works will doubt the statement. Very few authors who have risen to the height of fame, could have done so well at that age. The narration of the story of the love of Julian for his cousin and foster-sister Camilla, who has been wedded to his friend and rival Lionel, with the strange sequel, will deeply interest all who read it, and at the low price at which it is sold, it should be owned by everyone.

SCRIBNER for July.—No description of this interesting number can show to the reader the real pleasure he will find in perusing it. Among the most attractive will be found the reprint of the celebrated engravings by Mr. Henry Marsh for Harris' "Insects Injurious to Vegetation." These are most beautiful and accurate illustrations, the drawings having been approved by the late Professor Agassiz. Another illustrated paper in this number is "The American on the Stage," which deals with a theme not before treated in the magazines, viz.—the different attempts to portray distinctively American characters. In it will be found great variety both in text and in the character drawings which accompany it. Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe with the portraits by Stuart of the writer and her husband will be received with pleasure. The third paper of the Brazil Series is devoted to "An Indian Village on the Amazons," described in a clear and accurate manner from personal observation of the industries, home life, religious ceremonies, and mental characteristics of a rarely visited people. A long list of other very interesting and instructive articles makes this number of this world-renowned monthly indispensable in every family.

Statistics.—The Assessors of Burlington have progressed far enough in their labors to furnish the following facts:—Whole number of Polls, 184. Total tax on each, \$1.79. Whole valuation, \$4,688.73. Total tax for State, County and Town purposes, \$5,704.49. Rate of taxation per \$1,000, \$11.50. Number of Horses, 200. Number of Cows, 287. Dwelling-houses, 129. Acres of land taxed, 7,265.

Written for the Journal.

Massachusetts Press Excursion.

In our last we carried the account of this trip up to Saratoga. Wednesday we were on the road for 49 miles, and then made a stop at Howe's Cave. The Cave is very near the depot of the same name. It is the second in size in the United States, and is thought to be about eight miles long, but many parts have not as yet been explored. There are many stories told in relation to Mr. Howe's discovering this great phenomenon. One is that he was looking after a cow that he had lost, and on coming to a certain place on the hillside he noticed a great rush of cool, damp air, and on close observation found the cave, which bears his name. Another is, that he noticed that the cows on a hot summer day were always found in that portion of the field, and on closely examining the ground, found the reason for their so doing; but however, we know that it was discovered, for after we had gone into it for three miles, the job was a great deal more than we had anticipated and by far more tedious. As we entered the mouth of the cave a cold stream of air met us, which was very acceptable, considering the suit of clothes that we had on, to avoid getting our own wearing apparel dirty, and the heat of the pelting sun. Having lanterns in our hands we proceeded, but the lanterns did as much good as fire-bugs do in lighting this earth at night time. Gasoline aided in giving us a few "welcome" gleams for the distance of half a mile. We walked on, with our courage failing us more and more, almost willing to stop after going in a short distance. Most of the ladies would gladly have turned about and gone out, but there was no guide, so they pressed on. One would step on a stone and go to looking at something, when first thing he knew his head would be solving the properties of the rock around. His underpinning was unsteady, the stone on which he was standing would wiggle and hardly before he knew it, the "shine" on his boots was besmeared with mud, caused by his slipping off. The frequent cry was "look out for heads," then every one wanted to see what was matter, but they soon found out when they saw the guide crawling through a small hole about two and a half feet in diameter. We entered the "Reception Room." "Washington Hall," George was not there, however; "Bridal Chamber," "Chapel," "Stygian or Crystal Lake," which was a common ditch to the outer world, about ten feet wide on an average, and six feet in depth; "Ghost-room, or haunted Castle," and heard a spectre snoring in deep repose. This phenomenon is caused by a person sitting in a narrow open space and throwing his head backward, snoring in the meantime very highly, thus producing a deafening noise. "Plymouth Rock," "Devil's Gateway," "Museum," "Geological Rooms," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Grant's Study," "Pirates' Cave," "Rocky Mountains," "Valley of Jehoshaphat," "Winding Way," and "Rotunda." Most of these names have been given by Mr. Howe, and visitors. Stalactites and stalagmites are to be seen in large numbers. We at last came to a tunnel where we would be obliged to crawl on our hands and knees for about fifty or sixty feet, in order to get through it, but the guide informed us that there was about two inches of water on the bottom of it, and that would make it impossible; "Bless his soul." Turning about we retraced our steps and met another party who had been very slow and had not hurried, advising them to turn about, saying that it was just the same as they had seen. We all joined together on going out of the Cave with but very little persuading. On coming out it seemed as though night had prevailed, and almost in a moment day had thrust itself upon us. After dining at the Cave House, which is a first-class hotel, we started to take the cars for Oneonta, and arrived at that place about seven o'clock, a portion of us going to the Central Hotel and the rest to the Susquehanna House. Here we were treated in the best of style, a band of music celebrating our advent into town, by giving us a serenade concert. Many small animals, for which we could find no name, were seen at this place by some of the party. On the following day we left for Carbondale, arriving at half past eleven, immediately taking the Gravity road for Honesdale. Let me try and give you some idea of this road. We ascend a high mountain in cars on an inclined plane, then we were attracted by the force of gravity and move by no visible power, no smoke or cinders filled our eyes or soiled our faces. The cars travelled at the speed of most of our railroad trains; we were going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and on an average from twenty-five to thirty. Coal cars go over this road at the rate of nearly forty miles an hour. Honesdale was our place of stopping, and here we took dinner and saw that it was quite a flourishing little town. On our way back the ladies thought that a race would be very exciting, and so at their proposition the cars were unhitched and we were all left to follow one another, but the head one "beat," and the others followed on in their order. If there had been more than one track we think that we might have had very high times. But finally the race was over and we stopped on edge of a precipice 190 feet below. The bank of the track here is all fine coal and dust, which, no doubt, comes "cheaper than dirt." We started on again and reached Carbondale, and then took the cars for Scranton, arriving there and taking lodging at the Wyoming House. In the evening some visited the Steele works, while others walked to get some idea of what this flourishing town was. Later there was singing by the Continental Glee Club, and playing by the "Battalion Band," both organizations doing themselves great credit. Let me say here, that at Carbondale a committee from the Scranton Board of Trade met us and made themselves very interesting by explaining various objects of interest. We left Scranton early the next morning for Glen Ounko. We have now just got over one-half of the trip and will conclude in our next.

Married.

To North Woburn, July 3d, by Rev. Chas. Anderson, Mr. Thomas S. Curtis, of No. Woburn, and Miss Marie E. Sewall, of Burlington. In North Woburn, N. H., June 26, by Rev. S. G. Sweeney, Benjamin Chapman, of Woburn, and Margaret Stevenson, of Boston. In Maiden July 1, by Rev. Paul's Church, by Rev. George P. Huntington, Rev. Arthur H. Barrington, of Fall River, and Miss Fannie Gilchrist, of Woburn.

HOME MADE BEER.

Splendid Summer drink; made from roots, herbs and barks, used from time immemorial; no boiling or straining; easily made; refreshing and healthy. Made with our "BEER EXTRACT."

SOLD ONLY BY
GEORGE S. DODGE, Apothecary.
165 Main Street, Woburn. 63

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.
In Woburn, June 29, Stephen R. Rand, aged 32 years.
In Burlington, July 4, Mrs. Damaris B. Flint, aged 98 years, 1 month and 25 days.
In Winchester, June 28, Mary L., daughter of Lewis and Margaret Perkins, aged 1 year, 11 months, 7 days.

Special Notices.

GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
This is the best Spring medicine you can use. It will remove that all-painful feeling you have, for it puts new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the trouble to which so many are subject in the SPRING TIME, such as CATARRH, HUMORS, SORES, LIVER TROUBLES, &c., all of which come from IMPURE BLOOD, or infection of the LIVER. Some of the Herbs in these Bitters are: Mandrake, (for the Liver), Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash, (for the Blood), Rhubarb and Bilewort (for the Stomach). Then we add some "spring" that works especially in the blood for CATARRH. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, 75 cents.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Makes to order, all kinds of

CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.

MAKES LASTS
For Troublesome Joints.

Ankle Supporting Boots

For Children with Weak Ankles.

25 Bromfield Street,
ROOM 2, BOSTON.

For Sale and To Let.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A large double house, in Woburn Center, corner of Main and Church streets. Eight rooms in each part, water and gas. About a quarter of an acre of land, with fruit and shade trees. Home cars pass the door several times each day. The location is good, and the neighborhood one of the best in town. The estate will be sold on favorable terms, and any one in want of a first-class residence will do well to examine this one. For particulars, inquire on the premises of MRS. MARY A. YOUNG. 71

EGGS.—Chickens Brown Leghorns. Eggs from a splendid breed, 50 cts. per dozen. By express 2 cts. extra, for packing. Also a few choice Fowls for sale. FRANK S. HATT, Bacon Street, Winchester. 66

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN. 69

ROOMS TO LET. 211 Main Street. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY. 69

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent. 68

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED.—By a Swedish girl, a situation as cook. Good reference. Address Xen Shaback, Richmond St., Winchester. 93

HOLBROOK & FOX,
Auctioneers and Real Estate Agents.
12 P. O. Square, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Lewis to Nicholas T. McConen, dated August 1, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 106, Folio 4, and by said McConen assigned to Henry Clay, by assignment dated August 22, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 106, Folio 50, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of July, 1879, at 4 o'clock, P. M., all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings standing thereon, situated in the easterly part of the town of Woburn, County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being the southeast corner of lot X, conveyed to Michael Lewis by Michael Monagan, being bonded and measuring as follows, viz: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot X aforesaid, at a stake and stone, and running northerly forty feet on land of John King to stake and stone; thence westerly on land of Michael Monagan, to stake and stones, forty feet; thence southerly on land of Michael Monagan, to stake and stones at Railroad street, forty feet; thence easterly on Railroad street, forty feet to stake and stones, being the point of beginning. Said lot is shown on book of plans 11, page 20, containing 1699 square feet, be the same more or less.
Terms: \$50 cash at sale, other terms made known at time of sale.
HENRY CLAY,
Assignee of said mortgage.
Boston, June 24, 1879.
For further particulars inquire of E. B. Callender, Attorney and Counselor at Law, 6 Tremont Street, Boston. 59

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,
13-4 ACRES OF LAND,
OFF BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located.
Inquire of J. B. McDONALD. 96

REMOVAL.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has removed his place of business to
141 MAIN STREET,
Cor. Montvale Avenue,
Where he will be pleased to see all who may be in need of goods in his line. It will be his constant aim to keep constantly on hand, Pure Family

DRUGS

—AND—
MEDICINES.

and a general assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

and all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.

By strict attention to the many details of the business, and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENSING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patronage of the public.

JILL NIGHT CALLS

ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.

WARREN D. BARTLETT,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
141 Main St. Woburn, Mass.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed AGENT of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879. 95

Boston and Lowell Railroad.

On and after June 30, 1879, passenger trains will leave Boston for

Upper Railroad, 7.30 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5.35, 7 P. M.
Lowell, 7.30, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1.15, 2.30, 4.45, 5.35, 6.15, 7.00, 11.15, P. M.

Lawrence, 7.45, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.55, 10.15, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.

Woburn Hill, 7.45, 10.15, 11 A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.

Stoneham, 7.10, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 10.30, P. M.

Montvale, 7.10, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 10.30, 11.15, P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.10, 1.15, 2.30, 4.00, 4.50, 5.10, 5.45, 6.15, 6.30, 10.30, 11.15, P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.10, 1.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 4.50, 5.10, 5.45, 6.15, 6.30, 10.30, 11.15, P. M.

! Saturdays only.
! Wednesdays only.
! Wednesdays excepted.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Lowell, 6.7, 7.00, 7.25, 8.30, 9.30, 11 A. M., 12.15, 1.10, 2.20, 4.25, 4.55, 5.30, 6.15, 9.15, 9.30, P. M.

Lawrence, 6.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.15, 5.00, P. M.

Wilmington, 6.25, 7.25, 8.15, 9.45, 11.20, A. M., 1.45, 2.45, 5.31, 9.55, P. M.

Woburn Hill, 6.32, 7.33, 10.08, A. M., 2.51, 5.39, 10.05, P. M.

Stoneham, 5.50, 6.50, 7.20, 8.10, 8.50, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 3.50, 4.50, 6.15, 10.50, P. M.

Montvale, 6.02, 6.34, 7.02, 7.31, 8.23, 9.03, 10.17, 11.38, A. M., 1.17, 2.52, 4.02, 5.02, 6.28, 9.17, P. M.

Woburn Centre, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, A. M., 1.18, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 9.15, 10.15, P. M.

Winchester, 6.08, 6.38, 7.08, 7.40, 7.55, 8.25, 9.10, 10.25, 11.45, A. M., 1.25, 1.57, 2.27, 4.08, 5.08, 5.45, 6.35, 6.57, 10.25, 11.25, P. M.

! Saturdays only.
! Wednesdays only.
! Wednesdays excepted.

WM. M. PARKER, Supt.
June 27, 1879. 96

NOTICE!

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock of groceries of Mr. J. W. Gardner, and has added to the same a

LARGE STOCK

—OF—

CHOICE GOODS,

and invites the attention of all

Cash Buyers

to a careful inspection of the same.

Our store here will be under the

charge of Mr. F. A. KINGS-

BURY, who has been in our em-

ploy for a long time, and we have

secured the services of Mr. A.

ELLIS, who would be pleased to

see all his old customers, and the

Public generally at his old stand.

OUR C. O. D.

Price List

will appear from time to time.

We shall keep the best goods in

the market, and offer them at the

lowest prices for

CASH!

Respectfully,

GEO. H. BIDDLE.

70

SUMMER MUSIC BOOKS!

For the School, Sunday School,

For the Home, or Mountains.

What books to send.

THE GOSPEL OF JOY. 35 cts.

Just out. Great favorite.

GOOD NEWS. 35 cts.

Well known, always good.

SHINING RIVER. 35 cts.

Very beautiful songs.

GEMS OF ENGLISH SONG. \$2.50

Best Song collection.

CLUSTER OF GEMS. 2.50

Capital Piano Pieces.

GEMS OF THE DANCE. \$2.50

Brilliant Waltzes, &c.

Lives of Beethoven, (22), Mozart, (\$1.75), Schumann, (1.75), and others; most interesting, also *Life of Wagner*, 2 vols. (1.50).

Musical Record, (2.00). Good reading; once a week, all the news, and fine selection of music.

Descriptive Catalogues, (10 cts.), of almost all Music Books that are published. Very valuable for reference. 1800 books.

Any book mailed, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

NOTICE.

Woburn, June 16, 1879.

This is to certify that I have this day given to my son, Frank N. Ingerson, his time. I shall claim none of his wages or pay any of his debts contracted after this date. 80

HENRY K. WHITE.

MANURE and SPENT TAN

for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn

THE WEEKLY SUN,

A large Eight Page Sheet of Fifty-six broad Columns, will be sent, Post Paid, to any Address, till January 1, 1880,

FOR HALF A DOLLAR.

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

76

G. R. GAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

171 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

77

THE DEMAND FOR OUR

50 CT. TEAS

IS INCREASING EVERY DAY.

WHY?

Because they are the BEST in Town at that Price.

H. F. SMITH, - - - Opposite Common.

79

Black Silks at Low Prices!

In view of the advance of fully 20 per cent. in Silks, it will pay to buy before we replenish our stock. We are offering

Good Bargains at \$1, 1.25, 1.50.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,

177 MAIN STREET, - - - WOBURN.

78

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

80

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Blue Flannel Suits.

Also, SUMMER SUITS of various kinds,

ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Linen Dusters, Alpaca Sacks, Straw Hats,

NEW WHITE and FANCY SHIRTS,

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, &c.

J. C. BUCK & Co., Wade Block, 174 Main St., Woburn.

81

MEN and BOYS'

SPRING GOODS,

LATEST STYLES OF

HATS, CAPS and CLOTHING,

AND ALL KINDS OF

FURNISHING GOODS.

The largest line of Plain and Fancy Half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices. Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,

POST OFFICE BLOCK, 199 MAIN STREET.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

and CHOICE

EASTERN PRESSED

Lumber and **Hay.**

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Journal Club Column

Now the boy climbs up the tree, And the verdant fruit doth seize, And immediately the poison in his stomach cracks, And so do the figs and the colics and the cramps.

"There were two men got into a fight in front of the store, to-day," said a North End man at the supper table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart-stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

"G-u-n," said Gracie to Willie; "what does that spell?" "I don't know." He is four and she is seven. "G-u-n! Goose?" "Oh, dear, no!" "Rooster?" "Boy? Stick?" Each time Gracie shook her curly head. "Taint conundrums I am giving, but a lesson-word instead. When a little boy shoots at a rabbit, what goes off?" Gracie said, her face a study, as she quelled a little cough, thinking he would surely guess it. "You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse talking to you." "What goes off? Why, the rabbit does, of course."

Physician (who has just been examining an Irishman's lungs)—"There seems to be some trouble here—pneumonia, or something of that sort. Have you ever expectorated blood?" Irishman—"Oh, yes, sir." Physician—"How long ago?" Irishman—"About eight years." Physician—"Did you feel sick?" Irishman—"Och, I did that." Physician—"What was the matter?" Irishman—"I had a tooth pulled."

"Where was the assault made upon you?" asked an attorney of a stupid witness, who was presenting a neighbor for assault and battery. "Hey?" asked the witness. "At what place was the assault made?" repeated the attorney. "Right here," replied the witness, laying a finger tenderly upon his injured eye.

Teacher—"What bird did Noah send out of the ark?" Smallest boy in the class, after a pause—"A dove, sir." Teacher—"Very well, but I should have thought some of you big boys would have known that." Tall pupil—"Please, sir, that boy ought to know, sir, cause his father's a bird-ketcher, sir."

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally Bridget for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? you are quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indade it was myself that did it," replied Bridget; "isn't it pretty, mum?" I did it with your false teeth, mum."

An old farmer in England, hugely puzzled by our meteorological reports and transatlantic prophecies concerning the weather, is said to have delivered himself of the following astounding sentiment—"Well, sir, I did not mind the weather so much when it was arranged and ordered by Providence; but now that it has been handed over to their interfering Yankees, why, he hanged if I can stand it."

The "Forty Thieves." A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the paste-board back, he quietly remarked—"Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

"John, did you go round and ask how old Mrs. Jones is this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what's the result?" "She said seeing that as how you'd had the impudence to send to ask how old she was, she'd no objection to telling you that she's seventy-four."

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world, for I've nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

Little Sister—"Oh, Blanford! aren't you ashamed to take mamma's scissors out of her work-box every day?"

Little Brother—"Oh, Juliet, I never did!" Little Sister, (full of H. M. S. Pinafore) "What, never?"

Little Brother—"Well, precious seldom!"

A waiter at a city restaurant was told by a countryman to "bring something of what he had." The waiter brought him a regular dinner upon small dishes, as is the usual form, and set them around his plate. The countryman surveyed them carefully a moment, and then broke out—"Well, I like your samples; now bring on your dinner!"

Auty—"Well, love, did Mr. McMiller propose?" Edith—"No, auty; but he was on the verge of it when—" Auty—"When what, darling?" Edith—"When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only time to catch the last cheap train and he had a return ticket."

A negro preacher described hell as ice cold, where the wicked froze to all eternity. Asked why, he said—"Cause I don't dare to tell them people nuffin' else. Why, if I say hell is warm, some of dem old rheumatic niggers be wartin' start down der de very fust fros'."

"What, children! Playing soldiers on Sunday?" "Yes, mamma, we are singing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.'"

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN SAW.—A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half the time without, and in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, when, in sawing a gross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air upon the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He did not tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was afraid; Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd better own up at once," said Sam. "I suspect you will find it easier to preach than practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And soon he turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out into the little garden, and then went up to his little caves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "Oh, my God," said Sam, falling upon his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right."

I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you 'fore you saw it in the morning."

"I should think that morning would be soon enough to tell of your carelessness. Why do you come down to-night?" "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to tell a lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you Sam. That's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettles in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board" he would have been a good master to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how this is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind and faithful master.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.—No barber knows whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into a shop and drops into a barber's chair without seeing who occupies the next chair to the right or left, may get badly left, as a case proved the other day.

A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lather, when in came a young man who flung off his coat, bounced in a chair and called out, "Hurry up, now, for I must get back to the store before old Blank does or he will raise thunder! Hang him, he won't even give a man time to die!" The solid citizen turned his face to glance at the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

"Going on a vacation this summer?" asked the barber, who was preparing to shave the young man. "Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away from Blank? And if I could, he pays such a stinky, contemptible salary that I couldn't even afford a ride on the ferry boat."

"Why don't you ask him for a raise?" queried the barber. "Why don't I ask for the hand of his freckle-nosed daughter? He'd discharge me in a minute, though he's making money and can afford it. If the old hench would have a stroke of apoplexy, the junior partner might do something, but such chaps always live to be a hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid man got out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from the chair and turned around, snowballs would have looked black beside his face. The barber wet the young man's head and held a log to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out, and there was an uncertain warble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position to-day state what shop you shave at.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and as I looked at her beautiful clothes I wondered if she took half as much pains with her hair as she did with her body. A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us a house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, hurrying forward; "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile, as she passed.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells within her breast."

A FARMER'S WIFE.—What an easy, idyllic life the farmer's wife leads. Here is a list of a few of the little trifles she has under her hands:—About four o'clock in the summer time, and five o'clock in the winter, the farmer's wife crawls out of bed. When I was a boy (I hope it is not so now) the wife had to make the fire—excepting of course, during the early months after being caught in the matrimonial noose. Then she tackled the pots and pans and prepares breakfast for a family that is often large enough to populate a small hotel. Then, if she is fortunate enough to live in a locality where women are exempt from "pailing the cows," she has to take care of the milk, and get ready for a hard day's work. There is washing, ironing, scrubbing, churning and a thousand and one other things, besides cooking dinner and supper, not to mention the probable care of anywhere from one to dozen children. She is "on the bounce" all day, without one moment's intermission. After supper, when the farmer lights his pipe or unfolds his newspaper, the wife takes her needle and proceeds to half-sole Bobby's pantaloons, or close up the ventilator in the heel of her husband's stocking. Thus she works away till bedtime, utterly fagged out when her head touches the pillow, and only half refreshed when the clock strikes four in the morning and another day's drudgery begins. Girls, marry a farmer!

A MODEL CONFESION.—Seventy years ago, in a Vermont town, a young lawyer—a member of a large church—got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but they had their little faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning money on illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting to own up to his sin of taking a too little much, for they were a temperance people before temperance societies existed. The sinner finally went to the confession; found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with heavenly delight as the lawyer began confession: "I confess, began he, 'that I never took ten per cent for money' (six was the legal rate). On this confession down went a brother's head with a groan. 'I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food or shelter.' Down went another head. 'I confess I never sold a skimmed-milk cheese for a new one.' Whereupon a sister shrieked for mercy. 'But,' concluded the sinner, 'I have got drunk, and I am sorry for it.' Whereupon the meeting was peaceably dismissed.

NEWSPAPER WIT.—There is much genuine wit floating in the newspapers and much that is bogus to the last degree. When the *Camden Post* says "A man's character is like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by white-wash," it gives a general epigram. Quite as felicitous, too, is "Otis" in the *Cincinnati Breakfast Table*:—"A tack points heavenward when it means mischief; it has many human imitators." A bright turn to a familiar quotation is given by the *Biddford Mirror*, thus:—"I am thy father's spirit, as the pint flask said to the inquisitive urchin who had been investigating the cupboard." Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates the *Buffalo Express* hopes they open outward, so as to give egress in case of fire. The *Hackensack Republican* said last fall, "The leaves of trees, like summer boarders with bills unpaid, take their departure, leaving their trunks behind him." The following is from the English:—"At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a splendid trifled pheasant amid murmurs of admiration. 'Isn't it beauty?' he says; 'Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself.' 'Aw, what was he treating it for?' said one of the guests." This bears evidence of origin in New York *World*:—"A thorn in the bush is worth a dozen in the hand."

CONDUCT NOT POLITE.—Seventeen things in which many young people render themselves very impolite:—

1. Boisterous laughter.
2. Whispering in meeting.
3. Reading in meeting.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Cutting finger-nails in company.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making one's self the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons, especially parents.
15. To begin talking before others are through.
16. Answering questions when put to others.
17. Beginning to eat as soon as one gets to the table.

HOME.—Let your home be provided with such necessities as plects, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheer, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately—go about your business after you eat your breakfast—lounges a little after dinner—chat after tea—and kiss after quarelling; and all the joy, the peace, and the blessings the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

The Free Press says a distinguished Detroit judge was asked a day or two ago to write in a little girl's autograph album. He complied, as follows: "My pen is poor, my ink is pale, my heart trembles like a little dog's tail."

Toledo boy has a brilliant artistic career before him. He has already reached the highest art, and his mother has been compelled to buy a burglar proof safe to preserve her preserves.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

1851. BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Jacob C. Whitcomb, of Woburn, Mass., to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, dated December 1871, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds, for the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 191, folio 79, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except the part thereof heretofore released as hereinafter mentioned.

A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated near the center village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly westerly corner of the premises, on Prospect street at a stake at land of John M. Hartwig, (formerly of Jacob C. Whitcomb), and at the northwesterly corner of a certain lot of land, to wit:—a part of the premises described in said mortgage, but released to said Whitcomb by said Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank by deed dated July 24, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1271, page 52, and now belonging to said Hartwig; thence the line runs north to a stake at land of Joseph Bush, Jr., and thence by said six and one-half feet, to a stake at land of J. B. McDonald; thence easterly by land of said McDonald (formerly of said Whitcomb), a line of sixty feet; thence by said line of sixty feet, to a stake at land of J. B. McDonald; thence westerly by land last named, and by land released as aforesaid to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to the following reservations contained in said mortgage deed, viz:—the right of said J. B. McDonald, et al., and their heirs and assigns, the right forever to pass and repass over, and use for all proper purposes of a street, or for a way, a strip of land, forty feet wide, along the northerly side line of the granted premises, with the right to grade and repair the same, and the uninterrupted right of drainage through the said premises, either as the brook now runs or in some other place equally convenient; that said Whitcomb may erect for the purpose of carrying away the waste water from the tanks of said S. O. Pollard, et al., situated on Eastern Avenue, in said Woburn.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK, Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, By James N. Dow, Treasurer.

Woburn, Mass., June 21, 1879.

FOURBOOK & FOX, Auctioneers and Real Estate Agents, Boston.

12 P. O. Square.

Mortgagee's Sale.

1851. BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Lewis to Nicholas McConen, dated August 1, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1408, folio 47, and by said McConen assigned to Henry Clay, by assignment dated August 22, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1408, folio 50, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain lot of land with the buildings standing thereon, situated in the easterly part of the town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being a lot of land, containing one acre and one-half, more or less, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the easterly corner of lot X aforesaid, at a stake and stones, and running northerly forty feet on land of John King to stake and stones; thence westerly on land of Michael Monague to stake and stones, forty feet; thence southerly on land of Michael Monague, to stake and stones, street, forty feet; thence easterly on Railroad street, forty feet to stake and stones, being the point of beginning. Said lot is shown on book of plans H page 29, containing 1000 square feet, be the same more or less. Terms \$50 cash at sale; other terms made known at time of sale.

HENRY CLAY, Assignee of said mortgage. Boston, June 24, 1879.

For further particulars inquire of E. B. Callender, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, 5 Tremont Street, Boston.

By R. DEXTER TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power of sale contained in certain mortgage deed given by Ames Gowing to the Reading Savings Bank, dated June 21, A. D. 1872, and recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, book 135, page 281, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the 21st day of July, A. D. 1879, at six o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing one hundred and four hundred square feet more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner thereof, at a cedar post at the road leading from Wilmington to Andover at a point distant about two hundred and thirty feet westerly from land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; thence the line runs southeasterly by land of Sylvester Carter, Jr., one hundred and eighty feet more or less to a stake; then in a northerly direction by land now of said Sylvester Carter, Jr., eighty-eight feet more or less to a stake; then in a direction more nearly westerly one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; thence southeasterly by said road; then in a southeasterly or southerly direction fifty feet to a stake at the point of beginning. The equity of redemption is supposed to belong to the heirs of George Kinball. Terms made known at sale, or previously upon inquiry of the undersigned.

WILLIAM J. HOLDEN, SOLON BANCROFT, Receivers of the Reading Savings Bank, Reading, June 25, 1879.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Samuel B. Nichols, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING: WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Phoebe M. Nichols, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named; and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties, or her bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of July next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Walter F. Bond, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Oliver B. Fowle, of Stoneham, in the County of Middlesex.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of July next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

NO. 28.

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Opposite the Common.

WOBURN.

Florist.

S. W. Twombly & Sons,
FLORISTS,
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ANTIQUE POTTERY,
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BOSTON - MASS.

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Woburn, - Mass.

JOHN G. HAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET, 20
WOBURN, - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M., to 4 P. M.,
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON 22

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"
"GIRARD,"
and **"Lykens Valley,"**

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,
MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

ICE. ICE.
The subscribers have just stored over
3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Point, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,
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Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

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Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent
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DR. B. R. HILTON,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has removed to
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Particular attention paid to Surgery.

MEN'S CALF SHOES,
\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.
LADIES' NEWPORTS,
\$2.50 to \$3.00.

All work warranted. 28 Repairing neatly done.
JOSIAH LEATH, 241 Main St., Woburn.

ICE CREAM.
Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be
FILLED THE SAME DAY.

H. PATTEN,
MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM,
East St., 3d house from High St. Ice cream wagon
runs every afternoon and evening.

Musical.
Miss A. J. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Poetical Selection.

THE TWO LIGHTS.

"When I'm a man!" is the poetry of youth.

"When I was young!" is the poetry of old age."

"When I'm a man," the stripling cries,
And strives the coming years to scan—
"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
"Bravely the lark and linnet sung
Their carol under sunny skies,
When I was young."

"When I'm a man, I shall be free
To guard the right, the truth uphold."
"When I was young I bent no knee
To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul
With yonder prize, when I'm a man."
"Too late I found how vain the goal
To which I ran."

"When I'm a man these idle toys
Aside forever shall be flung."
"There was no poison in my joys
When I was young."

"Oh no, indeed, papa," cried Clorinda,
springing up with the alacrity of a bird, patting
the old gentleman reassuredly on the
shoulder, picking up the dropped folio in a
twinkling, and restoring it to its exact place
in the fourth act of a tragedy—dear Mr.
Deering's delightful original tragedy, *The*

Fatal Key. It looks, but cannot unlock:
the heroine dies from the relentless bolt.
I was about to die as you came in and inter-
rupted me, papa. But never mind; I can
put it off till some other time. And Mr.
Deering wants you to help him in the con-
coction of his fifth act, dear papa."

"May I—consult you—about—our play,
Dr. Bell?" stammered Deering, quite em-
barrassed in being forced to ask assistance,
which he had not cherished the remotest in-
tention to seek, but recovering himself with
good grace, and rising to draw near a chair
for the learned and abstruse old gentleman,
of whom he was immensely fond. And
meantime Clorinda escaped.

Late that afternoon, when the declining
sun sent long slants of summer light through
the garden walks, two couples, apparently
in deep consultation, were sauntering slowly
through paths divided from each other by
thick shrubberies and full-blown flower beds
so that the eager conversations were held in
strict seclusion.

In one of these couples the conspicuous
figure was Clorinda; she had her arm around
her favorite companion, and was evidently
pleading with her strenuously against a
decided opposition.

"But, Mollie dear, just this once!" (twill
be a capital house-maid, and it just hap-
pens, and seems like fate, you know, that
Miss Mopers wants one. Oh, what fun!
And we have never been in trouble for
any of our jokes—very near it, I know, but
not real trouble. Come, now, Mollie, just
this once."

"I would, Clorinda, if mamma had not ex-
pressly forbidden. She says these practical
jokes must always be played judiciously,
and among our intimate friends. Now Miss
Mopers is not our intimate friend."

"No, I hope not," said Clorinda, with a
laugh so genuine, so uncontrollably careless
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object to this particular bit of enjoyment,
did she?"

"Well, no," replied Mollie, rather diffi-
dently—Clorinda's arguments always had
a staggering effect—"for she does not know
of this. But"—she rallied quickly—"the
principle is the same. If I asked her, she
would say, 'No'; and if I did it without
asking her, it would be deceiving her; that's
all."

"I would not have you deceive her,"
said Clorinda, with earnestness and warmth
for the world. I would not let you go
under such circumstances. Oh no, dear
Mollie! If I had a mother, I would tell
her everything—everything. If my own
dear, beautiful mamma had lived—you can't
think how often I look at her picture, and
wish I could call her back, I need her so
much—she would have been my friend first
and dearest always. Papa says I look like
her; that is one reason, I think, that he is
so fond; but I do not see the likeness. To
me she looks like an angel—an angel! And
I wish for her every day of my life. For I
can't confide in Griselda, or go to her for
the slightest sympathy. She is completely
wrapped up in her correspondence and her
books. She is actually preparing
poems for the press; and she is always
quoting Bacon and Dryden and Darwin and
Pope, and the rest of those old pokes. And
as for Rosina, she is wrapped in romance;
always in love—a thing I detest. Of course
I can not consult her, she is not compos-
mentis, according to my idea of compos-
mentis, and no one who is in love. No,
Mollie; you are my darling friend, and
next to papa, my truly, only, best friend.
And I would not have you do wrong for the
world. But—but I shall just go to Miss
Mopers's myself, all alone. I can't give it
up, now it is all planned, and my costume
ready, and too good a joke to lose."

And here the two girls turned the corner
of the oleander path that led by a circuitous
route past the conservatory to the favorite
afternoon piazza of the pleasant old-fash-
ioned house. And their talk changed to
other topics—multitudinous topics that were
to these enthusiastic school-girls ever vital
and fresh.

Meanwhile the other couple, speaking
softly to each other, went slowly down the

down your left knee gently, and slip your
right foot under your left foot, hold your
left hand against your breast, and drop your
right arm and let yourself go, and there you
are!" And illustrating the simple directions
on the spot, Clorinda fainted.

Frank Deering gave a slight start of sur-
prise, and then became immovable. He was
disgusted, and thoroughly vexed.

"I'm dying, Egypt, dying," moaned
Clorinda, in sepulchral tones. Frank Deer-
ing felt strongly tempted to apply as restora-
tive a dose of good cold water to the mimic
swoon on the incorrigible face, but he con-
trolled himself; he did not speak or stir.

At this moment the door opened, and a
brisk little old gentleman in a flowered study-
gown, and shuffling slippers, and spectacles
pushed above his nose, and carrying a huge
folio, entered.

He started back in dismay at sight of the
prostrate figure, and the folio dropped from
his trembling hands. "Clorinda, my pet!" he
gasped, in concern and alarm. "My
precious child, are you hurt?"

"Oh no, indeed, papa," cried Clorinda,
springing up with the alacrity of a bird, patting
the old gentleman reassuredly on the
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And here the two girls turned the corner
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ioned house. And their talk changed to
other topics—multitudinous topics that were
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and fresh.

Meanwhile the other couple, speaking
softly to each other, went slowly down the

"Don't talk to me of love to-day, dearest
Frank," murmured Rosina, with one of her
blandishing little confiding movements of
the dimpled hand upon his arm, and of her
daintily feminine head so near his broad
manly shoulder—"don't talk to me of love
to-day. I am thinking sorrowfully of poor
dear papa. His heart will be broken, I fear
—broken by his idol, Clorinda Bell. She
is a sad, wilful, naughty girl, and she grows
worse every day. Papa calls her his 'pet',
for his eyes are blinded; but all our neigh-
bors call her 'pest,' and their eyes are open.
They know what a pitiless tease she is, and
how she goes about devising mischief."

"And yet," said Frank Deering, in a
comforting manner, "she has goodness of
heart, judging from her kind acts to poor
people, and her devotion to her father. And
I do not know a girl more vividly and
accurately intelligent than Clorinda. She
is certainly more than ordinarily beautiful;
her face and form are so noble"—he was
going to add, "and dignified," but a recol-
lection of the morning prevented that ad-
jective. "And age may improve her. Let
us hope for the best. And now, Rosina—
dearest, darling Rosina—"

And here they turned the corner of the
walk that led from the stately path of the
western garden, across rustic stile into a
wild-wood copse, and thence to a narrow
river at whose banks boats were moored.

One of these boats, named sympathetically
Lingerer, Frank Deering was sure to take
with his beloved; and once embarked upon
the silver current of the placid stream, too
tranquil for mill-wheels, too shallow for
steamboats, rowing and floating between the
flowery banks in curves overhung by tangled
vines, and shadowed by weeping-willows,
they were certain not to be at home again
till late tea and early moonrise.

On the afternoon of the rehearsal of *The*
Fatal Key, Miss Mopers was sitting in her
shaded parlor, knitting a pair of baby socks,
her favorite occupation, and so far as the
"little ones" were concerned, her only ap-
proach to providing for their comfortable
transit across this thorny world.

Her sister Abby, by virtue of seniority
Miss Mopers proper—if the term proper
could be applied exclusively to either of
these eminently proper old ladies—was sit-
ting in the same shaded parlor, engaged in
the same favorite occupation, with but this
difference, that the articles woven under the
darning needles of Miss Jane were foreign-
missionary socks, knit of wiry blue yarn,
while those employing Miss Abby's tremu-
lous fingers were home offerings for her own
dear little rosy-footed nephew, and were and
azure of the softest rephry.

"For peace's sake, sister Jane," Miss Ab-
by was saying, in answer to some remark of
her sister exemplifying the peculiarity of
that piquant little lady—incessant fault-finding—a peculiarity that had made her known
far and near as the formidable Miss Mopers,
while her elder, Abby, a gentle, timid creature,
was never seen beyond the limits of her
own garden gate. If any thing went wrong
in the neighborhood, Miss Mopers's sharp
eyes saw, Miss Mopers's sharp nose scented,
and Miss Mopers's sharp tongue attacked.
"Small animals," it is said "are audacious."
But one could hardly believe that such a
whiff of a woman could raise such a whirl-
wind as Miss Mopers had more than once
known to be in the community of which
she was a member.

"For peace's sake, sister Jane," Miss Ab-
by was saying.

"Not at all. It is a crying evil, and it be-
comes my duty to expose and expugn—"

And here Miss Jane was interrupted by the
dismissed house-maid, who had been all day
packing her trunk for departure.

"The new girl, mum. Come after the
place, mum."

"Show her in," said Miss Jane. "And,
Abby," she added, turning peremptorily to
her sister, "have no retellings; I beg of
you, toward this applicant. Let me engage
her."

The applicant for the position of general
housekeeper in the establishment of Miss
Mopers entered.

"Take a chair," said Miss Abby.

"Stand where you are," said Miss Jane,
"so that I may see you distinctly."

The girl stood where she was—a strongly
built creature, rather inclining to luxuriant
contour of figure, but with that grace dis-
creetly disguised by an ill-fitting starched
calico gown; and with a face which would
certainly have owned the fatal gift of beauty
but for a marring scar across the forehead,
a crooked posture of the mouth, and a com-
plexion extremely tawny.

"You want a place, do you?" asked Miss
Jane, sharply. "Well, what can you do?"

"Every thing, marm. Every thing as is
expected of a girl of general character;
scrub bake sweep wash dishes do up linen
make pie and cake clean windows wait on
table do plain sewing atween times, run on
irregular kill chickens scour silver polish ma-
hogany."

"Can you boil potatoes?" asked Miss Jane
witheringly.

"That I can, marm, in a jiffy, out of a
jacket or in a jacket; boiling praters is my
rousin' ambition, next to not having an itaun
of dust on the tops of doo-rills, or the slats
of chairs, or the corners of carpets."

Miss Jane's expression of countenance,
cynical at first, was gradually relaxing. "I
may have found a treasure," was the com-
ment of her soul. Immediately, however,
she clouded again, as she asked, with her
rasping voice, "What company do you
keep?"

"No company in the world, marm, and on
no terms whatsoever. I never had a feller
in my life, and I wouldn't have a feller if I
could. I'm just set on my work day in and
day out, and not another thought in my head."

The girl became now really frightened and

so long as I has my partridge what I was
brought up on, and my mush and my molas-
sis."

Miss Abby winced slightly at this last
stroke of perfection, "for mush and molas-
ses," Miss Jane's favorite idea of a working
diet, had been notoriously a vexed question
between that lady and her house-maids.

But Miss Jane fairly beamed upon the girl.
"At last, I believe, I have found a treas-
ure," she thought, with a gushing sensation
long unknown to her stony breast.

"Where was your last place?" she asked.

"With Mrs. Bogus, in Notown," answered
the girl, glibly, pronouncing the name of
the adjacent township with a pronunciation
that might pass as provincial. "Mrs. Bog-
us brought me up and trained me up, and
I have her recommend to my pocket."

"Give the recommendation to my sister,"
said Miss Jane. "She has her glasses on."
"Mrs. Bogus," she thought, "is probably
an ornament to her sex, an exception to the
unhappy rule—a disciplinary, in fact. No-
thing but work, and plenty of that—vari-
ety in unity—my own idea of domestic train-
ing. No company! Simply inexpensive
nutriment! I know Mrs. Bogus."

The new girl had crossed the room to show
her recommendation to Miss Abby, who, in-
stead of immediately looking at that, stared
with a sort of pitying interest at the stolid
young face.

As she crossed the room, something white
disturbed by the act of removing the folded
paper, dropped from the pocket of this model
maid of a general character, and Miss Jane
arose stealthily and lifted it from the floor.

It was a cambric handkerchief of most
delicate texture. She took it to the window
to examine. It had a border of lace, and in
one corner, embroidered with forget-me-
nots, the romantic trisyllable "Clorinda."

Miss Jane stood for a minute perfectly
still, as if petrified. Then her eyes flashed,
and she left the room precipitately. Full
five minutes elapsed before she returned.

Meanwhile gentle Miss Abby questioned the
girl softly as to what church she attended,
and whether she could read and write.

"Sister Abby," said Miss Jane, when she
returned, with an air of suppressed intensity
that was electrical, "this girl, to whom I
perceive you have been speaking so leniently,
is an impostor. Let us hope she is not a
thief. But circumstantial evidence is against
her. I have found in her possession—oh,
nothing escapes me!—an embroidered hand-
kerchief marked with the name

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

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IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

This startling question is discussed in an English review. It matters but little what the answer is, since one must live, unless, indeed, you commit suicide; and that is said to be wrong. It depends upon how you take it, whether life is worth living or not; or to use a cant phrase, whether you are an optimist or pessimist. If you look upon the bright side, surely it is worth while to have lived, and to have seen all the changes, not to say improvements, which have come with the years. If you look upon the dark side, still, if you have done your duty, the world is so much the better for your having lived in it.

It is something to have been the changes in the last few decades. One can hardly make young people believe, at the present day, that those who are by no means old, lived in a day when there was no friction matches! when it was necessary to keep a fire, or use a flint and steel and tinder, or an elaborate match with phosphorus and a bottle of acid. Not an ounce of coal had been found and burned in this country; gas unknown. A few feeble steamboats existed, but ocean navigation by steam was regarded even by the wise, as simply impossible. There was no railways, no cars, no photographs. There was no steam-moving machinery, only "waterpower"; no sewing machines, no clothes wringers, no telegraph, telephones, nor phonographs. Amusements were unknown and people must bear pain as best they might. Guns and pistols had a single barrel with flint lock and steel. California was unknown; the "Great West" was this side the Mississippi. At such a recital, young people open their eyes with wonder, and ask, "Was life worth living when none of these were?" Yet people thought themselves well off. There is a curious old prophecy, by one "Mother Shipton," which every now and then comes up. She seemed to foresee many things: "Carriages without horses shall go," "Through hills man shall ride," "Around the world thoughts shall fly, in the twinkling of an eye." "Under water man shall walk."

"In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green."

Of course this last line was merely for rhyme, and it might have seemed to refer to balloon navigation; but the painted cars of the elevated railway may have filled before the vision of the ancient dame. Here are some of the dates; gas in London, 1813; first railway in United States, 1825; photography, 1840; coal, 1820; telegraph, 1844; sewing machine, 1845; ocean steamer, 1838; matches, 1836. To the young people, these dates will doubtless seem very far back; but to some people they read much like yesterday and last week. Is life worth living? Some may think it is merely the question what we can see and enjoy; but surely there is a higher purpose. What can we do? What can we become? One can hardly over-estimate the increased facilities for self-improvement and for helping others to a better life.

Now comes the "Bell Telephone," which is a practical way of holding conversation at long or short distances. It is used for thousands of purposes, such as dwellings, stores, offices, shops, factories, fire alarms, anywhere where questions are to be asked, directions given, reply required, or conversation to be held within the limit of a hundred miles. It is wonderful how the people all over the country are adopting its use. The West and South have taken it up in great earnest. It is in, or being put into, all the cities and large towns in each of these sections.

Having seen its workings and how every body is using it, we are glad that there is some prospect of its being introduced into Woburn, and to connect with Stoneham and Winchester. This is to be called the Woburn Circuit. And soon this will be connected with Boston and a radius of thirty miles around Boston. When this is ready, people in the Woburn Circuit can talk upon business or anything else with their friends within this thirty miles of Boston. Do the people of Woburn, Winchester, and Stoneham desire that this should be brought about? If so, will they encourage it by using it in their houses and places of business? If they will but do this, they will not be likely to ask the question, "Is life worth living?" For with the Telephone they will be happy in its use and convenience, nor will they feel they have lived in vain.

CENTRAL PRIMARY.—By an omission in copying, the appointment to the Central Primary School was omitted in the last number of the Journal. Miss Sarah E. Barron has been so successful in that school, that not to re-appoint her would be cause of general regret, and it was unanimously voted to place her in charge of that school another year. Several of our contemporaries being kind enough to copy our list, will please make this correction.

A long-suffering public would like to know what the Selectmen propose to do about the illegal sale of liquor in Woburn.

The Boston Branch Grocery has now a splendid store, a good stock of groceries, obliging attendants and cheap prices.

New Hampshire "Justice" seems to be very much like Lynch law, if we may take the Buzzell case for an example.

Ten children were baptised on Sunday, at the Congregational Church.

CHEAP READING.

Boston publishers are now complaining of a great decline in the book trade and attribute the cause mostly to the great quantity of cheap reading thrown upon the market. Many of our readers probably have no correct idea to what extent this affects the publishers of bound volumes. Take for example Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Times, a work most heartily welcomed as a sketch of the men, women, and events of the Victorian reign, and while the work is to be in four volumes at nine dollars each, Harper & Brothers furnish the same reading unbound for twenty cents each. If an American publisher had ventured on a good and serviceable bound volume at a price which while low, would have enabled him to pay a fair percentage on sales to the author, some one would have immediately issued it in newspaper form and thus cause a loss to the publisher of the bound volume. By this arrangement the author, the American publisher who would gladly pay a percentage if he could, and the American reader who wishes a well bound volume of moderate price, all suffer, and the question arises whether we are to find in the future no editions of English works except the high cost English bound, and the cheap unbound editions with which our markets are now flooded. The American publisher, if he could be protected from loss, would gladly send out a reprint which, while bound elegantly enough to please the book readers generally, would still be moderate in price. The remedy proposed, which it seems would accomplish the result that every friend of true progress must wish for, is that the English author select his American publisher, and the American his English publisher, and then in place of so much of the common newspaper style as we now have, we should find in both countries bound volumes in every variety of style and at prices corresponding to the demands of all classes. The supplying of reading for a nation so universally given to it as ours, is a subject of vast importance and should be so managed that the best interests of authors, publishers, and readers shall be protected.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Three weeks ago Miss Gertrude Leslie, while in Charlestown, was taken with severe pain in the left arm, and the hand and wrist swelled badly. She was carried to the City Hospital, Boston, and remained there two weeks. No particular examination of the arm was made, but the physicians pronounced it rheumatism, and applied proper remedies. She did not improve any there, but was growing weak from pain, and returned home last week Thursday. On Wednesday of this week, a town doctor was called and decided that one bone was broken, and under his treatment she is gaining slowly, though still suffering much pain.

BAND CONCERT.—The third concert by the Woburn Brass Band will be given next Wednesday evening. The following programme will be given:—

- PART I.
1. March. Home from Camp. E. N. Catlin.
2. Grand Selection. Pinafore. Sullivan.
3. Polka. Cornet Solo. Rollinson.
4. "When the Moon is Shining." T. H. Harriman.
5. "When the Moon is Shining." Schondorf.
6. Concert Galop. Tornado. E. Beyer.
PART II.
7. March. Alex. Parlow.
8. Waltz. The Fairy Spell. R. Smith.
9. Overture. Light Cavalry. F. von Suppe.
10. Polka Redowa. Ripley.
11. Galop. Telegraph. E. Hasse.
T. H. HARRIMAN, Director.

A BIG STRAWBERRY.—One of our readers has given us a slip from a New Jersey paper which describes a big strawberry picked on the Middleville part of the strawberry ridge or plateau in Irvington, New Jersey. It was picked by Mr. Orville Headley, and weighed three ounces and five-sixteenths of an ounce. It measured seventeen inches in circumference. The variety was the Durand Great American. It is charged against it that it is a double berry, something like the two-headed girl. But it is the outgrowth of a single stem, and Seth Boyden's prophecy of a strawberry of pineapple size is again quoted.

PICNICS.—The Unitarian Sunday School enjoyed the day in a picnic on Pierce's Grounds, Horn Pond, last Wednesday. By the way, there are few better locations for picnics than the grove at Horn Pond, and a trifling outlay would make it entirely satisfactory.

The Baptist Sunday School went to Echo Grove, West Lynn, on Thursday in the barges Commonwealth, Fearnaught, and Queen of Winchester, and some private carriages. They had a fine day and a good time.

FIGHT.—Charles Buckley and William Shandley were arrested Tuesday evening while indulging in a fight on the Common. Wednesday morning they were brought before Judge Converse, and the case was continued until evening. J. G. Maguire, Esq., was counsel for Buckley. From the evidence given by the arresting officers and Buckley, the judge deemed them guilty, and fined Shandley \$5 and costs, and Buckley \$10 and costs; the latter was committed to the House of Correction for non-payment of fine.

ROYAL ARCANUM.—Tuesday evening the following officers were installed by W. O. Robson, Supreme Secretary and D. D. G. K.:—Regent, F. A. Flint; Vice Regent, Elmore A. Pierce; Past Regent, N. J. Simonds; Orator, P. E. Bancroft; Secretary, H. H. Leathe; Collector, Thomas B. Evans; Treasurer, S. H. Dow; Guide, C. H. Delano; Warden, S. Simonds, Jr.; Sentry, E. R. Emery.

BASE BALL.—The "Eurekas" of Woburn played the Winchester High School Nine last Saturday, at Winchester, and came off "first best," with a score of 17 to 13. The following is the score by innings:—

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Eurekas,	0	3	5	1	0	4	0	—17
W. H. S.,	1	1	6	0	0	1	4	—13

ALMOST A FIRE.—Last Saturday evening some one set fire to a barrel of excelsior in a shed on the premises occupied by Fred. A. Forsaith, on East street. Fortunately it was discovered in time to prevent any great damage.

Matthews & Layton have dissolved partnership.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

THE FIFTH REGIMENT'S RETURN.

The Fifth Regiment reached Boston from New Haven, a few moments before 4 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, and marched through Eliot, Washington, School and Beacon streets to the Common. The men appeared none the worse for their two day's jaunt, and all the companies maintained excellent alignments, and the men were very steady. The dress parade was given in excellent shape, Maj. Jordan officiating as Adjutant. Col. Trull expressed to the officers, and through them to the men, his thanks for the excellent conduct of the regiment, both as regards discipline and drill. The officers and men are to be congratulated upon the appearance of the regiment, and judging from the comments of the people in New Haven, everybody there was delighted with the command. The cordial reception and entertainment by the Second Regiment was all that could be desired. An incident took place on the train Saturday, the men putting their hands in their pockets and presenting a purse of about \$175 to Private J. Horace Dean, of company G, who received a telegram Saturday morning that his house and furniture had been damaged by fire. On the route from New Haven, a member of company E was very severely injured by falling across the side or back of a seat. He was almost completely paralyzed for some time, and Dr. M. E. Webb, who accompanied the regiment as acting surgeon, thought the man's spine must have been injured.

The Phalanx did not fall behind the rest of the regiment, either in deportment or drill, during the trip, and were a credit to their town. On the march of July 4th, Private George Converse was sunstruck, but soon recovered. The company arrived home on the 5.45 train from Boston.

POLICE COURT.—Bridget McGoff, for assault and battery, was discharged for want of evidence. Samuel Smith, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Bridget Henchey, drunk, complaint placed on file on payment of costs. James McGuire, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas H. Bishop, drunk, \$3 and costs. Owen Foley, drunk, \$3 and costs. Mary Sheehan, drunk, committed for non-payment of fine. William J. Gillespie, drunk, \$5 and costs. Thomas Javanagh, drunk, \$3 and costs. Michael McNulty, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Cunningham, drunk, \$3 and costs. Matthew Kennedy, drunk, \$5 and costs. Joseph Feeney, drunk, \$3 and costs. Bernard McKenna, drunk, \$3 and costs. Hannah Sullivan, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thos. O'Rourke, drunk, \$3 and costs. Patrick McCarty, drunk, \$3 and costs. William Shandley, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Charles Buckley, assault and battery, \$10 and costs; committed for non-payment; Thomas Reddy, drunk \$3 and cost.

RUNAWAY.—Friday morning quite a lively runaway occurred, C. B. Hawkins' horse, attached to a light express wagon, becoming frightened while the team was being loaded at the stable on Union street. The horse ran into and down Main, barely escaping several teams, until opposite the hotel, when the team struck a buggy driven by C. Nathan H. Marion, of Burlington, which was badly damaged. Mr. M. jumped out just in season to escape being thrown out. The express team was upset at this point, and the load dumped, while the horse kept on, and was secured unhurt near the common.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Jeduthan Richardson had a narrow escape from serious injury at the Highland Station, Thursday evening. In attempting to board the 6.25 train, which was under way, he fell between the platform and rail, where he lay until the rear car had passed. The train was stopped quickly, but Mr. Richardson was found to be all right. His coat was badly torn by being run over. This is the second narrow escape he has had at this same place, and it is the result of the too common practice of attempting to get on the cars while in motion.

FALL OF THE BELL.—While the Baptist bell was being tolled Wednesday evening, the supports spread, letting one side of the bell down. The bell weighs 2,800 pounds, and it was fortunate that it did not come down through the floor. When this bell was being hoisted to its place in the belfry, about twenty years ago, when half way up the steeple it fell to the ground. One man had a leg broken, another a cut on the head, and a boy received a severe cut in the face.

ACCIDENT.—Patrick Connolly stepped on a rusty nail Monday and will suffer with a sore foot for some days.

James McDonald, while riding in his cart on Richardson street, Tuesday, dropped the reins which caused the horse to throw him out. The wheel passed over his hip and legs, bruising the flesh badly, but no bones were broken.

Frank T. Woodward cut his hand Sunday, with a grass knife.

SEVENTY-THREE.—The High School Class of '73, with a few invited friends, held their 7th re-union at Nantasket Beach, Wednesday, July 9th. A very pleasant time was enjoyed.

TO NABANT.—The Methodist Society make their annual excursion to Maolis Garden, Nabant, next Wednesday.

North Woburn.
Fall.—Miss Ruth Poole fell down stairs Monday, bruising herself quite severely.

ADDITIONS TO THE CHURCH.—The North Congregational Church received an addition of seven members last Sabbath, three by letter and four by profession.

MEDFORD.—Mr. George Richardson, while marking at Bellevue range, Saturday afternoon, on the 500 yard target, was accidentally shot dead by his nephew, Mr. Horace K. Richardson. It seems Mr. H. Whittington, who was practicing, fired and made a bull's eye, which the marker, Mr. George Richardson, marked, and put down the danger signal. As Mr. H. K. Richardson fired the marker came out of the pit and stepped in front of the target, the ball passing through his body above the heart, killing him instantly. He was 64 years of age. Mr. H. K. Richardson has the sympathy of the public, and is exonerated from all blame.

Winchester.

PROGRESS.—The foundation of three sides of the Brown-Stanton block is in place, and is a good specimen of stone masonry.

BASE BALL.—Another Picked Nine came down from Woburn last Saturday, and succeeded in beating the Winchester Nine. Score, Woburn 17, Winchester 13.

The "Queen of Winchester" went to Echo Grove, Lynn, on Thursday, with several other barges, conveying the Woburn Baptist Sunday School to a picnic.

A GOOD MARKSMAN.—Mr. Salem Wilder, is making a good record at Walnut Hill Range. His name appears near the top of the list whenever he shoots, and on Wednesday "his name lead all the rest," with a score of 201 out of a possible 225. The day was not of the best for big scores, but Mr. Wilder bore off the honors.

INSTALLATION.—The following officers of the Reform Club were installed Monday evening:—President, A. E. Rowe; Vice Presidents, K. W. Parker, G. W. Richardson, A. McKenzie; Treasurer, R. Cowdery; Fin. Sec., S. C. Small; Secretary, W. A. Hatch; Steward, W. T. Doten; Marshals, J. Young and George Kenney.

PURER WATER.—Charles Town wants better water to drink than is sent down to her from this vicinity, and the Water Board is buying up lands on the borders of Winchester ponds, with a view to improve the bottom of the ponds, and so improve the water. The Board has recently bargained with D. W. Kimball for a piece of land for this purpose.

OFF THE TRACK.—Last Saturday the up freight for Woburn went off the track at the junction with the Branch, on account of a misplaced switch. The switch was set for a train to go from the up track on to the Branch, but the freight train went along the down track, and went off as above. Fortunately no damage was done, and the trains were delayed but a short time.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.—The Congregational Sunday School last Sunday voted to hold a picnic next week Thursday, on the Everett grounds, near where the Myopia Club House is situated, and invite the other Sunday Schools in town to participate. The event is looked forward to by the children with great interest, and should the day prove pleasant it will be the picnic of the season.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.—Thursday evening, D. D. G. Barnes, of Somerville, and suite, visited Winchester and installed the following officers of the Knights of Honor:—Dictator, Walter B. Smalley; Vice Dictator, George H. Eastis; Assistant Dictator, Henry F. Clark; Recorder, Edwin C. Huse; Financial Recorder, Charles E. Kendall; Treasurer, Charles O. Billings; Chaplain, Warren F. Foster; Guide, H. E. Finston; Sentinel, George A. Wade; Guard, George A. Hall; Past Dictator, Irving S. Palmer.

SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.—The School Committee have made the following appointments:—High, Charles L. Harrington, Andrew Woods, Maria A. Parsons; Grammar, Charles E. Sweet, Elizabeth E. Marston, C. Isabella Livingstone; Chapin, Mary A. Emerson, Caroline B. Symmes, Wilhelmina F. Smith; Gifford, Laura A. Westcott, Agnes Westcott; Rumford, Evelina Davis, Eliza W. Saunders; Washington, Emma C. Richardson; Wyman, Abby F. Johnson; Mystic, Mary S. Spurr; Hill, Clara P. Norman; Music, Susan C. Bailey; Highland, Flora S. Quimby.

COURT.—Thomas Quigley was charged by Bridget McCue with assault. It seems from the evidence that Quigley's horse had been impounded, and he took it out of the enclosure. In doing so he pushed Mrs. McCue aside, she placing herself in his way. The case was continued until this Friday evening. The defence was, that he was not aware that the horse was impounded, and that he used no violence with Mrs. McCue. A case was on trial this morning, where a woman was charged with being drunk, and she charged the complainant with assault.

THE NEW-OLD LOCKUP.—Improvements are in progress at the Court Room and Lock-up, which will commend them to all who spend a season of enforced leisure at this well known resort. The double doors have given way to a single door and window, the threshold of the former being raised about two feet, and a step placed on the inside. The ground of the passageway will be graded up to the door sill, and the water in rainy weather will have to seek some other channel than into the court room, where formerly in case of storm, the floor of the room would remind a man who had gone to his "dungeon cell," that he sailed "the ocean blue." The lockup and courtroom, when the improvements are completed, will be one of the best in the county.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.—Forty-five years ago, Harrison Parker and Hannah Richardson were united in marriage, and Thursday evening the event was happily celebrated. The re-union of friends, appropriate presents, and hearty congratulations were in order, to the joy of all concerned. About two hundred were present. Sumner Richardson read a poem, and remarks were made by Messrs. Skillings, Joy, Shepard, Luther Richardson, J. C. Johnson and H. F. Johnson. It was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Parker who had been away spending the day, and returned at 9 o'clock to find the house all aglow, and filled with friends ready and anxious to give them a cordial welcome. It was one of the pleasantest occasions of the kind that has been enjoyed this season.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Gardner H. Smith, of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly of the Winchester market, is in town on a short visit. Mr. George F. Parker and family went to Cohasset Narrows on Wednesday. Mr. Frank M. Stone, son of J. F. Stone, Esq., arrived Thursday from California, in view of a change of climate. Mr. Charles Pressey and family have gone to Hyannis Port. Messrs S. G. Pierce, Frank W. Prince, and Irving S. Palmer, with their families are boarding at Ocean Spray, Winthrop Beach. Mr. Charles H. Dunham and Prof. George Cooke are trout fishing in the White Mountains.

Mr. Edward Gian and family are at North Conway. Mr. I. S. P. Weeks and family will summer at South Hanson. Mr. Robert C. Metcalf is spending his vacation in the West.

Mr. J. Clarence Thompson is making a tour of some of the Western cities. Mr. B. Sargent Briggs and his bride, with Mr. H. C. Miller and wife, have gone to Hyannis Port, and from there will extend their tour among some of the fashionable watering places.

Burlington.
OUTRAGEOUS.—A week ago Sunday a young fellow called at the house of Henry D. Stone, and endeavored to trade watches, but not succeeding, he made himself free about the house and finally carried away a coat. Mr. Stone followed the fellow and tried to recover the coat, but for his pains he received it over the head, and returned home minus his watch and chain. He very foolishly took an old one in return. The fellow threatened to black Mr. Stone's eyes when they were arguing in the house, and in the woods he threatened cold lead. The evidence will not warrant conviction, but all who know Mr. Stone credit his story. The perpetrator is well known as being concerned in various crooked affairs. Sometime he will find justice. He will run afoul of the wrong man.

LAWN PARTY.—The "Original 14," with a few friends, participated in a croquet party at the residence of M. H. Nichols, Fourth evening. The illumination with Chinese lanterns produced a brilliant effect on the lively company. Jollity presided, and the company enjoyed themselves as the "14" are wont to. The pyrotechnic display was superintended by the Lynn boys, who also gave choice selections from "Pinafore" and other operas, while "14" were refreshing themselves with iced cream.

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RUNNING.—Three running matches took place the night before the Fourth at the "Square," and proved exciting. Race No. 1 was between Arthur Wood and James Pottle, and was declared a dead heat, distance one-half mile, time 2.25. The second race was won by J. Murray against Albert Wood, and the third by Nichols against J. Murray. All the races were same time and distance.

BASE BALL.—Friday afternoon, the "Pinafores" and "Pacifies," composed of in-town boys, struggled for supremacy. The "Pinafores" punished the "Pacifies" 13 to 2. Two miscellaneous nines played a sharp game, the shower interfering before it was finished. Result, Nichols' nine 4, Wood's 2.

BUILDING.—Geo. E. Fowle, of Woburn, is raising a large and commodious factory for William E. Carter near the site of the one destroyed by fire.

LIBRARY.—The books have been placed in the new room at the Town Hall.

RELIGIOUS.—Last Sunday, nine members were added to the Congregational Church.

Wilmington.

THE FOURTH.—The 4th of July has come and gone and Wilmington is happy. For the first time in nine years we have had a procession of the Horribles and Antiques, and we must say that it has surpassed our highest expectations. The procession was capital and all the more appreciated because there was nothing personal about it. By 4 o'clock A. M., the procession started from the flagstaff after the delivery of a speech, comical songs, also music by the Wilmington Band. The procession then marched through the principal portions of the town. Mr. Z. T. White received great credit for representing with his men the "Wilmington Fire Department," the premium for furnishing the most comical exhibition being awarded to him. About eighty of our townsmen turned out in all kinds of equipages and dressed in the most grotesque style, the ambition of every one seemed to be to be masked and dressed in such a hideous manner that their nearest friends should not recognize them. Altogether it was a very successful affair and the projectors and managers deserve great credit for the orderly manner in which it was conducted. The procession ended, the citizens repaired to the picnic grounds at Silver Lake. Here new excitements awaited the pleasure seekers.

The first thing on the programme was the Tub race. Ed. Eames, Robert Powers and Johnnie Bancroft were entered. Now Johnnie would not use paddles but paddled with his hands. He made good headway at first, but his tub upset and he lost the race. Ed. Eames received the first premium of \$2; Robert Powers, second of \$1.

Next came the plank race for which Robert Powers and Ed. Morris competed. Powers got along very well at first, but his planks separated and he got a thorough ducking; however he recovered himself, persevered on and won the race and premium of \$1.

Next came the Doughnut race, for which there were five competitors, and Granville Bontwell was the winner. Premium, 50 cents, which he well earned as he was nearly suffocated and it required a considerable amount of thumping on his back to bring him around. The potato race was next on the tapis. There were six competitors who did a fearful amount of trotting about in hopes of gaining the premium which was awarded to John O'Donald, amount \$1.

Next came the Sack race. Robert Powers was determined to win and when he was within six feet of the starting point he turned a somersault and alighted on the very spot. He received the first premium of \$1 and John O'Donald the second of 50 cents. This race finished, dinner was announced by the Master of Ceremonies, H. Allen Sheldon, and every body enjoyed the good things so liberally provided. Several barrels of iced lemonade were also furnished free of charge.

Dinner disposed of, the heavy hammer was produced. It took two men to carry it to the place of contest. Horatio Eames was the lucky winner and received the premium of 50 cents.

The three legged race was next on hand and Robert Powers and Frank Kidder were the winners. Premium, 50 cents.

The wheelbarrow race caused considerable fun, a great number of young men competed for it. John O'Donald who came within three feet of the stake was the winner and received the first premium of \$1; Alexander Columbus the second of 50 cents.

And last but not least came the three mile "go as you please." There were four entries, viz: Eugene Carter, Al. Phelps, Josie Ames, and John O'Donald. They all started

in good style, Josie Ames taking the lead. After awhile he fell behind and Eugene Carter took the lead, Phelps coming second, the others dropping out. The third mile Carter took the lead and came in in good style about a hundred feet ahead of Phelps. Eugene Carter was declared the winner and received the first premium of \$3; Al. Phelps the second of \$2.

By 5 o'clock the numerous company dispersed to their homes with many expressions of satisfaction at the enjoyable manner in which they had passed this anniversary of our National Independence.

DENVER SCHOOL SYSTEM.—I have written something upon this subject. I will now explain the manner in which the schools have reached a standard in this wild, out-of-the-way place, scarcely equalled in many populous and liberal eastern cities, and surpassing some—even Boston. Yes, actually, a Boston gentleman, who, for some private reason, has been studying the schools of Kansas and Colorado, *incoognito*, so as to suffer no disadvantages in the way of flattering comments of superintendents and school boards, wrote a letter some time ago, in which he stated with some warmth that the school system of Denver, Col., was superior to that of the Hub of the Universe. Can this possibly be so? The schools of Kansas, to which state few would look for such perfection, are also among the finest managed in the country. To confine myself, however, to Colorado, about which I know most, I will just give you an idea of the order of an applicant for a position of teacher in the public schools of Denver has to go through before she can secure it. An examination is at present in progress here, and it has suggested this description to me: The board of education is what in the East is known as School Committee. It is of the people's choice, and is made up of the best men of the town. The superintendents' duties are similar to those in the East, except that their duties are spread over a broader territory, each officer of this kind being the manager of all the schools in a single county. Our superintendents are all wonderfully finely accomplished. They are paid good salaries, and this bait draws from the East the cream of its educational elite.

The people of Colorado, being generally in comfortable circumstances, compared with the populations East, give liberally of their means for school purposes; but, although several large, handsome buildings have been erected, or are in process of construction, the influx of families into Colorado has made the space demanded for school rooms grow so rapidly that the needs of the schools have got beyond the estimate of our citizens. Consequently many of our school-masters have to do double duty. A school is held in the morning and all the classes are dismissed at noon, to afford an opportunity for another school to be held in the afternoon. This is a great deprivation, but it is being rapidly overcome. Let me give you an idea of how teachers are appointed. The board of education announces the time when examinations will be held. On the appointed day the applicants present themselves. They are required to write their names on slips of white paper, place them in envelopes, and hand them to the board. The envelopes are reserved until the examination is over, consequently the committee does not know with whom it is dealing, and there are no chances of favoritism possible. The candidates are numbered, and, during their examination in scholarship, they are identified by these numbers, which are placed at the head of their examination papers when they are handed in. This examination lasts three days. It is severely exacting, and the standard below which the candidate ceases to be eligible is very high. The percentage of excellence in this examination is determined by an inflexible formula of figures, which decides clearly and without any speculation or opinion on the part of the board what is the standard of the candidate.

After her percentage in scholarship has been determined, the worst ordeal is still before the applicant. She is given a little time to recover from the excitement of the examination which covers everything taught in any preparatory college and likely to be of service (even aside from necessary) to her in the performance of her duties. At last she is invited some day into the superintendent's room. Here she finds a number of intelligent-looking gentlemen seated about a large table. She takes her seat in great perplexity, a stream of refined conversation is started, and she is gradually drawn into it. The subjects change and become quite varied, ranging from those likely to be answered with good or poor sense to those involving in their discussion higher qualities than merely common sense. In this manner the character and general accomplishments of the candidate are thoroughly got at. On her departure from the room the superintendent goes to a blackboard and prepares to put down the estimates formed by the board of the lady's capacity for the position she aspires to. The opinions of the members are represented by figures, ten being the highest estimate. One gentleman says eight, another five, another ten, and so on, although generally the figures are closer together. The members do not utter their names, lest they should influence some colleague. Each gentleman writes his number, and when the superintendent has collected and placed them all on the blackboard, he adds them together and divides the total by two. This number gives to the candidate the choice of a position, if it is the highest. If the number is below a certain standard, the applicant's scholarship record avails her nothing, and her name is withdrawn from the list of successful candidates. Can a school system very well fall where teachers are appointed under such circumstances as these? Only a very small percentage of applicants ever get positions. The schools of Denver represent pupils from every state and territory, Old Mexico and every country and province in Europe.

Cor. Herald.
I. O. O. F. INSTALLATIONS.—R. W. G. D. D. Edwin D. Layton and suite installed the officers of Mt. Vernon Lodge, of West Medford, on Thursday evening, and those of Harmony Lodge, at Medford Centre, on Monday evening.

A sail to Nantasket Beach (the Coney Island of New England), on the beautiful steamers of the Hingham Steamboat Co., is a pleasure indescribable.

MUSIC.—The Woburn Brass Band played at Bedford, Wednesday evening, at a meeting called by the citizens of that place to take action in regard to the 150th anniversary of the town, which occurs next month.

Massachusetts Press Excursion.

At Glen Onoko some of the party, who preferred, stopped and the others went to Mauch Chunk. We entered the Glen and enjoyed a nice ramble among the wilds of Pennsylvania. Many pretty falls were there to attract the eyes of the traveller. This place is very picturesque. A cool but damp air pervaded the atmosphere in the Glen and was found quite refreshing after having ridden for many miles in the cars. Agents were very busy, selling pictures and books, describing the Glen. Having ascended the mountain for quite a distance, we became tired and so seated ourselves by the side of a beautiful cascade; here we

boys are stationed and with quick motions of their hands, separate the bad coal and stones from that which is going to be placed in the market. The coal is moving downward all the time and the various sizes drop into different pockets. Again the coal is loaded on cars and is carried in them to the purchaser. Time prevented our stopping to see the whole operation but we received full information from the courteous gentlemen who accompanied us, and are interested in the mine. We retraced our steps to the elevator entirely satisfied with our visit to the mine and surprised that we were so clean. When we arrived at the first landing some entered the engine room and became interested in the working of the machinery, not being aware of the fact at the time that we were losing one of the most interesting features of the mine by our failing to go up to see the breaker. Returning to our cars, we rode to the Scranton depot where we stopped on a side track, which place was nearer to the Wyoming House, where we were to take our dinner, than the Depot. Arriving at the Hotel and after cleaning up, we went to the dining room and there found a meal awaiting us that would do all mine visitors good to appease their appetites with. After dinner a short time was given us to see this flourishing city by day and we employed the few moments by taking a walk on some of the principal streets. The city is very lively and has 45,000 inhabitants. Its principal business is the coal trade. This city is the residence of gentlemen, who can never be repaid for the courteous manner in which they treated the Massachusetts Press Association. We are all greatly indebted to the Scranton Board of Trade for the many favors shown us. Sorry, but yet we had to leave this place and take our cars, which seemed more like home than any thing else, they having been with us during the trip thus far.

We started for the Delaware Water Gap and enjoyed a nice ride through a picturesque country, arriving at our point of destination about five o'clock. Taking carriages at the depot we ascended the mountain to the Water Gap House, which sits on the top of one of Kittatinny Mountains, giving an excellent view of the surrounding scenery. Standing on top of the cupola of the house and looking down in front, we see the Delaware River. A little to the right the Water Gap may plainly be seen, and high mountains rise far in the air. To your left you look down into valleys, quite thickly populated and well cultivated. The scenery to be observed at the Water Gap House, is nowhere in this vicinity to be excelled. The air is quite pure and refreshing. We registered our names and were assigned our rooms. After giving ourselves a thorough washing, and eating our supper, we went out for a short walk. On returning we took seats on the piazza in front of the house and witnessed the display of fireworks, which had been furnished by Mr. B. T. Wells, Pyrotechnist, 18 Hawley Street, Boston. The works were excellent and proved that the donor has for sale the very best that can be had in the city of Boston or elsewhere. The following day being Sunday, some visited the several churches, while others went sight seeing. We started about noon for a ramble, and visited various places of interest, bringing up lastly at the boat landing, where we were conveyed in row boats to an island, here taking a small steamboat and enjoying a magnificent sail through the Water Gap. The water in the Gap is 60 feet deep, and the mountains on either side rise to the height of 1,800 feet. We returned to the Water Gap House, fully satisfied with our short but pleasant trip. The beautiful walks in the vicinity of this hotel are Eureka Glen, Moss Grotto, Water Gap, Cold Air Cave, Cooper's Cliff, Table Rock, Diana's Bath, Moss Cataract, Prospect Rock and Valley View. There are also some very pleasant drives. At a meeting of the excursionists in the evening at the Water Gap House, the following resolutions were adopted:—

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Press Excursion Party, held this evening, it was voted that the thanks of the Association be extended to all the railroads over which the excursion passed, for the reasonable rates charged, for extra engines and trains, and for the personal attention of officials to the hotels, for their efforts to please and for their reduced rates; to those citizens of Carbondale, Honesdale and Scranton, whose attentions contributed so much to the pleasure of the party; and especially to the Board of Trade of the city of Scranton, for the efforts of their President, Secretary, and delegates, to instruct the visitors and render their excursion one of pleasure and profit. The thanks of the Association be also extended to Mr. Wm. L. Burr, of the Boston, Housatonic and Western Railway, for the cars which accompanied the party from Boston to the Water Gap; to Mr. Wm. V. Burr, his son, for his attendance and oversight of the trip; and to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Co., for the opportunity to visit one of their coal mines, and for the courteous receipt of the party, and for the liberal supply of fireworks which afforded so much pleasure on the night of the 28th.

On Monday morning the party enjoyed themselves in walking and talking over the pleasant time they had spent during the whole excursion. We were again remembered by our Scranton friends who gave us a copy of the New York *Daily Graphic* with supplement, describing and illustrating some of the interesting features of Scranton, Pa., and also a copy of the *Scranton Board of Trade*, a semi-annual publication. At 11 o'clock we ate a light lunch at the hotel. All were entirely satisfied with the manner that the proprietors had treated us. We took carriages and arrived at the depot about noon. We were here indebted to the Postmaster who had our mail ready for us. Taking the regular train, we left for our journey home, arriving in New York City at half past three. Here we changed our riding from that of cars to steamboat, embarking on the magnificent steamer Providence. At half past five o'clock we were once more started, and at seven we went to the cabin and ate a hearty meal which was served by the Old Colony Line and did them great credit. We advise all who travel to New York, if they wish to go by the best road, to take the Fall River Line.

We retired early, having listened with great interest to a band concert on board the boat. In the morning when we awoke, we found ourselves in Fall River, and the cars waiting in which we were to ride to Boston. On our arrival in Boston there was a general handshaking; good-byes were said. Thanking all for their kindness towards each other and hoping that on the next trip we might once more be able to enjoy the sights together. Much has been said in some of the papers about the way that the editors go on these trips as deadheads. But to correct these false statements, we will say here that all bill are paid by the excursionists, each one

giving his share. For the benefit of those who made the statements, I will quote the following:—"Judge not, that ye be not judged, for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." Everything passed off harmoniously during the whole trip, and it seems almost a miracle that so large a party can go on such a time, and have no fault-finding. Owing to the efficient officers everything was carried out without a miss. The amount of ground gone over during this trip was more than a thousand miles, and the time occupied was just seven days.

On entering Howe's Cave a Boston editor who had the pleasure of looking at the suits prepared for those entering the cave, has given vent to his feelings in the following lines:

We are the bravest of the brave,
The explorers of the great Howe's Cave;
To see the wonders we have all had a chance
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.
But before we went inside,
We all of us have tried,
To fit our selves with the blouses and pants,
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.
And when fixed out so,
We all of us have tried,
To see the wonders of the cave grants,
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.
And I hold that in a cavern
The ladies like in a Harrow
Have a decided gentlemanly look in pants
And so have our sisters, our cousins and our aunts.
F. F. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Harper's Magazine for August will pleasantly surprise even those readers who from long experience have come to expect in each successive number a new revelation of the possibilities of wood-engraving. Never has even *Harper's* contained in a single article so many and at the same time so varied and excellent a series of landscape engravings as those which illustrate Mr. Benjamin's paper on Lake George. These engravings are from Mr. J. D. Smillie's drawings, twenty-three in number, covering every picturesque feature of the lake from Caldwell to its northern extremity. Of an entirely different character, but of equal excellence, are the engravings illustrating Mr. Gibson's paper, "Snug Hamlet and Hometown." The drawings are by the author, who has taken for his theme an artist's vacation among the scenes of his childhood. The old New England homestead, with its inevitable garret, the studies of insect-life, of the beautiful landscape views along the Housatonic, and of Hometown characters, and finally the reminiscences of school life, afford unusual opportunities for illustration; and the result here shown is very beautiful, apart from the glamour always cast over reminiscences of this kind. The beautiful engraving of butterflies with which the paper opens has been executed by Edward King, and is only equalled by the engraving of the peacock's feather, by the same artist, in the *Harper's* for August last year. Mr. Roger's illustrations of character for Mr. Riddings paper, "The Nautical School 'St. Marys,'" are very striking, from their novelty and spirit. This paper is one of unusual interest. The "St. Marys" is a sloop of war loaned by the Government to New York, "for the instruction of youths in navigation, seamanship, marine engineering," etc. It is a part of the public school system of New York, being designated "Public School No. 90." Among the illustrated papers in this number is one entitled "Chautauqua," giving an interesting review of the peculiar educational features which have been developed in connection with the Chautauqua Sunday-School Association. A fine portrait is given of Dr. Vincent, the founder of the institution. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has eight thousand student members. William E. Griffis contributes a curious and exceedingly interesting paper on "Japanese Rock-Crystal," with illustrations. "Little Barbara," a poem by Will Wallace Harney, is exquisitely illustrated by Miss Jessie Curtis; and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes a short story, "The First Mr. Petersham," which is illustrated by Howard Pyle. In fiction this is a remarkable number. William Black's yachting romance, "White Wings," opens in the most promising manner, and with spirited illustrations. R. D. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," begins a new novel, entitled "Mary Anerley." "Young Mrs. Jardine," by Miss Mulock, is continued; and besides these three serial novels, and the story already mentioned by Mrs. Spofford, there is also a very striking short tale by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "Miss Mildred's Friend." An exceedingly important contribution is the paper by Dr. Edward G. Loring, the celebrated oculist, entitled "Consequences of Defective Vision." This paper was read before the New York State Medical Society this year, and its suggestions will command universal attention. A paper contributed by Willard Brown, on "The Foreign Indebtedness of the United States," is of national interest, and is remarkable for its masterly handling of a complex subject. The Editorial Department are full of interesting and timely matter. G. W. Powell contributes a brief but pointed paper entitled "American Forests."

Horton has it for sale.

THE AMERICAN BICYCLE, by Charles E. Pratt, Houghton, Osgood & Co., pp. 211. 75 cents.

A MANUAL for the observer, the learner, and the expert. A complete guide to an understanding of this method of locomotion and a full description of its origin and rapid growth in public favor. A list of races, courses, and time at different trials of speed in this country and in Europe is given, and a lengthy description of the routes leading from Boston, best adapted to bicycle riding. The author is an enthusiast on the subject, and shows by the careful attention to minute details that he has faithfully shown up the merits of this mode of travel, which he believes is to continue to gain rapidly in popularity. We advise all interested in the subject to read the work, if only for the sake of knowing what has already been accomplished in speed.

Mr. Joshua B. Smith, the well-known Boston caterer and life-long friend of the late Hon. Charles Sumner, died at his home on Norfolk street, Cambridge, at about 2 o'clock Saturday morning.

PEDESTRIAN.—Massachusetts furnishes this following pedestrians who are to walk at Gilmore's Garden, Oct. 6 to 11, for the long-distance championship of America: J. D. Grant, Arlington, Mass.; J. Brown, Boston, Mass.

Married.

In Woburn, July 7, by Rev. N. B. Wright, Mr. Charles W. York and Miss Ida M. Rowe, both of Haverhill, Mass.
In Winchester, July 8, by Rev. H. F. Barnes, Mr. Alexander McDonald and Miss Louise Dupe, all of Winchester.
In Winchester, July 8, by Rev. R. Metcalf, Mr. Rodwell S. Briggs and Miss Sarah E. Barber, all of Winchester.
In Woburn, June 21, by Rev. John Quayle, Mr. James A. Mosher and Miss Catharine Kerrigan, all of Woburn.
In Woburn, July 7, by Rev. John Quayle, Mr. George P. Chamberlain and Miss Anna Connolly, all of Woburn.

INSECT POWDER.

We are making a specialty of Insect Powder this season, for destruction of Flies and all Vermin. Sold either in bulk or in packages.
PERSIAN INSECT POWDER,
DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 99

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices to cents a line.
In Woburn, July 11, Elizabeth F., wife of the late Benjamin D. Osgood.
In Winchester, Mass., July 8, Ernest Leon, son of Rev. C. H. and Jennie Hanford, aged 4 years, 10 months, 10 days.
In Winchester, July 3, Julia E. Luddington, aged 85 years, 8 months, 2 days.
In Burlington, July 10, Mrs. Emeline Cummings, wife of Dea. John Marion, aged 71 years, 5 months and 21 days.
Funeral services at her late residence, on Saturday, July 12, at 2 o'clock P. M. Relatives and friends are invited without further notice.
In Lexington, June 30th, Julia, daughter of Bartholomew and Julia Reardon, aged 9 hours.

Special Notices.

GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove that *gone feeling* from the blood, purify the system, and give you a new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying the very root of the trouble. It is the best medicine for all the troubles of the blood, such as CATARRH, HUMORS, SORES, LIVER TROUBLES, &c., all of which come from IMPURE BLOOD, or infection of the LIVER. Some of the herbs in these Bitters are Mandrake (for the Liver), Yellow Dock, Burdock, Prickly Ash (for the Blood), Rhubarb and Bismuth (for the Stomach). Then we add something which was especially in the blood for CATARRH. Large bottles, over one hundred doses, 75 cents. Small bottles, 40 cents.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Makes to order, all kinds of
CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.
MAKES LASTS
For Troublesome Joints.

Ankle Supporting Boots
For Children with Weak Ankles.
25 Bromfield Street,
ROOM 2, BOSTON.

For Sale and To Let.
HOUSE FOR SALE.—A large double house, in Woburn Center, corner of Main and Church streets. Eight rooms in each part, water and gas. About a quarter of an acre of land, with fruit and shade trees. Horse cars pass the door several times each day. The location is good, and the neighborhood one of the best in town. The estate will be sold on favorable terms, and any one in want of a first-class residence will do well to examine this one. For particulars inquire on the premises of MRS. MARY A. YOUNG.

EGGS.—Choice Brown Leghorns. Eggs from this splendid breed, 50 cts. per dozen. By express 45 cts. extra, for packing. The choice Fowls for sale. FRANK S. PRATT, Bacon Street, Winchester.

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BROWN, 10 JOSEPH KELLEY.

ROOMS TO LET. 211 Main Street. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.

I have this day been appointed Agent of the above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879.

TO LET.

Whitehall and single, and single scull Boats, at 25 cents per hour, at Boat House off of Beacon street.

A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do. We can offer you the business, we offer you a chance to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for you every hour that you work. We can give you as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

GOOD BOARD

Can be obtained at
\$4 and \$4.50 per week,
with light and airy rooms, at the Winn Street Boarding House.

MANURE AND SPENT TAN
for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn, Mass.

THE VOICE OF WORSHIP.

Choirs, Conventions & Singing Schools.
By L. O. EMERSON.

This splendid new book is nearly through the press, and will be in great demand. Full collection of the best Hymns, Tunes and Anthems for Choirs, Glee Clubs for Social and Class singing, and a good Singing School course. Its attractive contents, with the low price (\$1.00 or \$2.00 per dozen), should make it the most popular of Church Music Books.

THE TEMPLE. For Singing Schools, Conventions, and Churches. By W. O. PERKINS.

This book is ready in a few days. First-class book for Singing Schools. Large collection of Glee and plenty of Hymn Tunes and Anthems. Price \$1.00 or \$2.00 per dozen. Although Singing Schools are especially provided for, both the Secular and Sacred Music render it one of the best Convention and Church books.

FATINITZA. The new and very favorite opera, in 3 acts, by the composer, with libretto in three languages, all the Music and Libretto complete. Price \$2.00 paper, \$2.25 boards.

PINAFORE. Price reduced to 50 cts. The same elegant edition heretofore sold for a dollar. Complete Words, Libretto and Music. All ready for the stage.

Any book mailed, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

WOBURN, JULY 9, 1879.
The firm of Matthews & Layton, Painters, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by W. H. MATTHEWS.

W. H. MATTHEWS,
E. D. LAYTON.

BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

Special Bargains in Hosiery!

HAVING PURCHASED AT HALF PRICE A LOT OF
Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Childrens' FINE FANCY HOSIERY.

We shall offer Bargains at 17, 25, 35 and 50 Cents.

Examine early, as the best Bargains will be picked out at once.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. R. GAGE & Co.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

171 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

THE DEMAND FOR OUR 50 CT. TEAS

IS INCREASING EVERY DAY.

WHY?
Because they are the BEST in Town at that Price.

H. F. SMITH, Opposite Common.

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

REMOVAL.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS
REMOVED TO 197 MAIN STREET,

POST-OFFICE BLOCK, where he offers a good stock of
Hardware at the Lowest Prices.

GEORGE H. DICKSON.

NOTICE!

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock of groceries of Mr. J. W. Gardner, and has added to the same a

LARGE STOCK

CHOICE GOODS,

and invites the attention of all

Cash Buyers

to a careful inspection of the same.

Our store here will be under the charge of Mr. F. A. KINGSBURY, who has been in our employ for a long time, and we have secured the services of Mr. A. ELLIS, who would be pleased to see all his old customers, and the Public generally at his old stand.

OUR C. O. D. Price List

will appear from time to time. We shall keep the best goods in the market, and offer them at the lowest prices for

CASH!

Respectfully,

GEO. H. BIDDLE.

HAMMOCKS & TENNIS NETS.

A STOUT, DURABLE, Comfortable Cotton Netted Hammock, of our own manufacture.

Also, Tennis Net, for sale by

American Net and Twine Co.,
43 Commercial St., Boston.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

LADIES' PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, and 12 1-2 Cents.

GENTLEMEN'S PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 10, 12, 15, 20 AND 25 CENTS.

The best bargain ever offered in this market.
Another Lot of PURE LINEN SHIRT FRONTS, at 10 Cents.
A better bargain than the lot on which we had such a run early in the season.

HOSIERY.
A large stock and special bargains in FINE HOSIERY. The leading stock in town.

A FULL LINE OF LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S UNDERWEAR. BUTTONS.
Our line of Buttons are superior in every respect, and very cheap.

FANCY RIBBONS and REAL BRETONNE LACES. An unusual stock for this place, and at prices that *KNOW NO COMPETITION.*

SUMMER GLOVES, SUN UMBRELLAS, and FANS.
A FULL LINE OF FANCY DRY GOODS.

It is well known that we keep the LARGEST and most ELEGANT stock of **MILLINERY GOODS** in this community. Examine our TRIMMED HATS and BONNETS.

A. CUMMINGS, 150 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

One Bale extra wide RUSSIA CRASH.

42 Dozen TOWELS, all linen, very desirable.

A fine line of CRETONNES, ENGLISH SERGES, &c.,
Pronounced to be the finest line ever offered in town.

One lot Colored HAMBURGS, greatly under price.

A lot of FANS from 1 cent to \$1.25.

A large lot of PARASOLS from 25 cents to \$3.00.

Special bargains in SHETLAND SHAWLS at \$1 and \$1.38.

A large lot of Remnants of RUCHING at prices which cannot fail to please.

A fine variety of ORGANDIES, LAWNS & BUNTINGS.

One lot Gent's India Gauze UNDERVESTS, 17 cts. each.

A large lot of PAPER COLLARS at 5, 10, 15 and 20 cents per Box.

75 pairs Men's Brown Duck OVERALLS, 25 cts. per pair.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

147 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—AT THE—

Boston Branch

GROCERY and TEA STORE,

131 Main St., Woburn,

TEAS! TEAS!

We have just received a large invoice of EXTRA STRONG Formosa, Oolong, and Japan Teas, and are now offering BETTER TEAS for 50c. per pound than have been sold in Woburn for from 60c. to 75c. per pound. Buying invoices of importers for CASH enables us to sell BETTER TEA at a less price than any other house in Woburn.

GRANULATED SUGAR, 8 1-2 cents per pound.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Managers.

THE WEEKLY SUN,

A large Eight Page Sheet of Fifty-six broad Columns, will be sent, Post Paid, to any Address, till January 1, 1880,

FOR HALF A DOLLAR.

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE Hay.

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

MEN AND BOYS' SPRING GOODS,

LATEST STYLES OF
HATS, CAPS AND CLOTHING,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNISHING GOODS.
The largest line of Plain and Fancy Half Hose, ever in town. Everything at Low Prices. Please Call and Examine.

THE WOBURN CLOTHING STORE,
POST OFFICE BLOCK, 100 MAIN STREET.

Journal Club Column

They had staid at the promenade concert rather later than she wished and when they were well on their way homeward at last, she leaned her head against his shoulder, and her blue eyes looked into his as she murmured, "Dear love, won't you try to notice my eyes the next time, and read from their silent pleading when I wish to go?" He said he would, in fact he swore he would, but he probably forgot, because after they had been married about seven years she tore the tail off his coat one night when she wanted him to come away from a church sociable, and after she got him home, she kicked him twice in the stomach, pulled his ear nearly out by the roots, sat on his hat, and said: "You thick-headed old mackerel-eyed old idiot, the next time I tell you to come home you climb into your hat and come, or I'll tear the lungs out of you with a croquet mallet!" He "come," the next time.

In a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for \$10—when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for \$10. Father sold one for \$60 the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

General Grant quietly asked the King of Siam if he would resign and accept a position in his next cabinet. The king rolled his eyes round in an incredulous manner, and changing his "Jackson's Best" to the other side of his mouth, said, "I guess I am well enough as Siam."

One day last week a North Hill man made a wager that he could eat 30 eggs in 30 minutes. He lost the money. The first egg did the business for him. It was no young, giddy, inexperienced egg. It was a venerable old sage, and it did it with its little hatch!

Elevator boy (to a woman who has ridden three times from bottom to top of the building)—"Well, where do you want to get out?" Woman—"Well, indeed, oim not quite sure, but have me as near the Old Colony depot as ye can."

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to smoke in the presence of ladies." "Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?" "How do I manage! Why, I seem ill-bred."

"Can you remember anything about being baptized?" was asked of a three-year-old girl. "I do I tan." "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve, and stuck a knife in my arm."

A little Waterloo Sunday-school miss was asked by her teacher, "What must people do in order to go to heaven?" "Die, I suppose," replied the little one. The teacher did not question her any further.

A good-natured traveller fell asleep in a train and was carried far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this is, isn't it?" said he to a fellow passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

Child, pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific contest between a lion and a crocodile.

"What are those things doing pa?"

Father, "Talking politics, my dear."

Monday afternoon the lightning struck a powder magazine near Brighton, Ills., containing 51,000 pounds of powder. You can just imagine how astonished the lightning was the next second.

Two men started out on a wager to see who could tell the biggest lie. No 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—Whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit."

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for More Men."

A man at Pontypridd, Wales, was arrested because he kissed his neighbor's wife, and threatened to do it again. We suspect he didn't fulfill his threat, hence the arrest.

It is said that Adam was taken altogether by surprise when presented with a Cain, but he soon rallied and responded with an Abel speech.

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much used for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we can dodge an elephant, but we can't a fly."

Nickel pinch wants to know, if one lemon will make a lemonade, how many marmos it will take to make a marmalade.

An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

Shingle weddings are becoming fashionable in Iowa. They occur when the first child is old enough to spank.

An exchange tells of an Alabama lady who cries all the time and yet grows fat. Her fat is laid on in tiers.

A boy with his elbows out was asked the cause and replied, "I laughed in my sleeves till I burst them."

Why is a newsway like a cucumber? Because the older he grows the more of a yell he'll be.

Never hurry a hen in spring-time. She might lay a scrambled egg.

Scum gentle spring, ethereal villainess scum."

Suck to your flannels till they stick to you.

The seal's kin is numerous.

Continued from first page.

in anguish. As they approached the entrance to Main Street she seemed to lose her self-possession, and, as if distracted, she loosened her apron, took it off, and threw it into the road; then, trembling violently, she began to unbutton her shoes. She was premeditating a leap from the wagon.

A gentleman was walking by the way-side, musing, with a book in his hand. His attention was suddenly arrested by sharp cries of distress. He saw a wagon driving rapidly toward him, with the driver bent forward excitedly, and a female figure standing erect. "Help! help!" was heard distinctly on nearer approach, and, "Oh, Mr. Deering! dear Mr. Deering! I am being run away with. Help me quick!"

He recognized the voice, and without hesitation sprang to the horse's head, and seized the reins at the bit.

"I'll howl him, Sir," said Dennis. "Niver fare; I'm not running away with the young lady. I'll howl Pate, and explain the matter to satisfaction intirely."

Frank Deering caught in his arms the girl, who sprang from the wagon. "Clorinda!" he gasped but she answered not. Her trembling limbs sank beneath her; she fell heavily against his protecting arm; her head dropped lifelessly upon his shoulder. Clorinda had fainted.

Dennis, flinging the reins upon the back of Pete, who was by no means a dangerous animal, and always sure to stand, hastened to give assistance and to explain.

"I am dying," murmured poor little Clorinda. It was her first experience of the womanly accomplishment of a veritable dead swoon, from which the "coming to" is painful.

"I will not let you die, my child," said Deering, who was kneeling beside her, his face bending over with ineffable benevolence, and his hand gently having her forehead and lips with the water Dennis had brought in his cap from a stream in an adjacent meadow.

"She'll be all right again now, sir," said Dennis, much relieved from apprehension as he saw, upon the deadly paleness beneath the tawny complexion, which drops of water were fast washing away, faint blush tints beginning to rally. "And it's only a joke about the judge. My orders was strictly to drive the young lady round pretty smartly, and drop her at her own door, with Miss Moper's best compliments, and this note and handkerchief to Dr. Bell."

And Dennis drew the handkerchief from his vest with the flourish of a professor of legermain, and a three-cornered note from Miss Jane to the doctor, returning his daughter, with indignant and cautionary fears for her future.

Mr. Deering saw neither mouchoir nor billet. His whole attention was given to the interesting object before him. Never before had he been placed in the romantic position of a chivalric knight succoring a forlorn maiden, and the situation struck his fancy, and, indeed, moved his heart.

"I didn't mean to," said Clorinda, patetically, clasping his hand with the genuine penitence and appealing confidence of a little child. "Please don't let dear papa know it; don't let any one know it, Mr. Deering."

This was all that happened. Dennis was relieved of responsibility when the evidence and accusation had passed into the hands of "a friend of the family," and he was bound over to silence by a largess so generous that it was sufficient, if need be, to keep his mouth shut for a century, after he had once opened it, in astonishment at his good luck, wider than it had ever been opened before.

Clorinda, recovering strength, and insisting upon walking home, took Mr. Deering's arm for only a short distance, until she was fully nerved. They went in by the pasture gate, and meeting no one on the grounds, entered the house unnoticed. That evening Mr. Deering made a friendly call on Miss Mopers, and charmed her to perpetual sleep by exerting the spell, unfamiliar to her, of manly fascination.

Thenceforth not a word was said alluding to the adventure. But from that day Clorinda's manner changed: when her sisters observed her new dignity of behavior, and questioned its cause, she simply answered, "I suppose it is time, now that I am old, to behave like a woman." And from that day Mr. Deering knew that her conduct to him was no longer disdainful and aggravating, but respectful and considerate, and that her eyes often looked upon him with the confidence and grateful regard which they gave to no other being excepting her idolized father.

For himself, he was too genuine and loyal a lover to extend to another any share of the devout sentiment he bestowed upon his own beloved and long-betrothed Rosina. But he confessed to a new kindness and brotherly fondness for Clorinda, and he kept a nook in his imagination sacred to the thrilling image of a lovely girl fainting in his arms and returning to consciousness and to life beneath his own breath-giving.

A real nice jolly tragedy! These words might apply to a play written in mimic sketching of some of the sad and bitter exposures of life, but they could not apply to reality. When the real tragedy came, how far off in the dim distance seemed their trivial sorrows and feeble mockery!

And this was a real tragedy, a true grief, a sad and bitter sorrow, that had fallen upon the household of that gentle-hearted, blameless man, the unworried and abstruse Professor Bell.

The shock fell suddenly. It was the summer after Frank Deering's long visit. The day had been fixed for his marriage with Rosina, and all preparations for the event were completed. The wedding was to be on Wednesday noon, and Mr. Deering was to arrive on Tuesday evening.

On Monday morning Rosina did not appear at the breakfast table; but she was frequently late, so the absence was scarcely noticed. Toward noon her elder sister went to her chamber to learn if she were ill. She found the tray of tea and toast sent up by her house before standing, with no morsel tasted, in the ante-chamber, and the curtains of the alcove in which Rosina slept closely drawn.

"She still sleeps," thought Griselda; "I will not disturb her." And she stole away softly down stairs.

Afternoon came—no sign of Rosina. The alcove curtains were drawn aside; the bed showed no trace of a sleeper. The family became seriously alarmed. Inquiries were made among her friends throughout the

town, but no one had seen her. Evening came—not a word. After a night of such anxiety and painful suspense as made its long hours seem unendurable, there came at morning a telegram from the nearest seaport:

"We embark for Havre in the steamship V— to-day. We shall have sailed when this reaches you, and shall remain abroad a year. Trusting by that time you will become reconciled to our marriage, "ROSINA and GEORGE CLEMENTS."

George Clements was a helpless scapegrace, the detestation of the town. Rosina's attachment to him had never been suspected. On the contrary, her engagement to Frank Deering was the accepted fact; and the wedding cards had been received with congratulations, and confidence in her secure happiness.

This heartless elopement filled every one with astonishment and lament. The wronged and sorrowful father seemed utterly crushed by the blow; it was heart-breaking to listen to his expressions of grief, so full of tenderness for his child, and of blame for himself. In his wild self-accusation—that most sharp sword of calamity, which pierced this good man without justice—so bitterly did he bewail his unfitness to rear his offspring aright, that he even blamed himself for having married, when, past middle life, the lovely young creature who adored him, the mother of his girls, and the being whose devotion had been the one great happiness of his life.

His condition became so deplorable that his physician was called in; and it was late evening when, under the influence of opiates, he fell into a troubled sleep. Clorinda was by his bedside, holding his hand in hers, when Griselda came, worn with weeping, and whispered to her:

"Cloe, Frank Deering has come; you must go down and see him. I have not nerve for the ordeal."

Clorinda, stooping first to kiss the pale hand which she dropped gently upon the still sobbing breast of the sleeper, went as she was treated. She found Mr. Deering in the library. He had flung himself into the arm-chair by the table, and his head was bowed upon his folded arms. He did not look up when she entered, nor move when she came near.

"Can I do any thing for you?" she asked, very softly.

"There is nothing to be done," he answered, his face still hidden. And she heard him moan to himself—"Oh, how can I bear this?—how can I ever bear this?"

He arose and paced the room for some time; then he resumed the position in which she had found him. All the while she forbore to utter a word, or to look at his face. Now she drew a chair near him, and remained long by his side in silence, just speaking at last to tell him of arrangements that had been made for his possible refreshment after his journey, and for his spending the night. Then she arose, and with her hand just gently touching his shoulder, said, "Good-night."

"Are you going, Clorinda?" "If I thought I could comfort you," she answered, stung through with compassion, "I would stay. But well I know that I can not. Love is a terrible thing that a man can never, never get over. And you loved Rosina, and she is gone. I must go too, for I can not take her place to make you glad again; I can not say, as my heart dictates—indeed it does, dear Mr. Deering—something soothing and consoling. If I thought I could, I would stay."

He raised his head from his bowed posture, and looked at the girl who stood before him. Pity, sympathy, tender, yes, tenderest emotion, shone in her tearful, earnest face—her womanly, child-like, warm, and truthful face. He saw through it into her guileless soul—saw with a man's quick perception its soul's unconscious capabilities of true affection, the depths yet unstirred and unblemished in that innocent nature. He saw, not his tears, his torment, his pest, of a past midsummer, but his friend, his comforter, his— "Clorinda," he said—and his voice took, in that hour of his great sorrow, a tenderness, a depth of heart tone, that in all his love-making it had never, never taken before—"Clorinda, stay."

AMERICAN HOUSE GIRLS.—"One who knows" writes to the Gloucester Advertiser in regard to the question as to why it was that so few of our American girls were willing to go out to service, or in other words to "live out." Now, if you will allow me, she writes, I will state what I think may be one great reason, and that is that a large number of our poor girls have mothers who have *lived out*, and if so they know that means, and are not willing to have their girls suffer as they have suffered. I can speak from bitter experience.

I lived out from the time I was fourteen years of age until I was twenty-one, and lived in seven different families during that time, and can say from my heart, that in only two families was I treated as if I was human. At one place in particular, I had to arise on Sunday and heat the oven and bake brown bread and beans for dinner, because they did not like them to sit over night. This was on a farm, and the hired men, a bound boy and myself were kept just about half starved. We had hasty pudding three times a week. One of those same hired men is now a rich man in this city, and if this meets his eye he will remember the *hasty pudding*. Isn't that so, Mr. B—? I was not allowed a lamp to carry to my room, and that room in an old unfinished attic. I had fifty cents a week, and was obliged to take that out of their son's store, paying 17 cents per yard for calico which could have been bought anywhere else for 12 1/2 cents. When the mistress arose from the table she removed cake, pie or whatever there was of that kind and left for the bound boy and myself what she pleased. A piece of butter was put on the edge of our plate, and the rest taken off the table. That is a sample of the way I found folks I lived with, with two exceptions, and those told me what they wanted done and we had no trouble. They were not afraid of my eating too much or too nice food, for I sat at table with the family when they were alone, and of course I knew better than to expect that when there was company.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not think that it is all because our girls do not think it genteel to do housework, that they refuse to "live out" but because in many cases their

are not treated right. Let those who hire remember that because a girl is poor it is no indication that her heart is not as good or her feelings as tender, as those of her rich sister. Treat your girls with kindness, and if they do wrong or make mistakes, encourage them with kind words, and my word for it they will try again and again, until they conquer the difficulty, and you will feel as if your kindness is not thrown away.

—A little girl at school read thus:—"The widow lived on a limbecy left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; "the word is legacy, not limbecy." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb not leg."

No comedian can make as laughable a face as is made by a small boy when he brings a jolly jar down from the closet shelf and discovers it to be full of ten-penny nails.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice. BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Jacob C. Whitteer, of Woburn, Mass., to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, a corporation established within and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and having its usual place of business in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, dated December 1, 1871, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds, in the County of Middlesex, Mass., Book 1191, Folio 70, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Wednesday, the 17th day of July, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, except the part thereof he cetera released as hereinafter mentioned.

A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated near the center of the village of and in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the south-westerly corner of the premises on Prospect street at a stake at land of John M. Harlow, (formerly of Jacob C. Whitteer, and at the north-westerly corner of a certain lot of land, to wit: a part of the premises described in said mortgage, but released to said Whitteer, and cetera released as hereinafter mentioned, thence by land of said Harlow, by deed dated July 24, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 1271, page 57, and now belonging to said Harlow; thence the line runs northerly on and by said Prospect street, about two hundred and six and one-half feet, to a stake at land of J. B. McDonald; thence easterly by land of J. B. McDonald twenty-six rods, to a stake at land formerly of Luke Forde, and cetera released as hereinafter mentioned, thence by land last named, two hundred and sixty-eight feet, to a stake at land formerly of said Jacob C. Whitteer, deceased; thence westerly by land last named, and by land released as aforesaid to the point of beginning. Said premises will be sold subject to the following reservations contained in said mortgage deed, to wit: The right of S. O. Pollard, et al., and their heirs and assigns forever, to use and occupy the same, over, and use for all proper purposes of a street or pass way, a strip of land, forty feet wide, along the north-westerly side line of the premises, with the right to grade and repair the same, and the uninterrupted right of drainage through the said premises, either as the brook now runs or in some other place equally convenient, that said Whitteer may elect for the purpose of carrying away the waste water from the tannery of said S. O. Pollard, et al., situated on Eastern Avenue, in said Woburn.

\$400 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, By James N. Dow, Treasurer. Woburn, Mass., June 21, 1879.

By R. DEXTER TEMPLE, Auctioneer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

PURSUANT to and in execution of the power of sale contained in certain mortgage deed given by Ames Gowling to the Reading Savings Bank, dated June 21, A. D. 1872, and recorded with Middlesex North District Deeds, book 128, page 281, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1879, at six o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises in said mortgage deed, to wit: A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the County of Middlesex, in the County of Middlesex, containing ten thousand four hundred square feet more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the north-westerly corner thereof, at a cedar post by the road leading from Wilmington to Andover at a point distant about two hundred and thirty feet westerly from land of the Boston and Maine Railroad; thence the line runs southeasterly by land of Sylvester Carter, Jr., one hundred and eighty feet more or less to a stake; then in a northwesterly direction by land now or late of said Ames Gowling, eighty-seven feet more or less to a stake; then in a direction more nearly westerly one hundred and fifty feet to a stake; then in a southeasterly or southerly direction fifty-four and one-half feet to the point of beginning. The equity of redemption is supposed to belong to the heirs of George Kimball. Terms made known at sale, or previously upon inquiry of the undersigned.

WILLIAM J. HOLDEN, SOLON RANCIFF, Receivers of the Reading Savings Bank. Reading, June 25, 1879.

HOLBROOK & FOX, Auctioneers and Real Estate Agents, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Michael Lewis to Nicholas T. McComen, dated August 1, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1480, Folio 47, and by said McComen assigned to Henry Kelly, by assignment dated August 22, 1876, and recorded with Middlesex No. Dist. Deeds, Libro 1480, Folio 50, and for breach of the condition of said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of July, 1879, at 4 o'clock P. M., all and singular the premises described in said mortgage deed, to wit: A certain lot of land with the buildings standing thereon, situated in the easterly part of the town of Woburn, County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being the southeast corner of lot X, conveyed to Michael Lewis by Michael Monaghan, being bounded and measuring as follows, viz: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot X aforesaid, at a stake and said lot to stake and stones, thence westerly on land of Michael Monaghan to stake and stones, forty feet; thence southerly on land of Michael Monaghan to stake and stones at Railroad street, forty feet; thence easterly on Railroad street, forty feet to stake and stones, being the point of beginning. Said lot is shown on book of plans 11, page 29, containing 1600 square feet, be the same more or less. Terms \$50 cash at sale; other terms made known at time of sale.

HENRY CLAY, Assignee of said mortgage.

For further particulars inquire of E. B. Callender, Attorney and Counselor at Law, 5 Tremont Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of Michael Nichols, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased has been presented to Court of Probate, by Elsie M. Nichols, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her the executrix therein named and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties or her bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

NO. 29.

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Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, 1.25
Orders by mail should be
accompanied by measure
from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
button.
(Beware of cheap imitations.)
Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
Suit or a new fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

FOR SALE BY
A. GRANT,
Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
Suit or a new fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.
REMOVAL.
The undersigned desires to inform his friends and
the public generally, that he has removed his place
of business to
141 MAIN STREET,
Cor. Montvale Avenue,
Where he will be pleased to see all who may be in
need of goods in his line. It will be his constant aim
to keep constantly on hand, Pure Family

DRUGS
-AND-
MEDICINES.
and a general assortment of
TOILET ARTICLES,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
and all the popular
PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.
By strict attention to the many details of the busi-
ness, and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patron-
age of the public.
ALL NIGHT CALLS
ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.
WARREN D. BARTLETT,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
141 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

FRESH AND RELIABLE
GRASS, GARDEN AND FLOWER
SEEDS of all kinds.
BOWKER'S
Lawn Dressing,
For Lawns, Grass Plots, and Cemetery Lots.
Also a new invoice of PAPER HANGINGS
and BORDERS of the LATEST STYLES.
J. E. THOMPSON,
No. 3 WADE BLOCK.
N. Z. TABOR,
(Successor to E. D. West & Co.) dealer in all
kinds of Fresh, Dry, Smoked and Pickled
FISH.
Oysters, Clams and Lobsters in their season.
I shall endeavor to continue the business to the en-
tire satisfaction of customers, and have secured the
services of Mr. J. A. GEVRELL, who will be
happy to meet all his old friends.

W. F. ESTABROOK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Bread, Cake, Pastry,
AND
FANCY CRACKERS
OF ALL KINDS.
219 Main Street, Woburn.

Carpenters.
J. Horace Dean & Co.,
Carpenters and Builders,
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to.
ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

MARCHING ORDERS.
Fall in! my comrades into line,
Take places once again,
While drums are beat and bugles blow
A soul inspiring strain,
Fall in! all ready for the fight,
Each heart is beating high
To do the duty of a man,
To conquer or to die.

Attention! Steady on the right!
The hour has come to show
How brave souls in the country's cause
Can face a valiant foe.
Look at the stars and stripes which float
Above your heads so proud,
Let them be sign of victory
Or be your battle shroud.

Dress up! eyes right! touch lightly now,
Let your next comrades feel
The heart that's warm within your breast
Is beating true as steel.
Let him be sure 'mid battle smoke
If he should chance to fall,
His wife and little ones for aid
In vain shall never call.

Eyes front! remember on your work
What issues now depend
For freedom and humanity
Have courage to the end.
Let no defeat dispirit you,
The time shall surely be
When every man beneath the flag
Shall stand erect and free.

Shoulder arms! right wheel! steady now!
When in the future years
Your memory recalls these scenes
And fills your eyes with tears,
Your souls shall thrill with gratitude,
That 'twas your lot to be
At Richmond, Gettysburg, Shiloh,
With Sherman to the sea.

'Tention, Battalion! Forward, march!
What! Is the war all done?
Why comrades I was back again
In eighteen sixty-one.
Why were enough most worthy years
Have come and passed away,
And we are growing old quite fast,
Are getting bald and gray.

Well, be it so; we live but once,
For faithful duty done,
Its influence can never lose
While time its course shall run.
So here's a tear for comrades gone,
For the old flag a cheer,
A pledge for those for whom we aid,
While we are with them here.

And when we all are mustered out,
The years to come will tell,
Of how we fought and worked and died,
And did our duty well.
Shall tell of country saved and blessed,
Of peace and freedom given,
And for the boys who wore the blue
Shall thanks ascend to heaven.

Selected Story.

A TIMELY DISCOVERY.
Gen. Zachary Taylor, with his victorious
army, crossed the Rio Grande the morning
of May 18th, 1846, and took formal possession
of Matamoras, Arista, the Mexican
commander, having fallen back to Monte-
rey. The Rio Grande, at this time, was the
theatre of momentous military events.
Every ear was turned thitherwards for the
latest intelligence; every other interest was
absorbed in the eager desire for information
from the armies.

Santa Anna had put forth every exertion
to stay the progress of the invaders, who,
like a mighty avalanche, rolled on and on
despite every opposition. The country was
swept as with a blighted scourge by the Mex-
ican hordes. Every man, capable of bearing
arms, was drawn into their ranks; every
hearth was made desolate, and thousands of
hearts were bereaved.

Notwithstanding all this, there were in
the same locality, and at the same time, in-
cidents and interests peculiar to individuals,
among the terrible scenes of war, which
marked an epoch in their lives as strongly
as great victories did that of the nation.

On the south bank of the Rio Grande
nearly a league above Matamoras, yet with-
in the Federal lines, stood an old Spanish
villa—the only residence of any importance
in the vicinity. The proprietor, entirely at
variance with the people among whom he
lived, had expended large sums of money in
arranging and beautifying his estate. The
villa was in the centre of a park, perhaps
five acres in extent, over which were grace-
fully disposed, trees, shrubs, bowers and
ornaments.

Winding paths and carriage-ways of fine
white gravel extended through the grounds.
Fountains with jets sparkling in the sunlight
could be seen at intervals. Artificial lakes
with floating islands, crowned with rare
tropical flowers, were interspersed amid the
scene. Tiny fish sported in the crystal wa-
ter, and birds sang from every bush. This
highly embellished homestead remained
untouched in the midst of the bloody car-
nage that deluged the land.

Don Sebastian and his aged wife had
lived there upwards of fifty years, and were
loved and esteemed. They had no children,
but there was living with them a young lady
sixteen years of age, whom they had adopted.

Arista, when at Matamoras, issued an
order prohibiting trespass on this estate. It
is not improbable that the dark-eyed Eloise,
the adopted daughter, whose good will the
Mexican general had endeavored to secure,
had much to do with the promulgation of
this edict. General Taylor, on taking com-
mand, ordered that all private property with-
in his lines should remain unmolested.
Thus he found it on the afternoon of August
15th, 1846.

The sun was sinking in the west, a cool
breeze played among the foliage, the atmos-
phere was fragrant with odors of myriad
blossoms, and Eloise sat beneath the shade
of a tree in the great park. She had been
forming a bouquet of rich and rare flowers,
but it lay on the grass before her. Her
hands were clasped together, her gaze was
fixed on the ground, and she was thinking—
thinking of her mother whom she had never
seen. As she sat there, sad and thoughtful,
the past came up before her like a great
moving panorama, and there was but one
blemish on it—that was the uncertainty of
her birth. Since her earliest recollection
she had been the darling pet of two as true
and loving hearts as ever beat—Don Sebastian
and his wife. They had bestowed on her
every gift, every pleasure, every wish.
She had asked for nothing that they had not
granted cheerfully. She loved them as she
would have loved her own parents. Their
precepts and examples had grown and rip-
ened in her character, until she was a young
lady of moral excellence unsurpassed. Yet
despite all these advantages and happy sur-
roundings, there were times when she longed
to see her true parents. Who were they or
where was she to look for them? The old
Don had told her time and again, all that he
knew of them. It was this: Sixteen years
before, a man and a woman with an infant,
disembarked from a New York and Panama
steamer that came into the port of Matamor-
as in a gale. The following morning, the
storm having subsided, the steamer again
put to sea. The strangers had taken rooms
at a hotel, and it was not known whether
they had designed to remain in the city or
to continue on in the steamer. They had
unfortunately neglected to register their
names. About ten o'clock in the forenoon
the infant was found alone and heavily
drugged in the room they had occupied.
There were marks of blood on the bed
clothes, a large pool on the floor, and the
door-latch was besmeared with the same
stains. These facts becoming known, much
excitement was created, but no definite in-
formation obtained. The child was placed
in the hands of a physician, who restored it
from the effects of the drug, when it was
offered to any responsible family desirous of
adopting it. Don Sebastian took the babe
home with him, made out the necessary pa-
pers, and assumed the responsibility of its
guardianship. That child was herself, and
those dark gypsy spots may have been the
life-blood of her parents. It was this that
made her sad and lay aside the flowers which
she had been arranging.

Tears had gathered in her eyes, and the
muscles around her mouth worked nervously,
as the sound of a footstep fell on her ear.
She looked up and discovered an old wom-
an, wrapped in a cloak and hood, and lean-
ing on a cane, standing before her.

"Pardon me, miss, for this intrusion,"
said she. "I was in search of Don Sebastian's
residence, and took the nearest route
across the country from Matamoras. Is his
dwelling near?"

Eloise's tears were dry in an instant. Her
sympathies were aroused, and she stood be-
fore the strange woman, whose palest frame
shook until she could hardly stand.
"Be seated, good lady," Eloise said, tak-
ing hold of her arm. "You are tired and
tremble. Have you come far?"
"From the city," she answered. "Is it
far from the Don's house? If so, I fear I
shall not be able to reach it. My limbs al-
most refuse to carry me."
"You are on the Don's estate now," Eloise
replied. "It is but a little way to the house.
Sit down and rest a moment, then I will go
with you."
"On the Don's estate now!" reiterated
the woman, with a gasp, leaning heavily on
her cane, her fingers clutching it with a con-
vulsive grip, and her eyes fixed steadily on
Eloise. "On the Don's estate, and are you
his ward?"
"I am," Eloise answered, wondering at
the singular exhibition of feeling.
"God strengthen me now!" the woman
 ejaculated fervently, and reached out a
hand.
It was quickly withdrawn, and a sudden
calmness came over her. For an instant she
did not breathe. Her eyes were like balls
of fire, and fixed a steady gaze on a man ap-
proaching. The blood receded from her
face, her lips were compressed as with a
spasm of pain, and her hands grasped the
cane till the ends of her fingers were purple.
Eloise looked at her in mute astonishment.
She saw her lips part, she heard words issue
from between them that seemed to come
from a heart all crushed and bleeding.
"Breathe not a word to that man of what
I have said to you. If he asks who I am
tell him it was a poor woman asking alms.
But stay here till he is gone; I would see
you again."
With this she drew her hood close around
her face, turned and walked away. She
was soon concealed from view behind the
shrubbiness.

The man advancing, and whose presence
had affected the woman so strangely, was
about fifty years of age, and known as Lou-
is Verango. He was well educated, and his
manners were calculated to inspire confi-
dence. He was an agreeable conversational-
ist, had travelled extensively and delighted
to relate his adventures while journeying in
foreign lands. To a mind and nature like
Eloise's—pure, confiding, trusting—he was
not altogether an unpleasant companion.
There had been times, however, during their
acquaintance, a period of nearly one year,
when her heart was sadly depressed in his
presence. He had given utterance to senti-
ments in unguarded moments that had made
her start and tremble. He had always ob-
served the effect, and with cunning peculiar-
ity his own, so effaced these impressions from
her mind that she was ready to trust him
again. This time, as the woman disappeared
she sank on the grass amid her flowers, and
did not look up until he spoke.

"Has my fair bird been frightened by the
old mendicant?" he asked, dropping on the
grass beside her. "A fairy in the midst of
roses!" he added, with a gay laugh, and
placed a flower in the braid of her hair.

"I have not," Eloise replied. "She is a
poor woman, and I wish I could help her;
she seemed so much distressed."
"Such women always are," he answered
lightly. "I have seen thousands in Italy
and France who could draw tears from a
marble statue, by their lamentations, and
laugh in their sleeves the moment one's back
was turned. But come, let us talk of an-
other matter more interesting; Julian has
been to Matamoras to make arrangements
for yours and his wedding."

"Who gave him such directions?" Eloise
asked with a start.
"The old Don," was the reply. "He said
he was willing if you were, to have the cere-
mony take place to-morrow."

"But I am not willing."
She spoke calmly, but with decision.
"Why not?" he urged. "Everything is
ready."
"No, I am not ready," and taking the
flower from her hair she began pulling it to
pieces.

"You are a strange girl," he added, with
more show of feeling than was advisable.
"Perhaps so," she said coolly. "I am in
no hurry to be married. I have too good a
home here to desire a change. Julian was
very anxious this morning that I should say
'yes' to every one of his propositions; yet
not one of them pleased me or had my sanc-
tion. It is only about six months since we
first met. You brought him to us, and we
knew him only as your nephew, Julian Lor-
retto. His guardian is old and childish; he
is easily persuaded, and always ever-anxious
to please me. He probably gave his consent
simply because he thought I desired it. I do
not. If I was undecided this morning, I am
more so than ever. This haste in a matter
of so much importance is unpropitious and
ill-timed."

"Will you not reconsider this decision?"
he asked, after a short pause.
"There is nothing to reconsider," she re-
plied. "I have made no promise; yet it is
more than probable, had not this movement
of yours and Julian's to-day occurred, I
should have pledged my heart and hand to
him before many weeks. Now I view my
situation in a different light; I think I see
something in this haste and urgency that
augurs evil."

"You are pleased to be somewhat over-
suspicious," he retorted sharply.
"You can so construe it, if you like," she
answered. "For the present I desire to be
alone."

He was vexed, had said more than he in-
tended, and was surprised to find her pos-
sessed of a spirit of firmness that he had
thought her incapable of exhibiting. As he
rose to his feet, he said:
"I will return to the house, and, if Julian
is there, will send him to plead his own suit."

"Rather say to him that I am engaged and
do not wish to be disturbed," was the sharp
rejoinder.
"As it pleases you," and he was soon out
of sight.

For a few moments after Verango left,
Eloise sat as one in a trance. Her mind ran
over the events of the past few months with
a whirl that startled her. Every incident of
that period came up fresh in her memory.
She remembered well the day Verango came
to the villa, his ostensible errand looking for
friends, and she had never heard him make
any mention of them since. His eagerness
to secure the good will of her guardian, and
his studied care not to intrude, came down
upon her with peculiar force. Was he lay-
ing a foundation for future operations. His
introduction of a nephew; how she had list-
ened to his words and believed them all, and
yet he only a stranger of whom she knew
little or nothing. Was there a design in all
this? Had her good old guardian and her-
self been deceived? Why were they in such
haste for the wedding, when there was not
even an engagement on her part? True, she
had given Julian sufficient evidence to leave
little doubt as to the state of her mind toward
him; but why did he and Verango press the
matter so persistently? The strange woman's
emotions argued no good. She was waking
up to a careful examination of her connec-
tion with these two men. She had decided
to seek her guardian immediately and tell
him her suspicions; to insist that no further
movement be made with reference to her self
without her consent. Rising with this deter-
mination, she was about to proceed when
she saw the strange woman before her again.

"Pardon me once more," she said. "I
am your friend, and have much to say to you.
Can we reach the villa unobserved? I would
not trust myself to speak here. In your
room, alone, I will unbuckle my heart."

Eloise hesitated not from fear or doubt;
she was thinking. The woman added:
"I am a poor old woman, honest before
heaven. Have no fear of me. When I have
spoken to you as I would, you will have no
cause to complain."

"That was not what made me silent,"
Eloise replied. "My mind is strangely de-
pressed—but come, I will lead you to the
house. We will pass around and enter at
the back door."

Thus speaking she took the old lady by
the arm. A short walk brought them to the
building, when they entered, closing and
bolting the door. Verango and Loretto, at
this time, were in the family sitting-room in
consultation with Don Sebastian.

"I have nothing more to say in connec-
tion with this matter," remarked the old
Don, as in continuation of a conversation.
"Her will is mine. It would grieve us sorely
if she were to leave us, yet I would not
lay a straw in the way of her happiness."

"She need not leave you," interrupted
Julian. "She can remain if it is desirable."
"Most certainly!" interposed Verango.

"It is not necessary that she should leave
you, simply because she is married. I am
only anxious to have this matter settled
before I leave for Europe, and I must go
next week. My interests there have been
so long neglected that I shall be the loser
by a large amount. My agent writes that
my estates in Italy are sadly in need of my
presence. I know Eloise loves my nephew,
and that it is only her maidenly shyness that
makes her hesitate. The ceremony once
performed, everything will be to your and
her satisfaction."

"I do not doubt you, gentlemen; but as I
said before, her will must be considered."
"I have no doubt it will be in my favor,"
remarked Julian. "For the present we will
drop the subject; but this evening at ten,
Eloise being present, we will arrange the
final settlement."

"That is satisfactory to me," replied the
Don, and the two gentlemen arose to depart.
They passed out into the park, and arm in
arm, walked off along a carriage way, en-
gaged in earnest conversation.

They had not been gone ten minutes when
Eloise came down from her chamber. Her
guardian sat in his favorite seat by the
window, while his wife lay asleep in an adjoin-
ing apartment. There was a glow in Eloise's
cheek, and her eye sparkled with unusual
brilliance. The old Don did not observe it,
however—he was wrapped in meditation.
She approached him quickly, laid an arm on
his neck, kissed him and whispered in his
ear. He started, gazed inquiringly into her
face, then followed her silently from the
room. An hour later the Don's carriage—a
close-covered vehicle—left the residence,
driven by a black servant. It was evident
something of importance was in contempla-
tion, for the horses were urged forward at a
rapid pace, and their course lay toward
Matamoras.

It was ten o'clock at night. Verango and
Loretto, with the Don and his wife, sat in
the family sitting-room. Old Sebastian
seemed to have renewed his age within the
past few hours. He was happy, and did not
seek to conceal his enjoyment. His wife,
possessing a less demonstrative nature, sat
quietly knitting, ever and anon looking up
into the face of her husband, and from him
to the two men who, ignorant of any cause
for this manifestation of good spirits, attrib-
uted it to the consent of Eloise that the mar-
riage should take place. They were inflated
with expectations of their own.

Half-past ten, yet Eloise had not come
into the room. Verango ventured an in-
quiry.
"I will see if she is disengaged," and the
Don rang a silver bell. A servant appeared
to whom he said:
"Go see if Eloise is in her chamber. If
she is, ask her to come down to the sitting-
room."

The servant retired, and soon the door re-
opened, when Eloise, leaning on the arm of
a young man, a cloak over his shoulders,
entered the apartment.

The presence of the stranger gave the two
men a momentary start, but they effected
unconscious, and evidently waited for an in-
troduction. No movement was made to
gratify them in this respect, and having
handed Eloise to a chair, too young man sat
down by Madame Sebastian. The old lady
laid aside her knitting, and entered famili-
arly into conversation.

Eloise talked and chatted gaily with Ver-
ango, Loretto and her guardian, when Ver-
ango made a significant remark in reference
to admitting a stranger when they had se-
lected the time to settle an important ques-
tion.

"I have no important question to settle
with either of you gentlemen," she replied,
coloring. "This young officer is authorized
to transact the necessary business of the
evening."

"I am sorry, gentlemen," observed the in-
dividual referred to, rising and laying aside
his cloak, "extremely so to interrupt either
of you in the scheme you had in contempla-
tion; but as a commissioned officer I hold an
order from the commanding general for your
arrest. Will you submit peaceably or shall
I call a guard?"

This announcement gave an entire new
aspect to affairs, and a short silence ensued.
Verango was the first to speak. His words
fairly hissed as they came from his lips.
"I see how matters stand without further
explanation. We have simply failed, and
are powerless to achieve our object by force.
We will retire for the present, and bide our
time. It will come! I will say, however,
that it was not the ward we cared for, but
the dower. We will be content to take that
in our leisure some future day. Draw your
weapon, Loretto, and we will cut our way
out."

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Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1879.

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WHAT WILL THEY DO?

We, last week, remarked that a long suffering public would like to know what the Selectmen propose to do about the illegal sale of liquor in Woburn, at which the *Adversary* speaks up, and wants to know how long this long suffering public will grumble because somebody else doesn't do its work for it. The functions of government are delegated by the people to its officers, who are qualified by their official oaths to perform those functions, and are rightfully held accountable if they do not perform them. Our amiable contemporary remarks that it has not the slightest doubt that if "positive, tangible evidence" is obtained and presented to the Board of Selectmen, the police, or "other proper authorities," those implicated will be promptly prosecuted. Neither have we. If the matter was presented in that light, the Selectmen or "other proper authorities" would hardly care to take the responsibility of refusing to prosecute. "But," says the *Adversary*, "who is to furnish this evidence? Are the Selectmen to abandon the other important town business, and make it their business to go around and hunt up evidence of the illegal sale of liquors?" If there is any body in town, whose business it is, more than it is the Selectmen's let him be set to work. The Selectmen are the highest authority in town. They have charge of the police, and the police regulations. Latterly, we know, Selectmen have held that they should only notice violations of law on complaint, but we hold that it is a mistaken idea, and without authority. The citizen retires at night secure in the thought that his person and property will be safely guarded. It is not his place to sit up all night to guard his property, because he has selected officers for the purpose and cheerfully pays them for the responsibility that they voluntarily assume. Neither is it his place to frequent the places where liquor is sold to note infringements of the law and prosecute the violators. It is the duty, principally, of the Selectmen, who can delegate their subordinates to perform the task. They have refused to license several applicants, and they logically accept the responsibility of seeing to it that these men do not license themselves. They are Overseers of the Poor, and well know that a very large per cent of pauperism is due to intemperance, and they further know that the sale of liquor indirectly increases the amount we have to pay annually for outside relief. They are the Board of Health, and are not unmindful of the fact that sanitary considerations have little weight in the neighborhoods where liquor is freely sold. They are our local "Police Commission," and it is pretty well understood that the police go only so far as they are directed by the Selectmen. The public has no desire to shirk its duties. It made an effort in April to secure a good government, a government that will give us good streets, a healthy sanitary condition, a freedom from all sorts of lawlessness, good schools, good fire department, and all that is comprehended in the expression "good government." It found good men and true who were willing to accept the responsibility, and we believe the Selectmen will not be found wanting now that they know how the people feel about the matter. More than three months of the official year has passed, and while the people are not "grumbling," they do most respectfully desire to know what the Selectmen propose to do about it.

SAVINGS BANK.—The adjourned annual meeting of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank was held last Friday evening, and the following officers elected:—President, John Cummings; Vice Presidents, D. D. Hart, Jacob Brown, Patrick W. Kinney; Trustees, Stephen Nichols, G. R. Gage, A. E. Thompson, W. T. Grammer, William Winn, N. Wyman, P. M. Converse, Samuel Cook, John R. Carter, C. A. Jones, B. Hinckley; Clerk, James N. Dow; Investment Committee, John Cummings, D. D. Hart, Jacob Brown, P. W. Kinney, Wm. Winn, P. M. Converse, S. Cook; Auditors, A. E. Thompson, C. A. Jones.

THE GENIAL DICK DEADEYE of the *Adversary* breaks forth into song, on learning that a contemporary has been appointed on a board to select a candidate for the Naval Academy, and refers with that happy humor which is his especial charm, to the time "a many years ago," when the appointee became a printer's devil, and subsequently achieved great distinction. If that devil could have foreseen half-shell journalism, when he was young and tender, how much that was disagreeable he could have avoided.

RUNAWAY.—Grammer & White's driver left his horse standing in front of Mr. True's house on Montvale Avenue, while he was delivering goods. The horse took the opportunity of running away, but becoming entangled with the reins when near Eastern Avenue was thrown down and secured. The wagon was injured and the goods delivered promiscuously.

JUST THE THING.—When going to a picnic, a bottle of lime juice or lemon syrup will be just the thing to carry for making a cool and refreshing drink. Hill has just received a new invoice of lime juice.

THE WEATHER this week has been very hot. Patten's ice cream, and other refrigerants have been very welcome.

THE BOYS say that high blueberries are very large and plenty this year.

THE STATE PRISON.

There must be something wrong about the management of the State Prison. We hear of incendiary fires, strikes, conspiracies, and latest a plot for a wholesale breaking out. It is expected that reckless men of the criminal class, confined in a State Prison should spend a large part of their time on the problem how to circumvent their jailors, and regain their liberty. They cannot be contented with their lot, unless they happen to be philosophers, and take the time spent in prison as a necessary part of their dubious profession, to be served like an apprentice-ship, and with as little friction as possible. Such men generally conform to the rules of the prison, and endeavor by good conduct to relieve the bitterness of their imprisonment and shorten its duration. The rules of a prison like the regulations of an army protect as well as restrain, and prisoners have certain "rights," which they prize as highly, and cherish more jealously, than their brothers who are at liberty. Infringements of these rights are the principal causes of uneasiness and insubordination, and when a prison is in a state of ferment, as is the case at Concord, there is reason to believe that something is wrong in the management. Complaints of the cruelty and injustice of the Warden are frequently made, and may there not be some foundation for them? To be sure, the testimony comes from the criminals, and they are not always credible witnesses. A cruel and arbitrary man can only secure subordination by superior force, and constant vigilance, while a more judicious man achieves the same results with far less friction. It would seem that there is something worth investigating at Concord, and not impossible that the demand for a change in the chief office should be heeded.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.—Hon. Selwyn S. Bowman, Member of Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, is to nominate a candidate for appointment as a cadet of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, such candidate to be examined at Annapolis, on September 22d, next. A competitive examination of all applicants for such nomination will be held on Tuesday next, the 22d day of July, 1879, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in the Prescott School Building, in East Somerville, before a board of examiners, consisting of Charles G. Pope, Esq., of Somerville, John L. Parker, Esq., of Woburn, and Dr. C. W. Stevens, of Charlestown. All applicants must be actual residents of this Congressional District; must be of such condition politically that they would be able to vote if they were of sufficient age therefor; must be at the time of admission to the Academy, over fourteen and under eighteen years of age, and at least five feet in height. They will be subjected first to a rigid physical examination, and such as are not thereby rejected, will be examined in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, English grammar, and geography. Each applicant must furnish said Board a certificate from his present or last school teacher, that he is of good moral character, and in the opinion of such teacher, reasonably qualified to submit to such an examination, or such other evidence in place thereof, of his mental and moral qualifications, as said Board may require or accept. Every cadet has to agree to serve the United States eight years from the time of his admission to the Academy.

INSTALLATION.—The following officers for the ensuing term of Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F., were installed on Monday evening by R. W. G. D. Duncan MacFarlane and suite. N. G., William H. Matthews; R. S. N. G., Lycurgus Burnham; L. S. N. G., Charles E. Cooper; V. G., Thomas J. White; R. S. V. G., Samuel Skelton; L. S. V. G., Etienne C. Colomb; R. S., Albert P. Barrett; Treas., Orlando M. Brooks; Warden, William H. Reed; Conductor, Oliver M. Wade; O. G., Cyrus Lamb; I. S., Everett R. Skinner; R. S. S., Frank Lippitt; L. S. S., Isaac A. Howe. Messrs. L. Burnham, G. M. Buchanan, and C. E. Cooper were appointed a Finance Committee for ensuing term. Large delegations were present from Medford Centre, West Medford and Arlington, and after the installation the company repaired to Central House Hall, and partook of a bountiful collation which was furnished by the members of Crystal Fount Lodge. Speeches were made by several of the visitors and members of the home lodge.

FIRE.—Tuesday evening, a lamp in the hands of L. A. Sweetser, at his home on Union street, caught fire, possibly from overfilling. Mr. S. started to throw it out of doors, but the flames burning his hands he was obliged to drop it, when the bottom of the lamp came out, and spread the burning fluid on the floor. The oil carpeting and wood-work of the room was somewhat scorched, as was some clothing which was hanging near.

SELECTMEN.—2d regular meeting Thursday, Cummings absent. On the matter of grade of Canal street, voted to meet the abutters and Water Commissioners on Monday July 21, at 6 P. M. Re-application for opening of Page Place to New Boston street, was referred to clerk of the Board to investigate and report.

ANTI-CRUELTY.—Rev. J. F. Winkley, of Trinity Episcopal Church will lecture on Sunday evening, on the prevention of cruelty to animals. This is a subject that is being considered more than formerly, and it is hoped that there will be a full attendance.

THE WOBURN BAND was honored with a large audience Wednesday night. They play at Winchester next Wednesday evening.

BITTEN.—Monday, Edward C. Collamore was quite severely bitten in the right hand by a dog belonging to Charles Bancroft.

POPULATION.—The assessors give the population of Woburn this year at 10,694, a gain of 249 over that of last year.

MR. J. H. BELL, formerly of Woburn, but lately of Malden, is missing from his home.

HEAVY STORM.

A heavy storm of wind and rain swept over Massachusetts on Wednesday afternoon, and Woburn received a passing notice, although not so heavy a visitation as in some places. The wind made great havoc among the trees, in many cases stripping them of leaves and branches, and occasionally destroying them altogether. In front of 74 Main street, a large horse chestnut, three feet in diameter, and planted there by the late Willis Buckman, upwards of forty years ago, was twisted off near the ground. In its fall it carried down a section of telegraph wire and two poles. Across the street the tornado destroyed a cherry tree in Miss Flint's garden. A pear tree in James Bland's garden was split in two parts. Shade trees on Summer street suffered. The awnings on Curtis's Drug store were torn into ribbons, and the clothing store awning next door suffered some damage. A. E. Thompson's wagon was going down Main street, when the sun shade was suddenly snatched away by the wind. Grammer & White had a similar experience but the shade was broken when it came down. The awning at their store played strange antics, but did not break away. The wind broke in a window in the cupola of John S. True's house, No. 78 Montvale Avenue, and also broke a window in the barn. Some concrete pavements at work on the place, left their work under the impression that the buildings had been struck by lightning. The wind tore up about fifteen feet square of the roof of S. Dow & Co's shop. Several apple trees in the yard of William Ellard were destroyed. An apple tree was torn up by the roots on East street.

PICNICS.—About 100 of the Methodist S. S. took barges, Wednesday morning for Nahant. The storm instead of interfering with the merry making, added to the fun, as from their shelter they could look on and enjoy the good sights in safety. The ride home after the storm was particularly enjoyable. The whole affair passed off pleasantly without accident, and was pronounced by all, a "good time." They think there is no place like Nahant.

The Episcopal Sunday School held a picnic in the grove on the west side of Horn Pond, Wednesday. The party numbered about fifty and had a very pleasant time till the shower came up, when they took shelter in the ice house and reached home without getting wet much.

Some fifty of the ladies and children at Central Square held a picnic, in Baldwin's Grove last week Friday and had one of the pleasantest gatherings of the season.

FIRE.—About 11 o'clock Wednesday night, a fire was discovered in a shed adjoining the house occupied by Charles E. Taylor, expressman, on Salem street. An alarm was promptly given, but before the firemen could reach the place, the fire had been put out with pails of water. Two barrels and a box were burned. The probable cause of the fire was hot ashes in a barrel.

About 12 o'clock Wednesday night a second alarm was given, this time for a fire on Flagg street. A barn belonging to Michael Ferrin, Jr., was burned, with the contents. The fire department responded promptly, and prevented the spreading of the flames. The barn and contents were insured in the Royal for \$500. The loss was about \$150. A horse which was included in the insurance was out at pasture. The fire was probably of incendiary origin.

BASE BALL.—The Eurekas of Woburn played a Lexington nine, on Lexington Common last Saturday, and defeated them by a score of 17 to 9. The most interesting feature was the heavy batting of the Eurekas, who made twenty base hits, as the score shows.

EUREKAS.	R.	H.	E.	LEXINGTONS.	R.	H.	E.
McCarthy,	2	3	3	Hutchinson,	3	3	3
Richardson,	3	5	5	Reed,	0	1	0
Flint,	3	2	2	Carving,	0	0	0
Richardson,	1	2	2	Jewett,	0	0	0
DeLoria,	0	1	1	Rogers,	0	0	0
Flanders,	0	1	1	Jewell,	1	1	1
Bryant,	2	0	0	Gleason,	0	0	0
Richardson,	2	1	1	Davis,	2	1	1
Buck,	3	2	2	Hendley,	2	2	2
	17	20					

Umpire—Num. of the Harvards.
Scorer—Ed Hart.

DROWNED AT NEWBURN.—Mr. Cyrus Holmes was drowned at Newburn, N. C., on the 30th ult. He was walking on the pier, and caught his foot in a defective plank and fell into the water, and although he was immediately taken out, he could not be resuscitated. Mr. Holmes was about 42 years of age, a son of Rev. Cyrus Holmes, who formerly was principal of Warren Academy. Mrs. Holmes was on a visit to friends in Massachusetts at the time of the accident. Mr. Holmes served with distinction in the late war, and was an officer in the Custom House at Newburn. He had relatives in Woburn and Winchester.

POLICE COURT.—John Brady, drunk, \$3 and costs. Bridget McAdams common railor and brawler, \$10 costs. Charles Carroll, E. Payson Holway and David C. Hoskins, for breaking the peace were each fined \$5 and costs.

ACCIDENTS.—Tuesday, William T. Kendall had one toe badly hurt by a piece of floor joist twenty feet long, being thrown on it at H. S. Converse's lumber yard.

Thursday a man in the employ of Mr. Frank Pusher at the George Winn farm, cut his shoulder severely while handling a scythe.

MURDER WILL OUT.—The murderers of Jennie P. Clark have been arrested, and their punishment should be speedy and sure. We wish a similar good fortune could have attended the search for the murderers of Frank Davis.

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The Young Men's Christian Association will hold an open air Praise meeting on the Common next Sunday, commencing at 5.45, P. M. Mr. S. C. Abbott, of Lowell, and others will speak.

EXCURSION.—About twenty of the members of the choir and Sunday School of St. Charles Catholic Church went to Oak Island Grove, in the "Fearnought" on Thursday.

TALLY HO.—A Tallyho coach passed through Woburn on Monday afternoon, with a gay party of excursionists.

Winchester.

To Nahant.—The Commonwealth took a party to Nahant on Thursday.

The "Eurekas" of Woburn play the Winchester High School Nine this week Saturday. A good game is expected.

Major Winn has added an elegant landau to his livery stock, and can now give as good a turnout as any stable in the vicinity.

Fourteen cars of bark were set off at Winchester, Wednesday night. The cars would average ten cords to a car, and were consigned to Woburn tanners.

BROKE DOWN.—A four horse wagon heavily loaded with brick for the new block on the corner, broke down on Everett Avenue last Tuesday evening.

PASTORIAL CALL.—Rev. A. B. Dascomb, formerly of Winchester, has had a call to the Congregational Church, Bellows Falls, Vt. He will preach there for six months, and if his health will admit of it he will make a permanent settlement.

RUNAWAY.—A horse belonging to Mr. Elly Carter, left standing in front of one of our stores, ran away on Tuesday, but was secured without having done any damage. Fortunately Mr. Carter escaped unhurt.

During the severe storm of wind and rain on Wednesday last, several trees on Washington street were blown down, and some of the ventilators at Moseley's also suffered.

PERSONALS.—Deacon Thomas F. Shepard is at Westminster, Vt., with Rev. A. B. Dascomb. Mr. John R. Cobb, Miss Annie P. Sharon, and Miss Louisa Johnson are at Birchdale Springs, Concord, N. H. This popular resort is well filled with summer boarders, and the proprietors Messrs. Wm. Adams and H. K. Stanton, so well known in Winchester, leave nothing undone that will please their guests.

BASE BALL.—The Winchester High School Nine played a Picked Nine last Monday, beating them 23 to 11, as the following score will show:—

HIGH SCHOOL.	R.	H.	E.	PICKED NINE.	R.	H.	E.
Gendron, ss.	3	0	0	Winsor, c.	3	2	2
Cate, 2b.	3	1	1	Eaton, p.	2	2	2
Stoddard, p.	3	1	1	Norman, lf.	1	1	1
Whitton, cf.	3	3	3	Skilling, rb.	0	2	2
Winsor, c.	3	1	1	Carter, J. 3b.	1	1	1
Nichols, lf.	1	3	3	Law, cf.	2	3	3
Jenkins, rb.	3	2	2	Lynch, rf.	2	3	3
Pratt, rf.	3	2	2	Swan, ss.	2	1	1
Richardson, 3b.	1	2	2	Carter, C. 2b.	1	2	2
	23	15					

BAND CONCERTS.—We understand that some of our public spirited citizens have contributed the necessary funds, and the Woburn Brass Band will give concerts on the Common every other Wednesday evening. The first concert will be given next Wednesday evening, and the following programme will be presented:—

- Part I.
- Grand March. Exhilaration. Bagley.
 - Gavotte. Secret Love. J. Resch.
 - Polka. Sparkling Cornet Solo. J. Robinson.
 - Grand Medley. A Day in Boston. J. B. Claus.
 - Concert Galop. Tornado. E. Reyer.

- Part II.
- March. Fatiniza. Arr. by Claus.
 - Concert Waltz. J. Gurnall.
 - Overture. Tournament. Arr. by A. Bond.
 - Grand Medley of old Melodies. E. Reyer.
 - "Olden Times." Sidney Smith.

T. H. MARSHMAN, DIRECTOR.

STATISTICS.—The Assessors find the following property as taxable in Winchester the present year:—

Number of Polls,	834
Horses,	306
Oxen,	4
Cows,	179
Heifers,	20
Swine,	251
Sheep,	2
Goats,	9
Houses,	512½
Barns,	235
Other Buildings,	170
Personal estate,	\$ 799,280
Real estate,	2,746,635
Total,	\$3,545,915

There may be some changes in the last two items, but they will not materially alter the results.

State Tax,	\$1,255 00
County Tax,	1,813 13
Town Tax,	40,400 00
	\$43,468 13

The overlays will bring the total up to \$45,300, and the rate of taxation will be about the same as last year.

PICNIC.—A picnic party composed of about 500 scholars and friends of the Sunday Schools connected with the Orthodox, Methodist, Unitarian and Baptist churches, left Winchester, Thursday morning in barges for Everett Heights. The Woburn Brass Band accompanied them, adding greatly to the pleasure of the affair by their music. The place chosen for the picnic is pleasantly situated in Arlington a short distance from the Edward Everett place, which our readers will remember is situated on Mystic pond. Games, swinging, and the usual amusements of a Sunday school picnic, occupied them till noon, when the innumerable pleasures gave place to the more serious business of the day, eating. Later in the day the inevitable speakers appeared, and received a good deal of attention. Speeches were made by the Rev. Mr. McKenney, Rev. Mr. Metcalf, Mr. Geo. Cook, Sumner Richardson and others. Everybody had a jolly good time and returned better satisfied than if cars and steamboats had taken them a long journey. A part of the Orthodox S. S. for whom Everett Heights possessed little attraction, took the "Commonwealth" of Woburn and journeyed towards Nahant. They report a good fish dinner, and a good time.

CONCERT.—Wednesday evening saw a large and appreciative audience in Rangely Hall to hear the Benefit Concert managed by Mrs. Cutter for Mrs. Ames, of Boston. Mrs. Ames brought some Boston talent with her, which with what Winchester could afford, made a very enjoyable and successful concert. The stage decorations were very fine, flowers and potted plants, adding greatly to the pleasure of the affair. Mr. H. L. Richards, Jr., did the "shouting" for the party, his first announcement being a piano duet, by Misses Carter and Dwinell. Mrs. Ames then favored the audience with the

song, Sweet Genevieve, rendered in a very acceptable manner. A reading then followed by Miss Davis of Boston, Toby's Monument. Miss Davis is a young lady of pleasing address and easily succeeded in winning over her honors. Miss Christy, a young musical prodigy, astonished the audience by her rendering of a violin solo, Souvenir De Brilli. Miss Davis and Mrs. Ames followed with a duet, Wanderer's Night Song. After a short intermission, Mr. Lamson a well known Winchester vocalist sang, A Mariner's Home is the Sea. This was encored. Miss Davis then read, Court Scene from Henry VIII. Miss Christy again played, this time a solo from First Concerto De Beriot. My Love he is late, by Mrs. Ames, was well appreciated. The concert closed with a reading by Miss Davis, The Charcoal Man, which was encored. Mrs. Ames has been very kind on former occasions in offering her services to the Winchester people and this expression of their regard and acknowledgement of her kindness resulted very pleasantly as well as profitably to all concerned. It should not pass unmentioned that Miss Mary Richards played the accompaniments. After the concert the floor was cleared and the young people passed the time till 12 in dancing. All passed off well and much praise is due Mrs. Cutter for her successful management of the affair.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Peterson's for August comes to hand early, and is richly stored with entertaining and instructive reading which all will appreciate, while its fashion plates, patterns and full description of the latest novelties in dress and embroidery work, render it indispensable in every family who would know the constant changes in style and be able to select from them at a mere nominal cost. The supplement in each number which has a pattern for some article of ladies or children's wear, could not be purchased alone for less than the price of the number, thus making it decidedly the cheapest magazine of its class in the country.

The Golden Rule. The July number of this monthly is received. Among its contents are several articles from prominent writers and the usual variety of editorials and selected reading. The experiment of making the *Golden Rule* a monthly, we think, has not met the success anticipated, and it is to be changed back to its original newspaper form, September 1st.

East Woburn.

FIRE.—Wednesday morning some children at play on the premises of W. E. Phillips, set fire to a hay stack, creating a lively blaze. The fire was extinguished without a general alarm.

WEDNESDAY'S TORNADO.—The weather bureau states that the intensity of the storm was due to the sudden condensation of vapor, which caused a vacuum in the region of western Massachusetts. This drew the air from the westward, and at the same time there was a strong lateral pressure, which is accounted for by the fact that, while the temperature fell to 68 in Massachusetts, it remained at 80 in Portland and in southern Connecticut. The origin of the storm must be found in the fact that there was a greater quantity of moisture in the atmosphere in Massachusetts than in the districts immediately north and south of it, and the course of the storm was due to the general movement of the atmospheric currents, which are driving the great wave of hot air to the eastward.

THE TANNERY.—Mr. George D. Bancroft, manager of this extensive establishment, informs us that he shipped to Boston, Monday, 190 rolls of leather, and Friday, July 11, 255 rolls, the average value of which were fifteen dollars a roll, worth in all \$3,825. This is the largest amount of leather that has ever been sent from this establishment, at one shipment, under the present management.—*Ayer Public Spirit.*

One hundred years ago there were twenty-five newspapers printed in the United States; now they number nearly nine thousand, and three hundred and fifty-five of these are published in Massachusetts. Then the population was about one million, now it is estimated at fifty millions.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS.—Mrs. Walter B. Berry was arrested in Newton for marrying a man named Whoriskey, she being still the wife of Berry, who is a resident of Woburn. Mrs. Berry-Whoriskey gives to the reporter of the *Globe* a touching history of her life with Berry, which according to her account was a very unhappy one.

Twenty-three lives were lost by the gale in and around Boston, including the two fatally injured at Nantasket, and two who were drowned off Salem. The mortality list throughout the State will probably foot up at least thirty.

The New York authorities made short work of the murderer Cox, who killed Mrs. Hull. His trial terminated Tuesday in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and he was sentenced to be hanged August 29th.

TURN DOWN FOR RICHMOND.—There is living in Malden the man who received the first dispatch in April, 1865, announcing the fall of Richmond. His name is W. E. Kettils, and he is still an operator in the Western Union Telegraph Co.

We learn from the Danvers *Mirror*, that Mr. Hagop Bogigian, a native of Armenia, spoke in Danvers, last Sunday, on the life and mission work among his people. Mr. Bogigian spent some months in Woburn before starting on his lecturing tour.

BOATING.—Cormack's boat house contains a good lot of first class boats, and persons who are fond of rowing had better visit him at the foot of Beacon street, Horn Pond.

RUNAWAY.—Thursday afternoon, Henry S. Converse's horse ran away and smashed a buggy.

John Cummings Hose No. 3, go to Nahant to-day (Saturday), in the Commonwealth.

Chew Jackson's best sweeten tobacco.

"BAGGAGE SMASHERS."—A winter traveler is generally a business man or other person who rides only from necessity, and consequently encumbers himself with as little baggage as possible. On the contrary, the summer excursionist "goes to stay," and usually carries as much luggage as properly should suffice for a fair-sized family. In this way the increase of baggage is proportionately far greater than that of passengers. For this reason the baggage-master finds all the work he cares to attend to, and often he is badly overworked. Riding the other day with one of three men, who has now had 30 years' experience in handling trunks and the like, the writer was astonished to see how carefully, yet rapidly, he handled each article under his charge. Pulling heavy trunks from the top of a pile higher than his head, it was observed that he carefully slid them down over the face of those below till they nearly reached the floor. He then deftly interposed one of his legs in such a manner as to receive the trunk on his thigh, and then without arresting its course, he landed it on the floor without a noticeable shock. This led to the inquiry why such careful men should be called "smashers," to which the veteran replied that, a few years ago, there were a number of men in baggage cars who thought it very funny to let a trunk drop six or eight feet, or to throw it as far as their strength would admit. Of late a great change has taken place, and now baggage-masters all seem to take a pride in the good order in which they manage their charge. Besides this, trunks are much better made and stronger than formerly, so that they will resist rough usage, to which they must at times be subjected. He thought that a large portion of the censure now bestowed upon baggage-masters, properly should go to the trunk makers, who turned out a vast quantity of the veriest shoddy imaginable. A poor trunk is soon broken about the hinges and lock, and its sheet-iron straps are torn up on all sides, till the thing has as many claws as a centipede, and is about as agreeable to handle. All these claws point directly at the baggage-master's hands and clothing, ready to take a piece out of either, so, if there is an article in the car that gets rough usage, it is a battered and broken trunk. On the other hand, the ideal trunk, one made of leather and covered with a canvas sack, gets the best treatment, for it has no sharp corners or lacinating bits of iron about, so the baggage-master confidently takes it in his arms and carries it to the place it is to be deposited. French trunks are the most fragile that go over our roads, and the English are nearly as bad, but neither of these are disguised in leather-paper, like the Yankee article. Another fact not mentioned by the veteran is that two years since the General Court enacted a law making the person damaging a piece of luggage directly responsible for his acts. This served, so old railroad men say, to shift the burden from the company to its employee, and resulted in effecting a marked change for the better. When the insecure and fragile nature of the packages is considered in connection with the rapidity with which baggage-masters have to work, it will be realized that they are not such wanton destroyers after all.

Quincy has a police officer of the right sort. The *Patriot* tells how Officer Farnald was going home in a carriage late one night, when he noticed two men sitting on the steps of a business block. Being an officer who always has an eye for rogues, he mistrusted that "something was up," and accordingly drove his horse to his residence, a short distance, and came back to see what the persons were doing. He went into the Unitarian Church yard, in the shade of the trees, as the moon was shining, to watch their proceedings. He had hardly arrived in the church green before he heard the breaking of glass, and crossing Washington street near Coddington street he crept carefully along, on the grass near the sidewalk, to the building. As he neared the westerly corner of the block out came a six-foot man from between the building and the fence, on a run. Officer Farnald ordered him to stop, and he turned and started towards him, and threw a roll of ribbons in his face. Mr. Farnald drew his revolver and ordered him to keep off or he would shoot him. He obeyed and the officer then hollered for help, but no one came, although he was heard by a dozen or more, some quarter of a mile away. Nothing daunted, the officer ordered his man to the lockup under the Town Hall, some eight or ten rods away, and followed within a few feet of him, pistol in hand. On arriving he told his prisoner to unlock the door, go in and light the gas, and then go

BOSTON REAL ESTATE.—If there is any barometer whose rise and fall marks the true condition of the times, then real estate is that instrument. It moves slowly, sometimes almost imperceptibly, yet it does move. Are the times improving, according to this unfailing barometer? Most assuredly, we think, they are. Since the great building epidemic, there has not been so sure an indication of their return, as the look-out of today. All over the city, buildings are going up, repairs are being made, and large enterprises are in process of becoming realized. But there is no excitement, the gambling spirit is entirely crushed. There are few people who care to build a whole street and take their chances. A man has a lot of land, he erects a building upon it; if he has plenty of money he purchases land and does likewise. People are working upon certainties now, not upon chances or for an unreasonable love of speculation. Boston proper has felt the warm wind of success, and when that breeze has warmed the hearts of our city capitalists it will fan into life the money men of our suburban districts. The tide has turned, it is not yet flood water, but it is running in; slowly perhaps, but it can only run one way. For years there has not been so good a time to build. Timber can be bought for one-half the price at which it sold a few years ago; bricks are at half price, land very low and labor can be obtained at 50 per cent. less compared with what it cost a few years since. A house which in 1868 would have required an outlay of \$20,000 for its erection, to-day may be built for half that sum. Look at our Back Bay! The tidal wave of revival is washing over that territory to-day, and it is springing into prosperous activity. We have had our years of famine; now the days of harvest are coming, they are in fact upon us, and we are beginning to gather the sheaves already. Shall we after a few busy, thriving years, experience another season of prostration? Let us hope not. The experience of twelve years of hard struggle has taught us a lesson never to be forgotten, so that when the good times are fairly upon us we shall meet them soberly and quietly, and treat them so well that they will not part company with us in a hurry.—*Traveler.*

HE WANTED A PAPER.—He came in with a very eager look on his face, and inquired whether the proprietor could furnish him a copy of just sixteen weeks ago. He wanted it specially for something there was in it. The publisher is always ready to accommodate friends, and proceeded to set the office boy at work to hunt up a copy of the paper of the desired date. After half an hour's search, during which the publisher had dropped his work to entertain his customer, the paper was found.

"Ah, that's the very one I want," said he. "I'm so glad you found it. How much is it?"

"The usual price, five cents," was the reply.

"What! Five cents? Five cents for an old paper? I didn't suppose you charged anything for old papers."

LEARN A TRADE.—"I never look at my old steel composing rule," said a printer, who became something more, "that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the type case and be sure of work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—news-paper work, job work, book work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of self-made men. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or, if you please to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or, if you please to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please."

THE REV. A. D. MAYO, of Springfield, Mass., combats the growing idea that more than a common-school education is too much to give at public cost. He says that, so far from there being any danger of educating our children too highly, the greatest evils which threaten our country arise from ignorance. What we want is a higher average of intelligence. The old idea that a good education is only needed for the profession is exploded, and the best effect of this higher training is to enrich and ennoble our common American life. Those who have just graduated from schools and seminaries should be encouraged to take their education into every-day avocations, into shops and stores, and into the home as well, and not to believe that it is to be of no benefit to them unless they launch themselves upon the crowded sea of professional life.

LOBSTERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—A quantity of live lobsters were recently sent by the United States Fish Commissioners to California and arrived there in good condition. This is the first appearance of the genuine lobster on that coast, and it was expected that there would be some difficulty in getting them alive, but at Wines-muena they were met by a fresh supply of ocean water, after which their condition greatly improved. When they arrived at Oakland wharf they were immediately taken on board a tug, which steamed out to the reef, where they were liberated. On their way out they were placed in a fresh supply of water caught from the incoming tide, which seemed to greatly delight them. They were nearly all females and were estimated to have about 1,000,000 eggs.

Three cows were shipped at West Danvers in a box car. When the train arrived at the Newburyport depot the car was found empty. The cows had broken loose and jumped out while the train was moving, and the next day they were found by the railroad people and forwarded to their purchasers. The strangest part of the story is that there was no scratch or injury on the animals.—*Peabody Press.*

THE SODA-WATER SEASON.—The soda-water days have come, the sweetest of the year, when all go in for soda straight, instead of lager-beer. Soda-water is simply carbonic acid gas soaked in water. The carbonic acid gas is obtained by pouring sulphuric acid over marble chips or dust. The gas is passed through water several times to free it from all trace of the sulphuric acid, and is then pumped into a strong steel receptacle, in which is pure water. The soda-fountain is generally an elaborate marble affair costing from \$50 to \$5,000. Generally a soda-fountain in a drug store will pay the rent of the store at least, and sometimes much more. Fountains have from one draught tube and five syrups to six tubes and twenty-two syrups. At some places they have the pure fruit syrups and at others—they say they have. The first patent for soda-water was taken out in England in 1807, yet the soda-fountain in all its glory is only to be seen in America. In this country there is at least \$12,000,000 invested in soda-water manufactories, fountains, etc., and yet you can get a drink for five cents. The tariff used to be ten cents, and then a young man with a party of ladies dreaded the sight of a fountain or the sound of its sizzle, but hard times had the same effect on soda as on everything else. If the price was further lowered to three cents there is little doubt but a great increase of consumption and profit would result.—*Albany Argus.*

GOOD ADVICE WELL STATED.—At the General Association of Congregational churches in Worcester recently, Rev. Mr. Batt of Stoneham spoke a healthy sentiment concerning the local paper. Its substance was: Brethren, treat well your local paper. Too often you don't do it. We are apt to slight it. We value our city papers coming from the great centres of news, but think of our home paper as only a home affair. When a friend is at our house and takes up our home paper, too often we apologize for it as hardly worth notice, look around for our city daily to put into his hand instead of that, and speak of that with a slighting remark. Don't do it brethren. Treat it better. It will be better if you do better by it. Take an interest in it. Take pride in it. Give it your helping hand. There are a hundred ways in which you can help the community by doing so. Without assuming any dictatorship or appearing forward you can make your healthful suggestions as to books and other reading matter, and thus in a quiet interesting way attract and lead by a large hearted influence the home reading of the whole community. Ministers sometimes think the local paper of no account. They don't give it the encouragement to make it of some account. They and the good people treat it with something of a slight, when in fact the paper treats them better than they treat it. Your local paper goes into your homes and is a power among them. Respect it and strengthen it to make it worthy of respect.

THE UNION ARMY.—A statement is issued by the war department, giving the number of men furnished the Union army by each state and territory and the District of Columbia, from April 15, 1861, to the close of the rebellion. It shows that the total number of volunteers was 2,678,967, divided as follows: Maine, 22,114; New Hampshire, 36,629; Vermont, 35,262; Massachusetts, 152,048; Rhode Island, 29,699; Connecticut, 57,379; New York, 467,047; New Jersey, 81,010; Pennsylvania, 366,107; Delaware, 13,670; Maryland, 50,316; West Virginia, 32,068; District of Columbia, 16,872; Ohio, 319,659; Indiana, 197,147; Illinois, 259,147; Michigan, 89,372; Wisconsin, 96,424; Minnesota, 25,052; Iowa, 76,309; Missouri, 100,111; Kentucky, 79,025; Kansas, 20,151; Tennessee, 31,092; Arkansas, 8,289; North Carolina, 3,156; California, 15,725; Nevada, 1,080; Oregon, 1,810; Washington territory, 964; Nebraska, 3,157; Colorado, 4,093; Dakota, 2,061; New Mexico, 5,561; Alabama, 2,576; Florida, 1,290; Louisiana, 8,224; Mississippi, 545; Texas, 1,965, and Indian Nation, 35,030. The troops furnished by the southern states, were, with the exception of those from Louisiana, nearly all white. Florida furnished two regiments of cavalry; Alabama one white regiment; Mississippi one battalion, and North Carolina two regiments of cavalry.

IT ISN'T to be supposed that steam is not in time coming into more general use on street railroads, to the great relief of horse flesh. The opinion is expressed that in less than six months every street car in the city of New York will be run by steam. This would seem to be altogether too short a time in which to effect so great a change. Says a correspondent of a Boston paper: "The fourth motor will be on Third avenue this week. The motor consists of a load of compressed steam, which propels the wheels without any water or fire. One stationary boiler supplies each motor with compressed steam enough to take it ten miles, or to the end of the line and back. The motor, which runs ahead of the car, takes up about the same room as a pair of horses. They are easily stopped; never balk; don't need watering, feeding or grooming; never get sick; and are said to be cheaper than horses." As the first motor went down the Bowery, an archer was heard to shout: "Hi, Johnny! here comes a live horse car—drawn! itself! Hi!"

IRRESOLUTION is a fatal habit; it is not vicious in itself, but it leaps to view, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows—for the example of thousands has pointed it in glaring colors—that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs, and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave, yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations! Avoid the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

With every wish that the Bennett Arctic expedition may prove a success, we are far from expecting more than will naturally result from the choice of a good crew, skillful officers, enthusiastic scientists, and a full equipment of provisions, supplies, and instruments. The accident of a favorable season, or shift of the polar ice fields, may open to the Jeanette a score or two miles of nothing beyond those hitherto attained by man, but the ship herself, however improved or strengthened, is not calculated for ice navigation. It is a little singular, when one reflects on the subject, that so many vessels incapable of forcing their way through even a few inches of ice or sludge, have been sent out by governments and individuals to further Arctic research, while such vessels as the Newfoundland seal fishery has evolved, have only in a single instance been employed. Had Mr. Bennett bought a sealer, instead of a yacht, we should have higher hopes of the pronounced success of his enterprise.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote: "It is a great source of consolation to us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts ten thousand blockheads, taking offense at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor-house." And so may a man become truly independent.

People who expect to have to pay when they ask the personal services of a lawyer or a physician, seem to think a printer can give them not only his services, but place at their disposal the resources of his office free of cost. Printer's wages, ink, paper, rent, insurance and taxes, cost as well as other things. This should be remembered when asking the editor for the use of his paper for advertising purposes, and a little pay should not be begrudged. That's the way we make a living for ourselves and others.—*Wakefield Citizen.*

Married.
In Stoneham, July 4th, by Rev. W. J. Batt, Mr. Granville Boutwell and Miss Mary L. Parker, both of Woburn.

INSECT POWDER.
We are making a specialty of Insect Powder this season, for destruction of flies and all vermin. Sold either in bulk or in packages.
PERSIAN INSECT POWDER,
ONLY AT
DODGE'S DRUG STORE,
165 Main Street, Woburn.

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Concord, July 9th, Fannie, daughter of Michael and Annie McCaffrey, aged 11 years, 9 months and 4 days.
In Woburn, July 10th, Mary, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Goss, aged 29 months.
In Woburn, July 11th, Ellen Doherty, aged 62 years.
In Woburn, July 11th, Jacob Skinner, aged 65 years.
In Woburn, July 15th, Humphrey M. French, aged 45 years and 5 months.
In Woburn, July 16th, Catherine, daughter of Mark and Susan Faherty, aged 5 years.
In Wilmington, July 16th, Joannah Hartley, aged 79 years.
In Woburn, July 16th, Arthur J., son of John J. and Ida Skinner, aged 5 months and 20 days.

Special Notices.
GREAT SPRING BLESSING.
DR. BLISS' CATARRH BITTERS.
This is the best Spring medicine you can take. It will remove all catarrhs of the bladder, and purify the blood, and give you a new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the troubles of the blood, and restoring the system to its normal state. It is a powerful blood purifier, and will remove all catarrhs of the bladder, and purify the blood, and give you a new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the troubles of the blood, and restoring the system to its normal state. It is a powerful blood purifier, and will remove all catarrhs of the bladder, and purify the blood, and give you a new vigor into the blood, thoroughly cleansing and purifying it, thus striking at the very root of the troubles of the blood, and restoring the system to its normal state. 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ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
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Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
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Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
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who may favor him with their custom.

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Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
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Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,
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FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,

At the Lowest Prices.

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Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
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We have added to our Soda Syrups the above, which is highly appreciated by many.

WE ALSO DRAW

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S. W. Tremont & Sons,
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And dealers in

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161 Tremont Street,

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Professional Cards.

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Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

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BOATS TO LET.

WHITEHALL, SINGLE & DOUBLE SCULLS.

At the Boat House foot of Beacon Street, Woburn.

101 **A. W. CORMACK.**

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and hauled at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and **"Lykens Valley,"**

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, 23 MASS.

ICE. ICE.

The subscribers have just stored over

3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Lake, Canada, for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

R. PICKERING & CO.,

Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturges Sts.,

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Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

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Entrance from Court Street and 33 Scho. Street

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CONSTABLE,

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DR. R. R. HARRISON,

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Has removed to

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Particular attention paid to Surgery.

MEN'S CALF SHOES,

\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

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All work warranted. 28 Repairing neatly done.

JOSIAH LEATH, 341 Main St., Woburn.

ICE CREAM.

Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be
filled the same day.

S. H. PATTEN,

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East St., 3d house from High St. Ice Cream wagon
runs every afternoon and evening.

Musical.

Miss J. A. Campbell,

desires a few pupils on the

PIANO FORTE,

and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

Poetical Selection.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work out my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part to perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The pondous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be in vain,
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet.
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

Selected Story.

THE LOST BABY.

The name of our little one was Mar-
guerite, but we called her little Pearl,
Philip and I. She was our first baby, the
daintiest, dearest little thing that ever you
set eyes on; cheeks like half-blown roses,
hair like rings of sunshine, and eyes as blue
as the depths of a June sky. Darling little
Pearl, how we loved her. We had been
married just a year and a half when Philip
caught the Western fever.

I loved my husband with an intensity
bordering on idolatry, but when he told me
of his intention to leave our beautiful cot-
tage and seek his fortune in the far West, it
was a terrible blow to me. We had lived
at Rosedale ever since our marriage, and I
could see no reason why we could not con-
tinue to live there. Truly, the place be-
longed to my uncle, but then it would be
ours at his death, and why should Philip
fret and chafe so under a foolish sense of
dependence? We had everything, elegant
rooms, flowers, birds, pleasure grounds and
servants enough to keep our hands from
anything like labor, and uncle gave it all
ungrudgingly; still my husband was not
content.

"I can't live this life, Belle," he said, "I
wasn't made for it. My work awaits me
somewhere in the world and I must hunt it
up. My little ones won't respect their father
by-and-by if he is nothing more than a
drones in the hive of life."

I was vexed and angry at first, and said a
great many things that were unwise and un-
womanly, but Philip pursued the even tenor
of his way, all patience and forbearance.
Our preparations were soon made, the few
things we held most precious we packed up,
and bidding adieu to our sunny Southern
home, we started westward.

The excitement of the journey, together
with my husband's constant tenderness and
encouragement, reconciled me, in a measure,
to the change of life; and when we had
reached our little Western cottage my im-
pulsive nature, always rushing to one ex-
treme or the other, carried me into an
ecstasy of delight and anticipation, even
beyond anything my steadfast husband ex-
hibited. He seemed greatly relieved to see
me growing so thoroughly contented, and
we began our new life very bravely.

The cottage was comfortable enough, but
bare and humble in comparison to what we
had hitherto been accustomed; the square,
whitewashed rooms had a dreadfully forlorn
look, and the little kitchen, with its one
staring window, and the cooking-stove stand-
ing in the middle of the floor, filled me with
shuddering disgust every time I entered it.
But I had made up my mind to endure all
and everything, and, as I have said, we
began our new life very bravely.

For the first two or three months I had
help, not very efficient help, truly, but
better than none. Philip entered at once
upon the practice of law, and as his office
was some distance from home, he did not
return until evening, so we had no great
amount of cooking to do, and between us,
we managed to keep the cottage tidy, and
to take care of little Pearl.

Every afternoon we went to meet him,
taking little Pearl, through the grand and
gorgeous prairies, and as often as his happy
eyes caught sight of her he would hasten
forward with fond embraces and approving
words.

"Ah, Belle," he would say, "I believe I
am the happiest man in the universe, and you
are growing contented, too, dear—I can see
it in your bright face."

The glory of autumn faded, and the chill
November rains set in, bringing dreary,
sunless days, and changing the gorgeous
prairie-bloom into endless leagues of sodden
gray. My girl left me, and little Pearl grew
cross and fretful in her teething. In addi-
tion to his business, Philip had gone into
farming, and we had two or three laborers
to feed and lodge, which greatly increased
the housework. Under this accumulation
of trials my patience began to give way. I
worked late and early, but I grew morose
and fretful, and never had a pleasant word
for my husband. But he never complained.

"Poor Belle," he would say; "poor,
over-worked little wife, be as brave as you
can; better days will come by-and-by."
Just as soon as I get off from my business

I'll go to the city and obtain permanent help.
In the meantime don't fret the roses from
your cheeks and the brightness from your
eyes."

But despite my husband's loving words
and constant help, for he took one-half of
the household labor on his own hands, I
continued to murmur at my fate, and one
morning the crisis came.

Breakfast was unusually late, little Pearl
cross to absolute fretfulness, and the sick
laborer up stairs in need of constant atten-
tion, Philip obliged to leave early, and, after
coaxing and hushing Pearl to sleep, I laid
her in her dainty little crib and went about
my morning's work.

I felt wronged and injured; and while I
worked away, dusting off the soot and ashes
and scrubbing up the mud, the hot tears fell
so fast as almost to blind me. My husband
was cruel, heartless, I thought, to take me
from a home where all was beauty and pleas-
ure, and bring me to that dreadful place to
wear my life out in hateful drudgery. I
would sooner be in my grave than to live on
so from year to year.

In the midst of this despair, I heard the
sick man calling from above, and hurried to
him. His fever was rising again; he needed
cooling draughts and ice-cloths to his head.
I went to work to prepare them with nervous
haste, for the morning was slipping by, and
the noon meal must be in readiness for the
farming-hands. In the midst of my work
and hurry, little Pearl's sharp, imperative
cry came piping from below. What should
I do? I had just spent over half an hour
lulling her to sleep, and here she was on
my hands again.

"I won't go down," I cried in real anger.
"She may have her cry out—oh, dear, I
wish I had no baby!"

But in an instant the unwomanly wish had
passed my lips, I repented of having uttered
it. No baby, no little Pearl! The bare
thought filled me with shuddering terror.
Hurriedly administering the sick man's por-
tion, I hastened down, eager to compensate
for my unmotherly words by fond caresses.

There stood the little cradle in the ac-
customed corner, the dainty lace coverlid
thrown back, the pillow still damp and warm
from the impress of the curly head, but
Pearl was gone!

For an instant I stood dumb—breathless,
then, in frantic foolishness, I searched the
rooms the yard, calling upon the child's
name, as if she could hear and answer me.
And then, at last, a happy thought broke
like sunlight upon me. My husband had
been home, and stolen away the child to
tease me. I set about preparing dinner,
looking every moment to see him come in.
In a little while the noon bell rang, bringing
the laborers from the clearing. I hurried
out to meet them.

"Where is Mr. Westren?" I questioned,
with my heart in my mouth.

"Hav'n't seen him, ma'am, since morn-
ing."

"Not seen him? You surely have; he's
got my baby."

But the men shook their heads, and catch-
ing up my shawl, I hurried off in the di-
rection of his office.

Half a mile from the cottage I met him on
his way home.

"Why, Belle," he cried, catching my arm
and looking down in consternation at my
dragged garments and muddy feet, "where
are you going? What is the matter?"

"Oh, Philip, the baby, little Pearl, what
have you done with her?"

"Done with little Pearl? Are you going
mad, Belle? Tell me what you mean?"

"She's gone—little Pearl's gone. I came
down stairs and found her cradle empty, and
I was sure you had her."

He stood silent for a moment, his face
growing as white and as stern as death; then
he said solemnly:

"No, Belle, I haven't seen the child. I
haven't been home since morning."

He started on before me, with long rapid
strides, into the cottage, and up to the little
cradle standing in the corner, as if to satisfy
his own eyes. Then he turned back to the
yard, and began to examine the tracks in the
mud around the doorway. The farm hands
were examining them also.

"Moccasin tracks, boss," said one old
man, significantly, pointing to an indentation
in the yielding soil. "Injuns, I guess."

My husband's face grew a shade whiter.

"Yes," he responded, "that's it; come,
my lady, we haven't a moment to lose."

He started off, followed by the laborers,
but a few rods from the house he turned
back.

"Poor Belle," he said, putting his arms
around me, "this is terrible for you, but
you must be strong, and hope for the best.
The Indians have passed here, and it was
they, no doubt, who stole the child. We
must try to intercept them before they cross
the river; we may not be back to-night; you
had better go over to Mr. Delavan's and
stay till we return."

But I did not go. I went into the lonely
cottage, and fell upon my knees beside the
empty little cradle. God had given me my wish:
I had no baby. Ah, me, the self-torture,
the bitterness of those long, long hours can
never be described.

Morning dawned at last, lurid and misty,
a red sun struggling up through ragged bil-
lows of gray fog. About ten o'clock my
husband and his party returned, weary, hag-
gard and hopeless. They had followed the
Indians all night, but when at last they
came up with them, far beyond the river,
they could gain no tidings of the child. And
all our efforts were equally unsuccessful.
We offered rewards, and instituted
every means of inquiry, but in vain. Little
Pearl was gone! I had no baby!

There was ample time for leisure then;
no peevish cries, no little baby wants to
occupy me! But I who had hated labor

flew to it now as my sole refuge and com-
fort. The only ease that I found was in
constant action. My husband worked too,
but his life seemed to have lost its impelling
force, its happiest inspiration.

Years went by, and not content with my
simple household duties, I took charge of a
neighboring school—later I aided my hus-
band in his office. My mind expanded, my
ideas enlarged, I was no longer in indolent,
helpless repiner, but a strong, self-reliant,
laboring woman, a true helpmate for my
husband. Success crowned our united
efforts, wealth and renown flowed in upon
us, my husband was elected judge and
spoken of for Congress—but we were child-
less, for no more babies came.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

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THE TAXES.—The ordinary expenses of the Town with the State and County Tax, could have been met the present year with a tax of \$13 on a thousand. But the Water Loan of \$15,500 which was passed at the April meeting, will increase the rate to \$13.30. The Statute of 1875 in regard to municipal indebtedness, wisely provides that every town or city that contracts a debt must put the interest on said debt, and at least eight per cent. of the principal, into the next tax levy. This, the vote for Water Works extension, under this law, increases our taxes \$1,845.00 the present year, to meet which an extra tax of 30 cents on \$1,000 becomes necessary. The Tax is as follows:—

State Tax,	\$ 2,375.00
County Tax,	3,431.22
Appropriations and overlay,	102,227.46
Water Works extension,	1,845.00
	\$109,878.68

Total Valuation, \$8,052,458.
Real, 5,844,963.
Personal, 2,207,495.
Net Loss, 98,272.
Loss on Personal, 139,752.
Gain on Real (new buildings), 41,480.
Polls (3041 male, 36 female), 3,077.
Poll Tax, 1.78.
Rate of taxation per \$1,000, 13.30.
Horses, 691.
Cows, 470.

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The open air meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association last Sunday evening was a success. At the hour appointed there was a good audience which increased to several hundred as the meeting progressed. Mr. A. W. Palmer, President of the Association, presided at the meeting which was opened with singing, led by Mr. H. W. Johnson with a parlor organ, and members of the Association, on the band stand. Mr. F. Burdick made the invocation, which was followed by Scripture reading and remarks by Mr. Palmer. Mr. C. W. Nute offered prayer, after which Mr. S. C. Abbott, of the Lowell Y. M. C. A., made a brief and earnest address, to which the audience gave close and respectful attention. Mr. S. H. Cochran made the closing prayer. The services were interspersed with the singing of gospel hymns.

THE CASE OF CHARLES H. POLLARD.—The case of Charles H. Pollard and Joseph H. Buck, coal dealers of Stoneham, charged with omitting property from the schedule of their assets, in fraud of the bankrupt law, has been on trial in the United States District Court for nearly a week. Messrs. Pollard & Buck were defended by T. H. Sweetser, C. W. Bartlett and J. W. Johnson, Esqs. The case was a complicated one, involving many technicalities, but those who followed the evidence carefully, and heard the charge of Judge Nelson, which was strongly for the defendants, were surprised that the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Exceptions were taken, and the points raised will be argued next week.

THE NAVAL CADETSHIP.—A competitive examination of candidates for appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, was held in Somerville, on Tuesday. Eleven boys appeared, four of whom were rejected by the medical examiner, and one withdrew. Of the six who completed the examination, Alonzo Evans McIntire, of Medford, was first, and Charles French Williams, of Somerville, was second. Hon. S. Z. Bowman has nominated Master McIntire as the Cadet, and Master Williams as alternate. The six applicants represented Lynn, Malden, Medford, Somerville, Stoneham, and Woburn, respectively.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE between the murder of Miss Hanson at the hands of an assassin and the murder of Buzzell that alleged instigator of the crime, was that Miss Hanson had no warning, while Buzzell was deliberately murdered by the Sheriff, contrary to the principle that a man shall be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb. And now it is stated that Cook the confessed murderer is to be tried for the offence, after having been used as a witness against Buzzell. Truly New Hampshire justice is but little better than Texan.

PROF. L. WHITING MASON, of Boston, having been appointed by the Imperial Government to found a National Conservatory of Music at Tokio, Japan, in January next, has nominated Mr. Benjamin Cutter, now professor at Stuttgart, for the violin instruction, and for the organ and piano, Mr. Ephraim Cutter Jr., the organist of the First Unitarian Church in this town.

WE NOTICE that the Brockton Advance is now published by Mr. Arthur E. Fessenden, a Woburn boy. We congratulate him on his arrival at the honorable position, and have no doubt that the energy and intelligent skill he has shown in other departments of the business will enable him in this new field to achieve high rank.

COLLEGIANS.—Of the High School Class of '79, eight have passed successful examinations at colleges. Perkins and Lounsbury have passed at Harvard; Cummings and French at Amherst; Ward at Tufts; Parks at the Troy Polytechnic; Miss Whittemore at Vassar; and Mills at Waterville.

STILL ALARM.—Sunday afternoon, the fence surrounding J. Skinner & Co's tannery, on Green street, caught fire from hot ashes emptied near it. The fire was discovered by members of Highland Hose, No. 5, and put out without a general alarm.

BAD WATER.—The people of Somerville, Charlestown, and East Boston are grumbling a good deal about the bad smelling and tasting water the Mystic Board are furnishing. They say the water is green, and is liable to produce disease in the drinker. The trouble is in a little green vegetable which the doctor's call *clathrocytis aeruginosa*. A plant by any other name might smell as bad, but we should hope not. The Water Board doesn't seem to know what to do about it. Horn Pond has a good deal of this little plant in its water, and when we reflect that but for the happy discovery of the spring when our water works were being constructed, and the determined attitude of Commissioner Tidd respecting the utilizing of the spring, Woburn might be as bad off as Somerville and Charlestown. We take a drink from our faucet, and pledge the health of the man who saved us from the dreadful clathrocytis.

"SOMERBY IS DEAD."—Thursday George A. Somerby, Esq., a prominent member of the bar, died of heart disease at his summer residence in Framingham. Mr. Somerby's early experience as a lawyer was at the Bar of Middlesex county, where he was a contemporary of Gen. Butler, the Hon. Charles R. Train, and Mr. Sweetser, of Lowell. His practice in Boston was very extensive, and though a man of strong physique, there is no doubt that the business which pressed upon him caused him to overtax his powers. As a jury lawyer he probably had no superior in Boston. His name was made familiar in the community by his defence of Leavitt Alley, who was tried in 1872 for the murder of Abijah Ellis. Mr. Somerby was a native of Exeter, N. H., and at the time of his death was in his 58th year.

GREAT FURNITURE SALE.—The furniture of the Clarendon Hotel will be sold at auction in Boston next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The list includes some first-class furniture, and all the articles are substantial and in good condition. Persons desiring to furnish rooms, or to add to the furnishing of their houses, will find this an excellent opportunity. The sale will take place in a large and commodious store on Tremont street, opposite Lagrange, only a few doors from Boylston street. Parties wishing to attend this sale can take the horse cars at the Lowell depot, and go direct to the store. See advertisement.

BASE BALL.—The Eurekas of Woburn were defeated in their second game with the Winchester High School nine, last Saturday. Out of the fifteen to twenty games which the Eurekas have played during the past two summers and the present they have lost but two before this. The score was as follows:—

HIGH SCHOOL.	EUREKAS.
Gendron, ss., 2	McCarthy, c., 2
Stoddard, p., 1	Richardson, E. F., 3
Lane, 3b., 0	Richardson, F. B., 1
Swan, 2b., 2	Flanders, ss., 0
Whitton, cf., 2	Richardson, p., 1
Whitton, cf., 2	Nichols, E., 1
Cate, cf., 2	DeLoria, 3b., 1
Nichols, E., 2	Ellison, cf., 2
Judkins, 1b., 2	Bryant, 2b., 3
	15 10
	12 13

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that our government paid five and a half millions of dollars for the privilege of fishing in any of the waters of the British Provinces, the people of that locality do not scruple to attack our fishermen and prevent their enjoyment of their rights. The latest outrage of that sort was Aspic Bay, Cape Breton, where Capt. Anderson, of the Gloucester Schooner "Cadet," had gone for squid with which he proposed to supply the fishing fleet with bait. The White Pointers drove him off, and he lost \$1500. Where is Secretary Evarts?

GOT AWAY.—Saturday morning as James Graham was driving a young horse on Main street, near New Boston, the animal got over one of the shafts, and threw Mr. Graham out. The horse then ran down street and into Capt. Walter Wyman's yard, where it was captured. The only damage was a broken shaft.

DOWNER'S LANDING.—The Congregational Sunday School went to Downer's Landing last Friday and had a pleasant picnic. The steamer John Romer conveyed the party from Mystic Wharf to the Landing. The day was spent very happily. One little boy lost his hat in the bear den, but Bruin after mauling it a while carried it across the den to the entrance, where it was recovered.

IMPROVEMENT.—The outside of Lyceum Hall is being renovated and greatly improved. Since this became a paying institution it appears much better, and when the mastic is applied according to the plan of twenty-five years ago it will be a beautiful building. Slater is gilding a sign to go over the front door.

PARALYSIS.—Mrs. Humphrey Chadbourne had a shock of paralysis last Tuesday. Her daughter was visiting at home, and heard her mother fall, and going to her room found her as above. Mrs. Chadbourne is improving, although still suffering from the effects of the shock.

MISSING.—James Cullen, of Water street, aged 29, has been missing since Monday, July 14. He has a wife and several children. Dennis Walsh, of Buck street, disappeared the day before. It is thought that Cullen and Walsh went away together.

VACATION.—T. C. Boyce, driver of Hose 1, has gone to the Provinces on a vacation. During his absence the carriage will be in charge of Hoseman Philip McCann, of Hose 1.

SOLD.—The last of the hand engines owned by the town—the Jacob Webster—left town on Thursday, having been taken by a New York firm in exchange for hose.

ALARM.—An ineffectual attempt was made last Sunday evening, to create an alarm of fire in the centre. The cause was a fire in the direction of Lexington.

A GOOD SIGN.—A very neat sign painted by Matthews, has been put up on Grand Army Hall.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

RUNAWAYS.—Grammer & White's horse ran away on Tuesday, spilling a load of barrels, but doing no other injury.
J. Edward Gage's horse ran away on Conn street, Tuesday evening, but was stopped at Fowle street, without having done any great damage.

THURSDAY EVENING a horse attached to a light express wagon, driven by Charles F. Cook and Patrick McKee, hostlers for G. F. Jones, was coming down Salem street, when another team coming up rapidly, startled the horse and he ran down the hill into Main street at great speed. Crossing Main the carriage struck the sidewalk and threw the men out. Cook held on, and was dragged across the street to the corner of Union, where the horse broke loose and came down Main street with the forward wheels. The wheels struck a heavy team near Wood's shoe store but did no harm. F. A. Hartwell and family were out riding and turned into Park street to avoid a collision, but the runaway followed, and Mr. Hartwell narrowly escaped being struck. On Park street, a dog rushed at the horse and turned him into the gutter, where he was stopped by Eddie Shandley. Cook was badly bruised, and his escape without broken limbs was almost miraculous.

BOSTON SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.—We have the first annual report of this new organization which is undoubtedly destined to prove a great benefit in advancing the study and creating a deeper interest in the work in which it is engaged. The society was organized in March, 1878, by a number of ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of raising the standard of design in hand-wrought work and in manufacture, and of guiding to an appreciation of pure form and noble design. It purposes to aid in the accomplishment of these ends by opening rooms for the exhibition and sale of accepted work, by lending good models to students, and to train men and women in artistic industries, and to furnish a market for the large amount of artistic work done. The rooms of the society are at 48 Boylston St., and those in town who are interested in the progress of artistic work in its various branches, and all who may wish for an opportunity to study in that direction, are advised to call and see for themselves.

BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Brass Band will offer the following programme for the fourth concert next Wednesday evening:—

PART I.
1. Grand March. Amietta. Geo. Niemann.
2. Polka Rondo. Tripping thro' the meadows. G. W. Wilson.
3. Selection. What is it. E. Meyer.
4. Concert Waltzes. Wm. Tell. Hartmann.
5. Overture. William Tell. Hartmann.

PART II.
6. March. Fatima. Arr. by Claus.
7. Waltzes. Immortelle. Jos. Gangl.
8. Concert Polka. Boston Belles. Arr. by Claus.
9. Gavotte. Secret Love. (by request.) J. Reisch.
10. March.
T. H. MARRINER, DIRECTOR.

ACCIDENTS.—Joseph W. Bedell, at work on a union splitter, at Fox's currier shop, last Tuesday cut two of his fingers very severely in the machine.

MILK LEADING a cow on Sunday, Josiah Parker met with a singular accident. The cow threw her head around with such force, that striking Mr. Parker in the side, one of his ribs were broken.

Monday, Thomas Quinn had his right hand badly crushed in the hoisting machinery at Ramsdell & Murdock's shop on Conn St.

Governor Talbot having considered the matter fully, has, by the advice of friends and in accordance with what he deems his duty to the Republican party, concluded to allow his name to be presented to the Republican Convention. This means of course that the Republican ticket will be Talbot and Long, and the opposing ticket will embrace the names of Butler and French.

STRAWBERRY HILL.—An excursion to Strawberry Hill, Nantasket, started this morning for a day's pleasuring.

POLICE COURT.—Michael Ryan, drunk \$3 and costs.

A few days ago Thomas Wright of Bristol, Va., succeeded in cutting out with his own hand a very large lead ball, which he received in the battle of Chickamauga, in 1864. He was shot in the back, and the ball lodged in the breast, where it has been a constant source of irritation, causing him frequently great pain. For some time past it has worked to the front of the breast, where it could easily be felt. Mr. Wright has suffered so much with it that he refused to submit to an operation, and finally cut it out with his pocket-knife. The ball is a very large one, and is very little battered. It was 14 years and 8 months in Mr. Wright's body. He was shot some 16 times during the war.

The Duke of Argyll's opinion of ex-President Grant is interesting. "No one, I believe," said the Duke, "imagines that Gen. Grant, either as commander-in-chief of our armies or as your civil ruler, was ever guilty of taking public money for his own uses or enriching himself in any way at the public expense. If around him were friends who served him well, but who at the same time may have used the position in which he placed them for their own aggrandizement, his experience in this respect has been different from that of nearly every sovereign in Europe."

Our suggestion about bells or whistles on the bicycles run about our street, in last week's issue, came none too soon it seems. The owner of one of these fiery steeds, while journeying through Clinton, the other day and passing down hill at a rapid rate, observed a cow quietly feeding by the road side, and a team ascending the hill, and when our bicyclist was nearly opposite both team and cow, the latter, with the usual bovine perversity, suddenly started across the road, and in attempting to avoid a collision with the cow, our fearless rider and his machine came in contact with the rear wheel of the carriage. In an instant everything was in chaos—the cow disappearing down the road with her fly dispenser high in the air, the occupants of the team were somewhat startled, and our bicyclist in the gutter, with one arm badly bruised and a half demolished machine. Again we say let us have bell or whistles. —*Marlboro' Times.*

Winchester.
Read Mr. Elliott's advertisement of an upright piano for sale.

Twelve-thirty.—The rate of taxation this year in Winchester will be \$12.30 on a thousand.

TO THE BEACH.—The Queen of Winchester took a party to Chelsea Beach on Thursday.

GOOD TIME.—If your watch doesn't keep good time, let Mr. Davies look at it. You can find him in Stone's Block.

MR. S. C. SMALL attended the Red Ribbon Convention at Quincy, on Wednesday, and presided at the evening session.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—Four Winchester ladies have demanded to be assessed, and will vote for School Committee in the Spring.

AN EVENING RIDE.—A party of young people went to Lexington, Wednesday evening, in the Queen of Winchester, stopping at the Massachusetts House for a supper and dance.

BUTTER.—The butter train Wednesday evening, brought 88 packages of butter, principally consigned to A. M. Smith, of Woburn. It made a big load for Barker's large express wagon.

PROGRESS.—The new brick block is fast taking shape. The floor covers a portion of the cellar, and the ring of the bricklayer's trowel gives hope of a speedy completion of the building. Brown expects to be in it by the first of September.

BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Band came down on Wednesday evening, as announced in the Journal last week, and gave a very fine concert on the Common. The band stand was moved up near the flagstaff, the better to accommodate the large audience which gathered to listen to the music.

A PRIZE FISHERMAN.—Mr. P. W. Swan, who was a passenger on the Empire State on Thursday, took the prize of a season ticket on the steamer, by catching the largest cod fish during the trip. His fish weighed 124 pounds. A Down East lady came within half a pound of the first prize, and was awarded five excursion tickets.

ALMOST A DISASTER.—On Tuesday, a carriage drawn by two horses, and containing two ladies and two gentlemen, crossed the railroad track, and as they did so one of the iron rods fastened one brace of the pole to the axle gear way, and the carriage became unmanageable. The horses behaved well, and were easily stopped, after which the damage was repaired, and the party continued on their journey.

A MIDNIGHT WALK.—One of our young men, journeying not long since in Canada, desired to leave the train at Kingston. Unfortunately the evening was warm and he fell asleep, and when the train stopped at Kingston he was dreaming of the Everglades, or something far away, and so continued, until rudely awakened by the unsentimental conductor who had an eye to his fares. Mutual explanations followed, the result being that the young man got off at the next station, and plodded back twelve miles to Kingston, where he arrived tired and dusty at midnight. Since then he has been as wide awake a traveller as one could wish to see.

PERSONALS.—Mr. H. W. Plummer has just returned from a short sojourn in the Pine Tree State, where he has been enjoying the pleasures of country life. Mr. Jonathan Clark and daughter are among the Green Mountains. Messrs. H. A. Emerson and D. B. Winn are at Hyannis, trolling for blue fish. Arthur Conant, Thomas Bruce and Frank L. Brown, are camping out at Hyannis Port. Mr. Wm. Boynton and family are also at the same place. Hyannis seems to have great attractions for Winchester people. Mr. John Hovey is at Calais, Me. Mr. C. L. Harrington and wife are at Greenfield, Mass. Mrs. Bailey and son are at Brooklyn, N. Y. Messrs. C. H. Dunham and G. G. Stratton are down East fishing. Dr. Winsor is off the coast, yachting. Mrs. Dunham is at Oak Bluffs. Mr. E. D. Bangs and family are at Brewster, on the Cape. Mr. Webb and family are at Lake Winnebago.

BASE BALL.—There was a game on the Common, Saturday afternoon, between the High School boys and the Eurekas, of Woburn, resulting in a victory for the Winchester Nine. The following is the score:—

H. S. NINE OF WINCHESTER.	A. B. R. B. T. B. P. O. A. E.
Gendron, ss. & p., 6	1 2 0 0 0 3 0 1
Stoddard, p. & 3b., 6	1 0 0 0 0 3 2 1
Lane, 3b. & ss., 6	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2
Swan, 2b., 6	2 1 1 1 3 0 2 0
Whitton, cf., 6	3 3 3 4 1 0 0 0
Whitton, cf., 6	1 3 3 4 1 0 0 0
Cate, cf., 6	3 3 2 2 2 0 0 1
Nichols, E., 6	1 1 1 3 4 0 0 0
Judkins, 1b., 6	2 1 2 2 0 0 0 2
Totals,	47 15 10 15 27 8 9

EUREKAS, OF WOBURN.	A. B. R. B. T. B. P. O. A. E.
McCarthy, c., 6	2 0 0 0 0 9 3 3
E. Richardson, 3b., 6	2 2 3 0 0 0 0 2
F. Richardson, 1b., 6	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2
Flanders, ss. & p., 6	0 2 4 2 4 2 4 2
P. Richardson, p. & 1b., 6	1 1 1 1 1 2 2 0
Nichols, E. & ss., 6	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
DeLoria, 3b., 6	2 2 3 0 0 0 0 0
Ellison, cf., 6	2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0
Bryant, 2b., 6	3 2 2 1 0 0 0 0
Totals,	51 12 13 18 27 13 12

ININGS.
H. S. Nine, 4 3 4 3 0 6 7 8 9
Eurekas, 0 0 3 1 3 4 0 0 12
Umpire, G. Pratt. Scorer, H. Holt.

"CHEESE IT."—People living in the suburbs of Boston are greatly annoyed by the depredations of the hoodlums from the city, who make raids into the country to steal fruit, annoy the peaceably disposed, and do any mischief that may be suggested by their low tastes. A poor old horse is procured, and, hitched to a dilapidated wagon, is forced to drag a heavy load of men and boys long distances over dusty roads, until the horse becomes a fit subject for the Anti-Cruelty officers. Last Sunday one of these parties, consisting of twelve young fellows, came out from Charlestown, and drove to within five miles of Lowell. They raided on the gardens and orchards, insulted everybody they met, and were having a nice time generally. On their way home toward evening, they had reached Black Horse Hill, which their horse found too steep and too long, and in his efforts to accomplish the almost hopeless task, the attention of J. F. Stone, Esq., was attracted. Mr. Stone seeing the efforts of the poor brute urged on by his cruel drivers, went after them and commanded them to stop. Ten of the young rascals immediately jumped out and ran down the road toward

Medford. The remaining two he commanded to turn back with the horse and put up the team in his barn, which they did. They said the team belonged to "the boss," and the horse had not been fed since morning. Mr. Stone then took his carriage and started after the other ten. Coming up with them near the Medford Cemetery, he found them breaking off the limbs of fruit trees and stoning the people they met. On seeing Mr. Stone, they jumped over the wall and made the best time possible across the field toward Turkey Swamp. They ran as if their lives depended on their speed, and the sight was quite laughable. They were a badly frightened lot, and it is hoped they will not soon recover from their scare, and hereafter keep the peace when they come out to see the country cousins. The horse was given a good feed, and proper care, and when the two started home the boys had had a lesson that ensured their respecting the rights of others at least for the remainder of that day.

Burlington.
Excursion.—The major portion of the "14," embarked on the "Empire State" last Friday for a sail along the coast to Provincetown. The day was agreeably cool and the party in their usual good spirit. The American Band discoursed sweet music. A string band furnished music for dancing, and a Mrs. Williamson, of Boston favored the party with vocal music. The stop at Provincetown was limited, but a half hour's stroll about this old fashioned place is worth the while. The whole trip was enjoyable. Thanks to Mr. Samuel Walker for conveyance home.

Wilmington.
THE TAX RATE.—The rate of taxation this year will be \$13 per \$1000. This is an increase of 50 cents per 1,000 over last years rate and is caused by the reduction of the poll tax from \$2 to \$1.25.

THE NEXT FAIR.—The Executive Committee of the Farmers and Mechanics' Club has invited Mrs. Dr. Francis B. Hiller to deliver the opening address at the next agricultural fair. This lady is an excellent speaker and something first class may be expected.

THE STORM.—George Cole, who had almost finished his new house and barn in the north part of the town, met with a serious misfortune during the great storm of the 16th. His barn which was nearly boarded in, was completely wrecked by the force of the wind. Edward P. Preble's wagon house in the south part of the town was also blown over and considerable damage sustained thereby. There was no serious injury done to other buildings, but several large trees were blown down and crops were injured in many places.

NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE.—We have received a copy of the prospectus issued by the executive committee of this association which is intended to benefit all parts of New England. The intention of the originators is to provide a suitable building for holding fairs yearly, to be located in the city of Boston, of sufficient dimensions to accommodate exhibitors of every description of manufactured articles, and to be open to all the New England States equally. The want of such an institution has long been felt here and the present decision has been reached after long and thorough discussion among the large number of active intelligent manufacturers and business men directly interested in its success. The nearest approach to anything of the kind as yet is the Massachusetts Charitable Association which while being an honored institution and having accomplished much good, was organized in 1795 and was intended to embrace only the state of Massachusetts, and owing to the great change in the amount of business and the manner of doing it, it has to some extent outlived its usefulness so far as the interest of exhibitors is concerned. Among the beneficial results which can be expected to flow from organization, may be mentioned that such an organization as we have inadequately sketched would represent the interests of the manufacturers and mechanics of New England in much the same way that Boards of trade and Chambers of Commerce represent the classes which constitute them. Such Boards we have all over the country, and the trader and merchant are well represented by them. But we have no such Board to represent the industrial classes. But important as such Boards are to every class in the community, they must be considered peculiarly important to this class which the "Institute" is to be composed of. For, one of the most important, if not the most important office which Boards of this character perform for its constituents, is the influence which they exert, directly and indirectly, upon the legislation in regard to their interests. The legislature is not omniscient; they must derive their information from others, and it is to these Boards that they look and give the greatest heed. But among the industrial classes arise questions of the greatest importance. Among them the question of labor and capital assumes its huge proportions and even becomes, at times, ominous. But, however threatening the aspect of these questions at any time, it is probable that wise and unpartisan legislation can avert a real crisis. If this is so, who can measure the importance of the information which can be furnished, or the influence which can be exerted by an impartial, in some sense, a neutral body, as far as possible without prejudice, which an organization such as we recommend, composed so far as possible, from all classes, comprehending all interests, influenced by all, but not dominated over by any, can legitimately and properly exercise in the name of civilization? The enterprise is warmly commended by the most prominent officials of the State and its success seems assured. The headquarters of the Executive Committee is in Angelo Building 48 Congress St., Boston, where all needful information will be given.

THE OTHER DAY, a little girl was looking over a photograph album and informing an older friend the names of those whose features appeared therein. On coming to the picture of a young lady whose hair was "banged" and "frizzled" in the prevailing style, the little one exclaimed, "That's the girl who hasn't had her hair combed!" —*Waltham Record.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

St. Nicholas for August, has seventy-two pages—eight more than usual—with contents adapting it for children's summer reading. It opens with a long poem, by Celia Thaxter, based on an actual incident in the life of the present Emperor of Germany and two small peasant children bore equally honorable parts; the illustration, by Frederick Dielman, is a fine large one, and is the frontispiece of the number. Next comes "A Mississippi Chowder," a brisk account of a fishing frolic, with two striking pictures. After that, is "The Baby's Morning," the history of an escaped baby's pranks in a meadow,—with five charming illustrations by Addie Ledyard; and then there is an illustrated description of the wonderful aquarium at Brighton, England, with its finny treasures. Lawn Tennis, the new and fashionable ball and racket game, is plainly and fully described, by type and diagram and pictures. "Hercules Jack," which follows, is a funny story of a plump but unlucky boy who tried to imitate Hercules; the fun is enhanced by seven most comical pictures by Mr. Hopkins. "Nan, the Newsboy's" story is told; and his portrait and those of his two chief helpers are given, together with pictures and anecdotes of stirring episodes in Nan's extraordinary career of life-saving. A Fish Fairy tale comes next, telling what its hero has done, risked, braved, and endured. "Behind the Water-fall," the picture showing the boy in the act of galloping on pony-back through the solid curtain of falling water. Then we have a short illustrated account of the most interesting occurrences in the child-life of Goethe, followed by nine pages of concentrated delights for the Very Little Folk, for "Jack-in-the-pulpit's" devoted congregation, for the admirers and emulators of the "Young Contributors," for the correspondents of the "Letter-Box," and for the ponderers and solvers of the mysteries of the "Riddle-Box."

Wide Awake for August, 1879.—The August *Wide Awake* will prove a rich vacation treat to its hosts of readers, young and old. It opens with a cool-looking frontispiece of some bare-foot boys angling over the mill dam, and is followed by the poem which it illustrates, "Willy's Mishap," by Elizabeth W. Dennison. "Rose Hawthorne Lathrop tells a story of 'One Cent,' betraying in it a vein of her father's genius. This is followed by 'The Flower School at Corleair's Hook,' by Mrs. Dickinson, beautifully illustrated by Miss Lathbury. E. L. Byrner, the author of Nimrod and Tritons, has a charming sketch, daintily illustrated, entitled 'The Tramp's Dinner Party.' Mrs. Parsons, also, has a good story, 'Only Fifteen.' Chief of the attractions, however, is the rollicking six-page sketch of 'Babylard,' with Three Pigs," by Clara Doty Bates, with its nineteen funny illustrations by 'Boz.' Almost as funny is the poem furnished by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, entitled 'Retaliation,' and illustrated by her husband, 'Champ.' There are two other poems with exquisite drawings, 'The Silver Boat,' by Mrs. Butts, with picture by Miss Humphrey, and 'Baby Thankful,' by Caroline Metcalf, illustrated by Catherine Pierson, who also makes the pictures for Kate Colby's pretty story of 'Sugar River.' There is a funny negro 'Story of a Hoe-Cake.' Capital installments of the three series, 'St. Olave's' (an exciting base-ball chapter), 'The Dogberry Bunch,' and 'Don Quixote, Jr.;' besides No. VIII. of our 'American Artists,' relative to T. W. Wood, with portrait and study drawn by the artist himself. \$2.00 a year. 20 cents a number. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

A SUMMER JAGG THROUGH THE OLD WORLD. By Luther L. Holden. Lee & Shepard, pp. 640.

The author's well known journalistic ability as shown in his long connection with the *Boston Journal* will lead the readers of this record of the trip of the Tourjee Excursion Party of 1878 to look for a work of more than ordinary interest, and written in an attractive style. In this they will not be disappointed. The writer seems to have had superior opportunities for gaining information in regard to all points of interest visited, and has improved those advantages most fully. The reader will here get a clearer view of a pleasant ocean voyage and travel through many of the most important parts of Europe, than from many of the more pretentious volumes published by travellers, and will find in this retrospection of the happy experiences of a party of some two hundred and fifty, much valuable information given in a style which will interest all classes of readers. Mr. Holden gives the second excursion party which sailed last month under the same wise management which made the first such a success, and the readers of this volume may look forward with pleasure to the perusal of another from the same source.

The Nursery. The August number of this ever wide awake monthly is received, and is full of reading suited to the season. Perhaps the talented writers for this, never take any vacation, at any rate no dull numbers are issued, and every succeeding one is, if possible, an improvement on the one before it. Subscribe for it for the little ones and you may be sure every one in the family will read it through and enjoy

Journal Club Column

"I have been wrecked; got chilled through; gimme some bran," said a dilapidated-looking individual, as he sailed up to a bar at a Chestnut street drinkery yesterday. "I am a survivor feelin' purty rough; but I guess I'll get over it."

"Wrecked!" said half a dozen young bloods standing around, in amazement. "I've been wrecked," he said. "Ah! that's good fill her up again. It's hard to break the chill."

One youth more venturesome than the rest, here essayed to touch the hem of the survivor's garment, and at just that moment forty cents worth more of brandy disappeared. "Now charge that to Tom Collins," added the wrecker.

"No, yer don't," said the barkeeper, "no Tom Collins business for me. I've hunted for that fellow afore. If you were wrecked, why, we don't mind fittin' ye up free, but we ain't so green here as to charge drinks to Tom Collins. That man's gone West."

"Tell us about the wreck," interposed one of the bloods; "give the man something more to drink, or his teeth will drop out with chattering."

Another drink, three fingers high, rolled peacefully down his throat.

"I've been wrecked," said the survivor. "You see, we wuz cumin' down the Schuylkill canal on the 'Lively Jane'; the cap'n he sung out, 'Low Bridge.' The boys all ducked but me. I was standin' abaft the shaft, nor by no east of the chicken coop, when the cook's galley was struck by that ar bridge, and afore I could say—"

Just then the bar-tender handed the fellow out of the door by the top of his collar, and the sit-down place of his pantaloons. He sailed gracefully through the air, and landed on a mud-pile in the middle of the street, and as his nose ploughed up the accumulated mud there was a splutter and a mumble, and the familiar expression was wadded on the gentle zephyrs, "I've been wrecked."—*Philadelphia Record.*

David Davis has sold his boom for leaf lard. And we serve notice on the intelligent compositor that we are going to send down this exceedingly mild-mannered joke every day until it comes out something like our idea of it, if we have to keep it up for the next ten years. We have been greatly pleased to read it "form," "farm," "fern," "foam," "film," "fame" and "fume," and we have faith to believe that somebody will yet set it up "boom." Now then, score us seven laps and go on with the walk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

It is all wrong to let your church choir go off singing in the opera of "Pinafore" between Sundays. A dreadful thing recently happened on this account at a funeral. The pastor, a tall, white-haired man, much resembling an admiral, arose in the pulpit, and had no sooner finished, in a sing-song tone, the remark, "We miss him in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to their feet and shouted in return, "And so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

"I say, you fellows have got a queer notion of punctuation," shouted an up-town man to an ice cart driver. "What makes you put a period after every word on the side of your cart?"

"Oh, that's 'cause we have to stop so often." There was a degree of coolness in the reply thoroughly in keeping with the driver's vocation.

Little Billy was told:—"Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously for a minute or two, he asked:—"Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to heaven?"

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered:—"Martha, I—I do you—you must have—are you aware that the Good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that man should be alone?"

"Then hadn't you better go home to your mother?" Martha coolly suggested.

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead; like half money."

"I could sing," said an old Chicago classmate, the other evening, "if 40,000 sawmills were all running full blast in the same block, and they couldn't put me out."

"No," said a musician, who was standing near by, "but you might put the sawmills out."

"Glad to see you up so early," said the young lady boarder in the country, as she encountered the "hired man" in her morning walk; "the early bird catches the worm." And to her confusion he innocently answered:—"I didn't know they were catching, marm."

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon two hundred pounds.

"My dear," says he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?"

"No," says she to him, "help the fence."

Now it is said that the poor cuss who appears in the patent medicine almanacs with the sign of the zodiac attacking him at various points, was once editor of a local newspaper, and neglected to collect subscriptions in advance.

David Davis' name in Arabic is "Babel-el-jib-jub-el-jub," which by interpretation is: "The three matted, broad-bottomed booms of all booms." The judge is said to be very proud of it.

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of its claws—another sprouts immediately and grows in its place.

Miscellaneous.

THE FOURTH IN IRELAND.

We have received the Cork Daily Herald, of July 7, containing the following account of how the Tourjee excursion spent the fourth:—

An American excursion on a very extensive scale has been organized this year to the principal cities in Europe. The excursion has been got up by Mr. Tourjee of Boston, and the arrangements are carried out under the excursions agents, Messrs. H. Gaze and Son, of London. The party numbers altogether 272 persons, and is divided into two sections. The first section of ninety left New York on the 21st of June in the Anchor steamer Bolivia, and arrived at Moville, North of Ireland, on last Tuesday.

The second party, consisting of 182 persons, sailed a week later, and will be due in Glasgow on Tuesday. A large number of those who arrived at Moville landed there, and proceeded on a tour through Ireland, under the direction of Henry Dore. After visiting the Giant's Causeway and other noteworthy places in the North, they arrived in Dublin, and thence came to Cork. Here they enjoyed the river scenery and a trip to Blarney. Friday being the Anniversary of American Independence the American excursionists deemed it proper to celebrate the occasion, and they had a special entertainment provided at the Imperial Hotel in honor of the day. Mr. W. H. Hackett, lawyer of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, presided, and prayer was opened by the Rev. C. P. H. Nason, of Chelsea, Mass. When dinner had been discussed, the Chairman delivered a short address, expressive of the pleasure which they had derived from their visit to Ireland, but adding that although they had in the pleasure scenes around enough to win them from their native land—still, that day brought back fond memories of their own country (applause).

Mr. Luther L. Holden proposed the first toast, which was that of "Her Majesty the Queen." The toast was drunk with cordiality. Mr. H. M. French, lawyer, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, responded. He paid a high tribute to the Queen as a just and wise sovereign, and as a true and good woman, and spoke of the bond of sympathy existing between England and America. Her Majesty's life was a lesson to all countries, and it showed that a woman might aspire to the highest place and that her influence could be exercised in the highest as well as the lowest stations. They should not forget the occasion that brought this celebration about. It was a grand thing to have been born in America, but he hoped it would be a long time before an American on British soil should fail to pay proper respect to the Queen of England (cheers). The speaker also expressed a hope that English and American bayonets should never be crossed again (hear, hear).

The second toast proposed was the "President of the United States," which was drunk with enthusiasm. The Rev. Mr. Nason responded. He commenced by relating an anecdote connected with the celebration of the monument at Bunker Hill. The President on that occasion called upon the descendants of those who fought in the memorable Battle of Bunker's Hill to speak the sentiment, which was then proposed. One man who was put forward said it was quite true that his grandfather had fought in that battle, but he had fought on the other side (laughter). He (the speaker) had the fortune to state that his grandfather also fought in that battle, but he had the misfortune to admit that he fought at the other side (laughter). He referred to the pleasure which all Americans felt in honoring the President, because he occupied the position of President of the Union of States, and of every American (applause). The speaker then eulogized the conduct of President Hayes during his term of office, praising him particularly for the strong stand he had made in the politics for the country. Speaking of Ireland, he said America owed much to her, and they loved to honor a land with such a rich history, which called to mind the honored names of song and literature—Ossian, Goldsmith, Burke, O'Connell, Moore. Americans, he continued, went abroad to see and not to be seen. Of course they were seen and they should remember they had a part to play in maintaining the reputation of their country whilst they were abroad. He impressed upon them, above all the necessity of keeping alive the love of patriotism and remarked that the fires of patriotism should be kept burning with a clear and pure light, such as the fire of St. Bridge's, Kildare, not for one century or two centuries, but perpetually (applause). The Star Spangled Banner was next sung by the company, after which the toast of "The Day we Celebrate," was given with all honors. Mr. George A. Thomas, of Portland Maine, briefly responded, and suggested that in Cork they might be permitted to uncork a few patriotic sentiments (laughter). The fourth toast was "The City of Cork and the Hospitality we this day enjoy." In response to this sentiment, Mrs. M. A. Butler, of Providence, gave a recitation of the "Bells of Shandon." Mr. Charles B. Bradley, of Manchester, New Hampshire, sang, "The Angles' Whimper." Mr. Curry, the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, having been sent for, the company expressed the public acknowledgments to him for the splendid hospitality of his house, and for his kindness in showing them through the sights of Cork. The proceedings soon after terminated.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman. "What would you take me for then?" "For better or for worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

"Why do you look so savagely at me?" asked a gentleman of a lady.

"Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought it was my husband," she replied.

An absent-minded man in Monroe, Ct., went to church the other morning with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm; but the laughing of the people in church, directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his everyday pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.

Song of the graduate: That last examination did so much for me, that now I am the owner of the big A. B.

"Oh," she said, "I think soda water is soda licious. He took the hint and soda time on the harvest-field of love."

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"SA-LUTE THE BRIDE."—There was a marriage at the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern road the other day, says the Detroit Free Press. A great big chap, almost able to throw a carload of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow who was cooking for the hands in a sawmill, and, after a week's acquaintance, they were married. The boys around the mill lent William three calico shirts, a dress coat, and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about twenty dollars, and the couple started on a bridal tour within an hour after being married.

"This 'ere lady," explained William, as the conductor came along for tickets, "are my bride. Just spliced 56 minits ago. Cost \$2, but darn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, Mary is, and I'm the right bower in a new pack of keards. Conductor, sa-lute the bride."

The conductor hesitated. The widow had freckles and wrinkles and a turn-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification.

"Conductor, sa-lute the bride, or look out for tornadoes!" continued William, as he rose up and shed his coat.

The conductor saluted. It was the best thing he could do just then.

"I never did try to put on style before," muttered William, "but I am bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come up to the chalk, they has."

The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waved his hand to command attention, and said:

"I've just been married; over thar sate the bride. Anybody who wants to sa-lute the bride can do so now. Anybody who don't want to will hev cause to believe that a free fell on him!"

One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until only one was left. He was asleep.

William reached over and lifted him into a sitting position at one movement and commanded:

"Ar ye goin' to dust over thar an' kiss the bride?"

"Blast your bride, and you too!" growled the passenger.

William drew him over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, tied his legs in a knot, and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the man caved, and went over and saluted.

"Now, then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bride-tower will be resumed as usual, and if Mary and me squeeze hands or get to laying heads on each other's shoulders, I shall demand to know who laffed about it, and I'll make him c-magine that I'm a hull boom full of the biggest kind of sawlogs, an' more coming down on the rise. Now, Mary, hitch along, an' let me git my arm around ye!"

SINGULAR FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.—The extent to which the elephant can be trained is remarkable. He will lift the largest teak log, and teak is among the heaviest of woods, and arrange them in piles. He will push a log with his foot against the saw and carry the sawed wood in his tusks for his trunk. In all these manoeuvres he is directed by the mahout, who sits on his neck and manages him with a goad, or more generally by the word of mouth. Sometimes an elephant is so wild and untamable as to be dangerous, and yet he will serve his masters. We saw one animal pushing logs about, who had killed four or five of the workmen. He was kept in order by a lad who carried a sharp spear, keeping the spear always near the elephant's eye. The spear was little more than a moral influence. If the elephant really wished to attack his keepers, a spear would be of little use beyond a stab or two. The memory of these stabs, however, was as effective to the elephants as chains or thongs, and he rolled his logs about in the most unconcerned manner. The manner in which the elephant kills his victim is to rush upon and trample him or to throw him in the air with his trunk and trample him when he falls. The animal has immense power in his trunk, delicacy and precision in touch, as well as crushing strength. It will pick up a banana or a wisp of grass as surely as a log.

There is no efficient way of punishing an elephant except by the aid of other elephants. A few days before we came to Rangoon one of the animals demurred to go on a boat. Two others were then marched up, and under the directions of the mahout, they pounded the resisting animal with their trunks until, for his life's sake, he was glad to embark. Elephants learn the ways of civilized labor. When the bell rings for dinner he will drop his log and march away. If he has been trained to rest on Sunday, no power can make him work on the seventh day.—*Letter from India.*

THE GESE.—A peasant, with a long rod in his hand, was driving some geese to a town where they were to be sold; and, to tell the truth, he did not treat them over politely. In hopes of making a good bargain, he was hastening on so as not to lose the market-day. I do not blame the peasant; but the geese talked about him in a different spirit, and, whenever they met any passers-by, abused him to them in such terms as these: "Is it possible to find any geese more unfortunate than we are? This peasant harasses us so terribly, and chases us about just as if we were common geese. The ignorant does not know that we are noble descendants of those geese to whom Rome was once indebted for her salvation, and in whose honor even feast-days were specially appointed there." And do you want to have honor paid you on that account? A passer-by asked them. "Why, our ancestors—" "I know that—I have read all about it; but I want to know this—of what use have you been yourselves? Why, our ancestors saved Rome!" "Quite so; but what have you done?" "We? Nothing." "Then what merit is there in you? Let your ancestors rest in peace—they justly received honorable reward; but you, my friends, are only fit to be roasted!"

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IDLENESS IN WOMEN.—Looking with a mother's interest upon the habits of young people and their relations together, in this day; and looking also upon the personal experience of more than 50 years, I am profoundly convinced that idleness in women has as much [if not more] to do with the deep-rooted evil that is undermining our social and national virtue so rapidly and terribly, as any other influence. The girls of this generation are idle, even where families are in but moderate circumstances, and suffering must come somewhere from expenses entailed by necessary work that is not done by the daughters. House work is considered degrading—even the light offices for her own room, which every true woman ought to feel unwilling should be done by any hands but her own, and by which every young girl should make that place a sanctuary, where her dignity and purity are to be recognized and guarded by each appointment and arrangement within it; and sewing is handed over to the machine-workers as something quite out of the question to be done. If no more should be said respecting these points, it is pitiful to consider how they are missing their own happiness in this state of things. No girl is fitted for her future duties and responsibilities as wife and mother who cannot do these things, and do them thoroughly well; and her future is not provided for unless her present is a steady and organized foundation for it, and that cannot be unless the mothers train the daughters from babyhood for the work that is sure to come to their womanhood. When this is done the happiness comes in. Mothers and daughters have a life together; a bond of employment and interest that is in constant operation. Over their household matters, and especially over the work of their needles, they have a companionship that grows with their lives, and brings them into a close intimacy, of which, alas, the mothers and daughters of this day know very little. They are really strangers to each other. The steady training which the character of the mother ought to be to the daughter is not known, because they have no work together. The needle is a part of Woman's dower. I will not dwell upon "the benefits of the sewing-machine." God means that women should use their needles, and there is not the slightest need of injury from its use, excepting in cases which correspond with any other necessity for overwork. It is a great subject, and not easily opened up in as brief space as is allowable here; but I believe—as I believe in God and his appointments for us—that if the girls of this generation would take up a daily duty of work, no matter what their position or their means, the world would be happier for it. Mothers would have their society and affection, as they sorely miss it now; fathers would have many a dark hour of discouragement over heavy bills lightened; brothers would have a companionship of whose charm, as well as benefit, very few have any knowledge now; and young men in other relations would have a view of womanhood that is almost entirely lost in the present day. Women are never more brilliant or fascinating [and they have a God-given right to be brilliant and fascinating] than when their hands are occupied. Awkwardness and embarrassment disappear, and—perfectly at her ease—a charming woman becomes mistress of the position, happy herself, makes all around her happy.

ON THE ICE SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—People who sport on the ice now-days, skimming the glare plain on their patent grooves and flat bottoms, may have some curiosity to know how their barbarous ancestors managed to enjoy the slippery pleasures of winter without such appliances. It seems they did have "gay times" on the ice, about London at least, no less than seven hundred years ago, and the method of their sport is described by a historian of the twelfth century as follows:

"Many young men played upon it; some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others make themselves seats of ice as great as a mill-stone; one sits down, many, hand in hand, do draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all fall together; some tie bones to their feet and under their heels and shoving themselves with a piked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air or an arrow out of a cross-bow. Sometimes two run together with poles, and hitting one the other, either one or both doth fall, not without hurt; some break their arms, some their legs, but youth desireth of glory in this sort, exerciseth itself against the time of war."

How TO DEAL WITH RATS.—We clear our premises of these detestable vermin by making a whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters of the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put crystals of the copperas and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since then not a foot-fall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood, by leaving fruit and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and sometimes even the soap-scrapers are left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon starve them out. These precautions joined to the service of a good cat will prove as good a exterminator as the chemist can provide.—*Exchange.*

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1851. 1879.

THE Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor. The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

In the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Mr. Simmons having had a large experience in the fish business, is fully capable of supplying the wants of the public with satisfaction.

M. ELLIS & Co., BUILDING MOVERS.

Office Basement of Post Office, WOBURN, - - MASS.

M. ELLIS. 49 JOSEPH COLE.

New Advertisements

STEAM

BOOK and JOB

Printing Office

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

NO. 204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Coal, Wood & Lumber

WILLIAM N. ARNOLD,

Dealer in all kinds of

LUMBER,

WINCHESTER, MASS. 42

LUMBER!

EASTERN, WESTERN, and

Northern LUMBER,

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand, and delivered promptly, at shortest notice, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Rail Road Freight Yard.

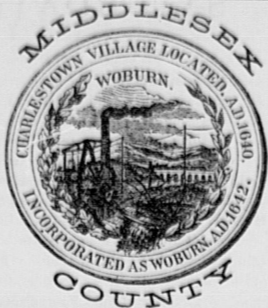
H. S. CONVERSE,

Carpenter and Builder,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Shop on Prospect street, Woburn. 43

WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

NO. 31.

Machinists.

ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,
And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short
notice.
97, 99, and 101 Main Street,
WOBURN, MASS.
All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
formed January 1st, 1877.

HENRY YOUNG, Jr.,
(Successor to Porter & Young.)
MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.
2 MANUFACTURER OF
STEAM ENGINES,
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

Business Cards.

THE
CENTRAL HOUSE,
WOBURN,

Is one of the most popular resorts of Boston for
Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the country, and all the facilities for
carriage parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,
Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 Main Street, Woburn.
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Livery, Hack & Boarding
STABLE,
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
G. F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.
BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.
AT THE RAILROAD STATION,
WOBURN HIGHLANDS.

E. C. COLOMB,
TAILOR,
Church Street, - Winchester.
Having had many years experience as a Practice
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
294 Washington St., Boston.
(Opposite School St.)
Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
best manner. Card sizes, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.50
per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First
8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. (Club Pictures to schools
and families, 12 tickets for \$2.00. Copying of all kinds
at lowest rates by
H. S. DUNN, - Artist.

HARDWARE.
Farming Tools & Seeds,
PAINTER'S SUPPLIES,
Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
L. THOMPSON, NO. 213 MAIN STREET.

STEPHEN H. CUTTER,
TOWN BILL POSTER
AND DISTRIBUTOR.
WOBURN, MASS.
Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 130 Main Street,
promptly attended to. Has control of all Bill
Boards in town. Orders by mail promptly
attended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.,
At the Lowest Prices.
103 Main Street, - Woburn.

JOSEPH BANCROFT,
SEWING MACHINES
of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
or new ones.

Auctioneers.
WILLIAM WINN,
AUCTIONEER,
BURLINGTON, - MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - Boston.

GOOD BOARD
Can be obtained at
\$4 and \$4.50 per week,
with light and airy rooms, at the Winn Street Board-
ing House.
MARTIN ELLIS, Proprietor.

Professional Cards.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
168 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.
Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to
9 P. M.

George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - MASS.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire street, Boston.
No. 159 Main street, Woburn.
Office (At Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.)
Hours (At Woburn, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 6, 7 to 9 P. M.)

HENRY HILLER, M. D.,
24 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON, MASS
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
Hours from 11 to 3. Residence, WILMINGTON.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.
I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham.
All orders by mail or telegram promptly attended
to.

GEO. H. CONN,
159 Main St., Woburn.
July 1, 1879.

COAL!
I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
No pains will be spared to give.

"Stirling Shamokin,"
"GIRARD,"
and **"Lykens Valley,"**
coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,
MEDFORD CENTRE, 23, MASS.

ICE. ICE.
The subscribers have just stored over
3000 TONS OF ICE
of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn
Point, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade.
No pains will be spared to give.

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
R. PICKERING & CO.,
Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturges Sts.,
24 WOBURN,
Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, Boston.
Entrance from Court Street and 35 School Street

CHARLES K. CONY,
Auctioneer, Real Estate Agent
-AND-
CONSTABLE,
168 MAIN ST., Woburn

REMOVAL.
DR. E. R. HARMON,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Has removed to
110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.
Special attention paid to Surgery.

MEN'S CALF SHOES,
\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.
LADIES' NEWPORTS,
\$2.50 to \$3.00.
All work warranted. 28 Repairing neatly done.
JOSIAH LEATHE, 241 Main St., Woburn.

ICE CREAM.
Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be
FILLED THE SAME DAY.
S. H. PATTEN,
MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM.
East St., 3d house from High St. Ice Cream wagon
runs every afternoon and evening.

Musical.
Miss J. A. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

WILL YOU
HAVE THE
M BRACE?
Only perfect device ever known
For supporting pantaloons.
No Rubber. No Springs.
Liked by everybody.
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25
Orders by mail should be
accompanied by measure
from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
button.



FOR SALE BY
A. GRANT,
Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Noble Business
Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

A. GRANT,
Merchant Tailor
169 Main Street, Woburn.

REMOVAL.
The undersigned desires to inform his friends and
the public generally, that he has removed his place
of business to
141 MAIN STREET,
Cor. Montvale Avenue,

Where he will be pleased to see all who may be in
need of goods in his line. It will be his constant aim
to keep constantly on hand, Pure Family

DRUGS

-AND-
MEDICINES.

and a general assortment of

TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

FANCY GOODS,

and all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.

By strict attention to the many details of the busi-
ness and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patron-
age of the public.

ALL NIGHT CALLS

ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.

WARREN D. BARTLETT,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

141 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

FRESH AND RELIABLE

GRASS, GARDEN AND FLOWER

SEEDS of all kinds.

BOWKER'S

Lawn Dressing,

For Lawns, Grass Plots, and Cemetery Lots.

Also a new invoice of **PAPER HANGINGS**
and **BORDERES of the LATEST STYLES.**

J. E. THOMPSON,

No. 3 WADE BLOCK.

N. Z. TABOR,

(Successor to E. D. West & Co.) dealer in all
kinds of Fresh, Dry, Smoked and Pickled

FISH.

Oysters, Clams and Lobsters in their season.
198 Main St., Woburn.

I shall endeavor to continue the business to the en-
tire satisfaction of customers, and have secured the
services of Mr. J. A. GUTHRIE, who will be
happy to meet all his old friends.

W. F. ESTABROOK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND
FANCY CRACKERS
OF ALL KINDS.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.

THE BROOK.

BY E. N. R.

Brook that flowest purely, clearly
Over pebbles brown and gray,
Oh, I love thy song so dearly,
Heard 'twixt arpeggios of spray.

First north rocks and hemlocks weeping,
Thro' the wood thou talkest thy way,
Till thy stream broadens swelling,
Comes to meadows sweet with hay.

There the sweet ferns, perfume breathing,
Nod their greeting unto thee;
And the flags, their green blades sheathing,
Salute with martial dignity.

Now beneath the rocks resounding
With a distant deep mouthed tone—
Soon into the daylight bounding
With a laugh at darkness down.

So thro' sun and shade, ne'er fearing,
Ever onward, ever sure;
Sunlight makes thee look more cheering,
Shadow graver, but more pure.

Would I might, my sins subduing,
Make my life a streamlet pure
As thy waters, ever doing
Work that shall with truth endure.

Selected Story.

THE DREAM.

Sensations were something like angel

visits in St. John's parish—very few and far

between. Sometimes a breeze of news

would blow in from the great outside world,

to make a little ripple on the surface of so-

ciety, and people went about for a few days

talking of the matter which had stirred them

up from their usual repose. A stagnant,

peaceful, uneventful repose—as most of the

few inhabitants of St. John's Dene found it,

was a small, aristocratic village, with its

one church; and really, the doings of that

church constituted about all the business

that arose there. The St. John's people

prided themselves on this sleepy kind of ex-

istence, and to speak of any dreadful event

in connection with them, such as a theft or

an elopement, would be sure to bring down

the indignation of that pretty place. Some-

times an event occurred among themselves

which furnished food for chat and gossip for

several days, and then life went on as it had

been going on before the little social whirl-

wind came to rest at the atmosphere of St.

John's Dene in brisker motion than usual.

Just now something great had occurred.

The sleepy old organist, Mr. Gray, suddenly

resigned his position as organist in St.

John's church. He had occupied the po-

sition for many years, and everybody re-

garded him as a fixture. Accordingly when

he announced that he was going away from

St. John's Dene, and that the trustees of

the church had better be looking about for

some one to fill his place, people were all

astir with excitement. Not so much that

the quiet old man should be leaving them,

as they should want a successor to him.

It was all managed very quietly. The

clergyman, Mr. Thorpe, proposed a gentle-

man whom he knew—a young man of good

family, who was not a professional, but

would take the place for a time. He was

not rich, and the salary would be useful to

him.

Of course there arose a great flutter

among the young ladies of St. John's Dene.

A handsome young organist would be a

dear acquisition. Of course he was

handsome? It would not be at all in ac-

cordance with the fitness of things if he

turned out to be otherwise.

Being a gentleman and not a professional,

they considered themselves justified in

being curious upon the point.

The pretty little church was crowded on

the first Sunday of his appearance, and

every individual member of the congrega-

tion of the gentler sex, had considered it

her individual duty to put on her most be-

coming apparel and to look her best. Even

Alice Cramer, one of the most sensible of

girls, and the only daughter of proud old

Mr. Cramer, of the Grange, as she stood

for church, had thought of the new organist,

and had pulled about the spray of white

roses and half-opened buds that sat in her

bonnet and half mingled with her soft, wavy

brown hair. Letty Thorpe was going to

wear her new bonnet that day, as Alice

knew, and she and Letty stood side by side

in the organ-loft together, being two of the

singers.

"Papa," said Alice, entering the library,

where her father sat, a white silk handker-

chief thrown over his head, "are you sure

you are not well enough to go to church to-

day?"

"Of course I am not, Alice," was Mr.

Cramer's peevish answer. "Did I not say

so at breakfast?"

"But the new organist, papa, will be

there."

"The new organist!" repeated Mr. Cra-

mer in reproof; "what's the new organist to

me? You know how these neuralgic head-

aches unfit me for anything when they

come on. There; go; and shut the door,

Alice."

To have to go to church by herself was

nothing new to Miss Cramer. Mr. Cramer

was at best a hypochondriac; especially

had he been so since the death of his wife,

three years ago, and Alice was now left alone.

The governess, Mrs. Bird, who had resided

with them so long, had been called away by

the illness of her mother. She had promised

to return to Alice, as chaperon and compan-

ion, as soon as she should be at liberty, but

it was hard to say when that time would be.

The new organist, Robert Karl Leith, sat

before the organ when Alice ascended the

stairs of the organ-loft, and took her place

next to Letty Thorpe. She could not see

much of him, except that he looked slender

and gentlemanly, and had very fair hair.

"He is not at all like what I expected,"

whispered Letty to her. "Not in the least."

"In what way?" whispered back Alice.

"Not so handsome. I had pictured a

dark, handsome man, with beautiful dark

eyes. But there's something very nice

about him, and one can see he is a gentle-

man. He will just suit your taste, I sup-

pose. You like fair men."

The new organist chanced to turn round

at the moment and caught them looking at

him. Being a modest, retiring girl, Alice

blushed, partly at that, partly at Letty's

words. Mr. Leith thought it was one of the

sweetest faces he had ever seen. A true,

pure face, with a clear beauty in it like a

star.

"How can you say such things, Letty?"

she whispered in reproof. "And in church,

too!"

The church was filling rapidly, and the

organist began the voluntary. A ripple of

pleased surprise ran through the ears of

the congregation as he struck the opening

chords. It was very different from Mr.

Gray's playing. That was always a jottrot

kind of performance; this was the touch of

a master. The old organ seemed suddenly

to have shaken off its drowsiness and re-

newed its youth. The rich, full, mellow

harmonies filled the church and soared

heavenward on the air of that still, beauti-

ful morning, as if they were the voices of

angels praising God.

"Is it not charming?" whispered Letty,

who could not keep silent, though she was

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 10 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

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WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

THE YEAS AND NAYS.—We have received from Bro. George A. Marden, of the Lowell Courier, who is also Clerk of the Mass. House of Representatives, a charming brochure containing the poetical roll call with which he responded on the last day of the session of the Legislature to the demand for "the yeas and nays." Very properly he selects the words just quoted as his title, and we can imagine the fun which its first reading induced, and which its subsequent perusal has encouraged. The members of course enjoy the fun better than anybody else, because they appreciate all the points, and many lines that seem only ordinary to the outsider, to them are full of meaning. Some of the more prominent men, however, are hit so fairly that everyone can see the point. Of the Beverly statesman he writes—

For standard creeds he never very hearty,
For he belongs to John I. Baker's party.

And of our Wakefield neighbor—

Then Azel Ames, who knows each new appliance
For the advance of "sanitary science,"
Through house he delects not in draught or pill,
He oftentimes presents a doctor's bill.
You all recall what dire things he foresees
When Governor Talbot passed the new law,
And what he said he'd venture in requital,
Cause his "Statistics" weren't considered "vital."
But thought at last the message he'd agree to,
And himself vowed to sustain the veto.

Lowell can't endure Fall River, and so
speaking of a member from that city, the
Clerk says of him—

Honest, impartial, able, generous, good,
Comes from Fall River; who'd suppose he could,
Speaking of Major Emery, of Lawrence,

"Tisn't often that he has the silence broke
Without evolving some side-splitting joke;
And many a foe in debate has been made to feel
That he'd been polished on an Emery wheel.

Marden has a kind thought for the profession,
and so tells Hall, of the Greenfield
Gazette, that

He's a journalist, and need not be vexed
About his place in this world or the next.

Noyes, one of the leaders of the House
gets this:—

And now I come to twainy-bearded Noyes,
Him of the lion heart and silvery voice;
Attention of the House he's oft commanded;
His gesture, not his reasoning, is left-handed.

Of Mr. Rowe the "P. Q." member he announces—

I've heard somewhere this probable suggestion:
That Rowe when courting, popped the "previous
question."

Judge Russell was a son-in-law of the late
Father Taylor, who on being asked if the
Judge was a Christian, replied "No, but he
is a sweet sinner." The "sweet" trait of the
Judge's character is very marked, and
Marden confesses to a thousand reasons for
liking him, but confines himself to five:
good nature, smartness, eloquence, ability,
and tact.

"His sweetness, smartness, eloquence, and wit:
Talent may shine, but Tact will make a hit.
Happy the man in whom his fellows find
Talent and Tact so happily combined.

Of our own and our neighbors' representatives
he says:—

Next John F. Berry,—he's a Stoneham fruit.
Wallin of Reading's not a fluent talker.
Historic Lexington pays her ready school.
Montross Seeley falls to Woburn's lot.

Our Stone of Winchester's a man of sense:
No one can call him a rock of offense.

And this of an opponent of female suffrage—

Sordow's a bachelor, and so the Judge
Said to his talk on women's voting, "Fudge!
He'd better marry one, instead of scout 'em,
And then he'd know a heap more things about 'em."

Speaker Wade gets a very complimentary
notice closing with this couplet:—

'Tis hard to say which place he honors more,—
That in the Chair, or that upon the floor.

We give the Jolly Clerk credit for possessing
a good supply of tact as well as humor,
and the roll will be read with pleasure by
most, if not all, of the members. Rand &
Avery have printed it on wide pages with
blue borders, making the volume as attractive
as its lading.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.—It will be
remembered, that the son of Jacob E.
Eaton, while lighting the street lamps at
North Woburn, in January, 1878, was in-
jured by striking his foot against a board
lying over the sidewalk. He brought an
action against the Town to recover damages
for the injuries sustained, and at the trial in
the Superior Court, the Judge ruled that he
could not maintain his action, because he
was acting as the servant of the Town at
the time of the accident. The exceptions
taken to this ruling have been sustained by
the Supreme Court for the following reasons,
and a new trial ordered:—"The plaintiff
was not employed or paid by the town, and
was not its servant or agent. He had the
same right as a traveller in the highway as
any other traveller would have." E. A.
Upton for plaintiff; T. H. Sweetser for
defendants.

How is This?—A young man came into
our office last week who complains that Mr.
Parker persuaded him to withdraw from the
competitive examination for a candidate for
the naval cadetship. He feels that he was
unjustly treated, and himself and some of
his friends have a suspicion that this was
done from a fear that he might be in advance
of some favorite competitor for whom the
"examiner for the navy" wished to obtain
the position.—*Woburn Adversary.*

The young man was persuaded by his
own fears, after a long struggle with his
arithmetic questions in which he scored 4 in
a possible 100. He expressed himself as
"perfectly satisfied," and he did not feel
that he was "unjustly treated," until after
he had seen the *Adversary*. Neither the
boy nor his friends have any such "auspi-
cious" as is expressed above.

MISSING.—James Dudley has been missing
from his boarding place for a week.

HOW WOMEN MAY QUALIFY AS VOTERS
IN WOBURN.—To entitle a woman to vote
for School Committee, she must be a citi-
zen of Massachusetts, and at least 21 years
of age; she must be able to read the State
constitution in the English language, and to
write her name (unless prevented by physical
disability); she must have resided with-
in the State one year and within the town
six months prior to the election, and she
must have paid by herself, or her guardian,
a state or county tax assessed upon her in
1878 or 1879.

Practically three steps are necessary be-
fore she can vote,

I. ASSESSMENT.

If she is already assessed for 1878 or 1879
this step may be omitted. If not, she must
go, on or before September 15, 1879, to the
Assessor's office, in Bank Block, 171 Main
street, hours from 8 to 9 A. M., and from 3
to 4 P. M. There she must ask to be as-
sessed for a poll tax, stating that she was
on the first day of May, an inhabitant of
Woburn. A blank form will be given her,
which she must fill out with a complete
list of her real and personal property, or in-
come from business (if over \$2,000), swear-
ing to its truth before one of the assessors.
Of course, if she has no such property or
income, she will on application be assessed
for a poll tax alone, which is \$1.78.

A poll tax is not an essential to the right
to vote. A woman assessed for and paying a
tax bill on real or personal property or in-
come is (if otherwise qualified) entitled to
vote without being assessed for, or paying a
poll tax.

II. PAYMENT OF TAX BILL.

Tax-bills for 1879 will be ready some
time between September 1 and October 1,
the Collector usually delivers them at the
residence of the tax payer. Upon its re-
ceipt she must go to the Collector, Mr.
Edward Simonds, whose office is in Bank
Block, next room to the office of the As-
sessor, and pay the bill.

III. REGISTRATION.

After paying her tax bill, there is nothing
further to be done until next Spring. The
Selectmen will make provisions for registra-
tion in time for the Spring election, due no-
tice of which will be given. When such
notice is given she will appear again before
the Selectmen, exhibit her tax bill, sign her
name, and read a few lines from the Con-
stitution. She will also be asked the street
in which she resides. The registration will
close on the Saturday previous to the an-
nual Town Meeting.

A woman who has paid an 1878 tax bill
(whether for real or personal property or
income, by herself or her parent or guar-
dian) need not take steps I. and II., but
can apply for registration in the manner
described in III., presenting her receipted
tax bill for 1878.

It is the intention of the Selectmen to
hold the Town Meeting for the choice of
School Committee on a different day from
the regular annual meeting, and to make
an independent registry of women and pro-
vide a separate ballot box for their con-
venience. Every facility will be afforded for
the exercise by the women of their newly
acquired right, and they will find the utmost
courtesy shown them by the Selectmen, and
all questions will be promptly and cheer-
fully answered.

AMERICAN PUNCH.—The August number
of *Punch* is received. One of its pictures
represents Bro. Jonathan sitting in a chair
which covers America, one of his feet rest-
ing on the Isthmus of Panama. In the dis-
tance is Europe, and on the shore a group of
laborers. Jonathan sits with legs crossed,
one hand in his pocket, and the other wield-
ing a fan, and coolly remarks:—"Wal, gen-
tlemen, I've no objection to your buildin'
a canal across that strip o' land, deawen along
my foot there; but it must be done under
my protection,—not otherwise." The num-
ber also contains a very suggestive bibulous
cartoon. The size of the David Davis pic-
ture, the portrait of the editor is intro-
duced very neatly. *Punch* improves as the
temperatures rises.

Mr. Henry W. Johnson, of this town,
a graduate of Harvard, Class of '79, has been
appointed Principal of Phillips Academy,
Danville, Vt. There were fourteen applica-
tions for the position, and it is quite credita-
ble to Mr. Johnson that he carried off the
prize. We congratulate the trustees on their
acquisition of a teacher with Mr. Johnson's
scholarly qualities, and we have no hesita-
tion in predicting his success.

Wednesday night eighteen horse
carts passed through Woburn on their way
from Franconia, N. H., where they had
been employed on the new railroad. The
horses were watered at the Common, and
were very thirsty, having found no water
this side of Lowell.

Row.—On Saturday a mariner by the
name of Smith, somewhat intoxicated vis-
ited Peter Kenney's saloon, and raising a
row was pretty roughly handled by the pro-
prietor and his son. Smith declined to
make a complaint, and soon afterwards left
town.

Gen. Butler has commenced his
campaign for the governorship. Ex-U. S.
Marshal Usher will be in command of the
General's forces, which include this year,
Ex-Collector Simmons and Ex-State Librarian
Oliver Warner.

\$64,000.—Lawrence has a defaulting
cashier who has owned up to an embezzle-
ment of \$64,000 of the bonds of the Law-
rence National Bank. His name is Prescott
G. Pillsbury, and he lost in stock specula-
tions.

A NEW PASTORATE.—Rev. W. S. Barnes,
has accepted a call to supply a church in
Montreal, for six months, and will enter
upon his new pastorate on the first of
September.

A FAST COMPOSITOR.—Croft, the young
man who won the seventy-five hour race at
Music Hall last week, is a printer—evidently
a fast one.

Alonso C. Seaver, formerly of Woburn,
has gone to Australia in the employ of
an exhibitor.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The following is a list of the periodicals
now to be found on the tables of the Li-
brary Reading room. It will be seen that
the range of reading matter is very wide,
which should, aside from the book depart-
ment, attract to itself a large circle of vis-
itors. Most of the Magazine literature of
the day is of excellent quality and perma-
nent value. The various denominational
reviews give an opportunity to study the
leading ideas set forth by each. It is com-
mendably true, however, that all of these
are broader than the particular party they
represent. Harper's Magazine, Scribner's
Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, Appleton's
Monthly, St. Nicholas, Blackwood Maga-
zine, Princeton Review, Popular Science
Monthly, North American Review, Satur-
day Magazine, Littell's Living Age, The
Nation, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Weekly,
Bibliotheca Sacra, Baptist Review, Unitar-
ian Review, Methodist Review, Church Re-
view, Catholic World, Woman's Journal,
Dwight's Journal of Music, American His-
torical Magazine, Historical and Genealogi-
cal Register, Journal of Science and Arts,
American Architect, London Lancet, Librar-
y Journal, Publisher's Weekly, Edinburgh
Review.

Among the more important of the new
books posted on the bulletin stand are, in
novels, three or four by Henry Greville
(Madam Durand); Detmold, by W. H.
Bishop, worth careful reading; Sir Gibbie,
by G. Macdonald; At a High Price, by E.
Wemer; Cousins, by L. B. Walford, one of
the best of modern writers of fiction;
Delicia, by I. M. Butt; and others by Mrs.
Oliphant, Mrs. Holmes, J. McCarthy, etc.
In travels, are President Bartlett's "Egypt
to Palestine," a scholarly and comprehen-
sive view of the old biblical land; Lady
Blunt's "Bedouins of the Ephraïm," an
interesting account of that region; "Sum-
ner jaunt through the old world," an ac-
count of the trip of the Tourjee party last
year, by Luther L. Holden, a Woburn boy
who should have many readers. In biog-
raphy are several volumes of the new series
edited by John Morly under the general
title "Englishmen of letters," also exceed-
ingly interesting letters of Madam Bonaparte,
recently deceased; and the new sketch
of Julius Caesar by J. A. Froude,
which is thought by some to be more eulo-
gistic than the subject will properly bear,
but one cannot rise from its perusal without
feeling more than ever the truth of Shakes-
peare's lines, that he was "The noblest man
that ever lived in the tide of times." Bis-
marck in the French and German war, a
brusque account of the great Chancellor's
career in those stirring times, and "Record
of a Girl hood," being a charming auto-
biography of the early days of that eminent
actress and reader, Mrs. Kemble. In his-
tory have been added Gen. Richard Taylor's
"Destruction and Reconstruction"; "An-
nals of the Civil War," by several hands
north and south; "The King's Secret," a
revelation of the times of Louis XV., and
the local histories of Quincy and Sutton,
Mass. The "Genealogies and Estates of
Charlestown," by T. B. Wyman is an un-
usually valuable addition, to the knowledge
of the lands and families of the mother of
Woburn. The library is also constantly
recruited with the government publications,
among which have just been received the
"Congressional Record," of the 44th and
45th Congress, in two volumes.

C.

ACCIDENTS.—Walter Russell, employed at
Dow's, dropped a chisel on his great toe,
cutting off the chord. The chord was
brought together and joined, and it is hoped
that he will recover the use of that member.
A man named Davis, driver for R. Pick-
ering & Co., received a severe cut in the arm
on Monday. He was pulling ice on the runs
at the ice house, when his hook slipped and
he fell back, striking his arm against a
chisel which was lying on a tier of ice near
by.

Wednesday, Jacob Brown took his car-
riage to Pollard & Parker's shop, and after
leaving it, put his little son Winnie on the
back of the horse for a ride home. On
entering Main street, the horse commenced
to run, and the lad slipped from his seat but
clung to the harness, until opposite Park
street, where he lost his hold and fell to the
ground, striking on his head. He was taken
into Dodge's drug store, where his wounds
were dressed, and then to his home.

Friday morning Patrick Noon, residing in
Cummingsville, in attempting to get over a
stone wall, fell and sprained his left ankle
badly.

POLICE COURT.—John H. Whalen, drunk
83 and costs. Mary Maguire, drunk, sen-
tenced to the Reformatory Prison at Sher-
born for 6 months. Henry Johnson, mal-
icious mischief, \$5 and costs. Daniel Fa-
hey, drunk, \$5 and costs. James Kelly,
drunk, fined \$5 and costs, committed for
non-payment.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS.—Last Sunday
evening there was an open air meeting at
the band stand on the Common, by the
Young Men's Christian Association. Messrs.
Nute, Andrews, Palmer, Gleason, Dodge,
and Symonds took part. There will be
another meeting at the same place, Sunday
evening.

**WOBURN IN THE AUSTRALIA INDUSTRIAL
EXHIBITION.**—At the exhibition which opens
in Sydney, Australia, on the first of Septem-
ber, John Cummings & Co., will exhibit
leather, and Dr. Ephraim Cutter invalid
chairs.

GRAND ARMY.—Post 33 is making prepara-
tions for a picnic at Downer's Landing, in
connection with Posts 75 and 148. There
will be a special meeting of Post 33 next
Thursday evening.

SNAKES.—Ernest C. Bartlett killed two
black water snakes near Horn Pond, on
Thursday. The larger one was four feet in
length.

C. A. Smith & Son are advertising
bleached cotton sheets for less than the price
of the cotton.

RETURNED.—Denis Welsh, who was
reported missing last week, has returned
home.

Luther B. Wyman, of Brooklyn,
N. Y., died on Monday, of paralysis, aged
74. He was a member and officer of the
New England Society, and a devotee to the
music of oratorio and the church. He was
a native of Woburn, Mass. When twenty
years old Mr. Wyman became a Boston
clerk, and was known as a solo singer in
the Handel and Haydn Society. From
Boston he went to Troy, where he married
a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Warren. In a
short time he came to New York and was
one of the organizers of the Sacred Music
Society, whose concerts became famous in
the days of the old Chatham-street Chapel.
In 1847 he became a widower, and in 1849
married Miss Frances N. Hale, of Brooklyn.
He removed his residence from New York
to Brooklyn in 1850, where he successfully
organized and became President of the
Brooklyn Sacred Music and the Philhar-
monic societies. Mr. Wyman was also the
principal organizer of the Brooklyn Acad-
emy of Music. He was conspicuous during
the civil war as a raiser of volunteers, as a
getter-up of patriotic concerts, as a friend
to sanitary fairs and as a founder of the
Mercantile Library, the Brooklyn Club and
the Prospect Park, where he was once a
commissioner.

HARD LUCK.—Monday afternoon, Mrs.
John Curley of Rag Rock Avenue, made
her appearance on Main street, bareheaded,
her face streaked with blood, a bad gash
near her left temple, and bruises all over
her face. She carried a coarse towel in one
hand with which she occasionally rubbed
her face. She told the boys who gathered
around, that her husband had beaten her, but
to others she said it was a family trouble
and nobody's business. The object of her
journey to town was to warn the liquor sel-
lers not to furnish her husband with any
more liquors. Inquiry in the neighborhood
of the Curleys homestead brought out the
statement that John spent Sunday in getting
in some grain, and commencing a spree.
That he and his wife quarrelled, and while
she was chasing him away from the premises
she fell and received the bruises mentioned
above. The Curleys are noted for their
quarrels. John broke his wife's nose in one
of their fights, and on another occasion
broke one of her legs. The police visited
them Monday night, but no arrests were
made.

NANTASKET.—All who are suffering from
the excessive heat in town, should take one
of the pleasant rides afforded by the boats
of the Hingham Steamboat Co. Thursday
a party of ladies and gentlemen from town
took passage on the new steamer Nantasket,
leaving Boston at 9 A. M., and though at
that time the heat here was oppressive, they
enjoyed a delightful cool breeze on the way
down, and after arriving there were out
in the middle of the day some four or five
hours, without feeling any inconvenience
from the heat. Of the many seaside resorts
none has superior attractions to those of
Nantasket, and the general approval of all
who visit the place accounts for the large
increase of patrons there this year compared
with former years. A day passed on one of
these excursions affords rest to both body
and mind, and those who improve it will
have no cause to regret it.

COLBY ACADEMY.—We have received the
catalogue of this institution, formerly the
New London Literary and Scientific Insti-
tution at New London, N. H. It contains the
first annual catalogue of the school as Colby
Academy, and a quarter centennial cat-
alogue of the Teachers and Alumni of the
institution under its former name, with a
sketch of the celebration, June 27, 1878,
and the historical address by Rev. G. W.
Gardner, D. D., the first Principal of the
institution. The record of the school shows
a large and increasing number of students,
and judging from the regulations, we should
suppose it to be a model school, one where
parents could safely send their children with
the confidence that every attention would be
bestowed to fit them for lives of the greatest
usefulness in the world, and to be an honor
to the institution from which they graduated.

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.—Henry Johnson
and Herbert Logan, the former a driver for
the Stoneham baker, and the latter a visitor
from Chelsea, amused themselves by break-
ing windows in an unoccupied house at But-
ton End. The Logan boy had a pistol, which
both used upon the house, and supplemented
their work by a volley of stones. A warrant
was procured for their arrest, and Johnson
paid \$5 and costs. Logan came up under
the "Juvenile offender Act," and was before
the court on Thursday.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Charles H. Taylor's shop,
on Conn street, caught fire from the chim-
ney, Tuesday evening, and a small hole was
burned in the roof. The Fire Department
rallied promptly, but the fire was put out be-
fore their arrival. The loss is only a few dollars,
covered by insurance at G. H. Conn's
Agency.

A drunken man was about the streets
during nearly all of Tuesday afternoon,
making a nuisance of himself generally, and
no one interfered.

VETERINARY.—Dr. Viles advertises as a
veterinary surgeon. He is recommended by
those who have had his services.

Who is this "Thomas T. Talbot"
whose nomination is dreaded by the A. D.
V.?

East Woburn.

HEN THIEVES.—Some thieves broke into
Ezra Thacker's hen house Tuesday evening,
and stole thirty hens and chickens. The
thieves entered by a back window, and got
away with the spoil without being discovered.
The time is at hand when chickens should
roost high.

My advice to the slim young man is:
Work enough to give a healthy appetite.
If he cannot eat when dinner or supper
comes, don't eat. And do not eat or drink
anything except what agrees with him.
Take no nostrums to put a false fat or bloated
on. Simply let nature finish up the job.
If he feels well, no matter how he looks,
whether he is as thin as a rail or big enough
to weigh a ton. Remember this, young
man: It is well to let well enough alone.

LYNN TYPOS TENTH TRIP.

[We acknowledge the courtesy of our
Lynn brethren in sending an invitation to go
on their excursion. We "couldn't get
away," but a correspondent has given a very
good account of the trip.—Ed.]

Saturday morning last at Lamper's wharf,
Lynn, a party of seventy were on hand at 6
o'clock, the time fixed for the Typos and in-
vited guests to congregate for a marine ex-
cursion in the steam yacht Minnehaha. After
a patient wait of over half an hour, the
yacht hove in sight and at 7.30 the Typos
were steaming away for the fishing grounds.
This was the tenth annual excursion of the
editor and printers and was arranged on the
bancet plan by Messrs. Hastings, Courtis,
Nichols, McFarlane, and Harrington. Among
the invited guests we noticed Mayor San-
derson, City Marshal Stone, City Auditor
Hill, Councilman Hickford, Capt. Daniel
Walker, Supt. of the Water Board; David
E. Taylor, Treasurer of the Lynn Fish
Commission; Geo. M. Amerige, of the Bos-
ton Board of Marine Underwriters; Jas. O.
Gorman, of the Sagamore House; Charles
Howard, Esq., of Peabody; Edwin Patch,
Chas. H. Aborn, Augustus Wendall, Lord
Harris, Smith of the Boston Globe, and
West of the Boston Advertiser. On reach-
ing the fishing grounds, 60 lines were thrown
over, but the product was light. F. W.
Amerige, of Cliftondale, extracted from the
briny deep, fish No. 1, and was presented
with \$3. New fishing places were tried,
with no better success. Frankie Aborn re-
ceived \$2 for largest fish, and Josiah Kim-
ball \$1.50 for smallest. A sail among the
islands was agreeable, although the atmos-
phere was moist. Before noon Long Island
was reached and the party landed and pro-
ceeded to arrange a base ball game. Coun-
cilman Hickford called time, and Roger's
nine grasped the stick and retired before
they saw home. The Nichols' nine then put
in seven runs. The following is the score
by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	B.	E.	A.	E.
Nichols'	7	3	2	7	19									
Rogers'	0	3	1	2	1	7								

	R.	B.	E.	A.	E.
M. Herbert Nichols, c.	3	1	11	2	2
George H. Nichols, ss.	2	3	1	1	2
Thomas P. Nichols, 1b.	2	1	0	0	0
Frederick H. Nichols, 2b.	2	1	0	0	2
Frederick S. Nichols, 3b.	2	1	0	0	1
Willie A. Nichols, 3b.	0	0	0	2	1
Frank H. Nichols, 2b.	3	2	1	0	1
E. Foreman (Nichols), p.	3	1	0	8	4
John H. Nichols, r.f.	3	1	0	0	0
	19	9	15	13	13

The opposing nine were made up of Rogers,
Brown, Roberts, Gorman, manager of the
late Live Oaks, Goodridge, Sawyer,
Edgerly, Baker, White, and Tyler, but the
frequent changes of positions prevented an
accurate fielding score. Many of the errors
were attributable to the slippery condition
of the sphere. Other out door sports were
intended, but the humidity caused a post-
ponement, and Pool Billiards and Ten Pins
were resorted to. Between 3 and 4, chowder
was in readiness, Tom Nichols having
baited the "silver hooks" thereby securing a
sufficiency of cod, and the Typos set to work
and satisfied their appetites, with a dessert
of Watermelon. Hot coffee and lemonade
were served all day. In the afternoon the
fog settled down so thick that it was thought
best to return by way of East Boston thence
to Lynn by the Narrow Gauge, arriving
there at 6 o'clock. While the party were
at Long Island, the body of a Portuguese, a
victim of the late tornado was washed ashore.
"SCATS."

Gordon M. Fiske, editor of the
Palmer Journal, and visiting agent for the
old State Board of Charities, one of the best
known men in Western Massachusetts, died
at his home on Friday, aged 55. Mr.
Fiske had a stroke of paralysis about three
months ago, since which time he has been
gradually failing. Mr. Fiske was a native of
Ludlow, and went to Palmer thirty years
ago and established the *Journal*. He was a
trustee of the Savings bank from its organi-
zation, and was always prominent in local
politics and affairs. He was twice elected
to the State Senate; he was for many years one
of the inspectors of the Monson State Pri-
mary School; for about thirteen years he had
been Visiting Agent for the State Board of
Charities, in which capacity he has yearly
travelled from 15,000 to 20,000 miles attend-
ing to the needs of the wards of the State
scattered throughout New England and other
States. He was a man highly esteemed by
all who knew him and was well versed upon
all topics relating to the history of his town
and neighborhood. A wife and one son,
Charles B., who continues the publication
of the *Journal*, survive him.

Three young men went bathing near
Oswego, New York, the other night. When
they had rubbed themselves down and were
ready to dress, one of them missed his shirt.
It was a most mysterious affair. No one
had been seen on the shore, and nothing
else was missing. While they were search-
ing for the shirt a sober old cow was quietly
chewing her cud. All at once she began to
cough violently, and the young men caught
a glimpse of the arm of the lost shirt danc-
ing from her mouth. One cuff button was
saved.

Forty-three new corporations were
organized in this State between January 1
and July 15, this year, with a total capital
of \$3,395,000. During the same time last
year there was an equal number of corpo-
rations organized, with a capital of \$5,430,
100. The revival in business therefore has
not thus far, in this State, taken the form of
investments in new joint stock corporations.

If every one would decline to

is immediately telegraphed across the country. Kearney is nobody and I might add, he never will be anybody. It is a peculiarity of California people to stand just so much before they arise in their might and crush an evil. Kearney weekly gathers his band of admirers on the "sand lots," and pow wows to them, talks blood, and sniffs danger quicker than any of his hearers, and lately has been conspicuous by his absence in case of trouble. In short, Kearney is a coward. San Francisco people do not fear him, and as in times gone by, the president leaves his bank, and shoulder to shoulder they march forth to defend the right and stamp out mob rule. They demand no troops. They do it themselves and see that it is well done. Don't let New England people think California will allow Kearney to be a growing evil. The evil he has caused already left, that you listen to what he says and refuse to come to us, to settle with us, and be of us, for fear such sentiments express the feelings of more than the mob. You believe the future of a country is fraught with danger which will allow such unbridled license in speech; and you are right. California should and will put her foot on this reptile and that at the polls in September next. A word now of our State at large, for this may catch the eye of someone who may be thinking of going there to settle. We want you. We want the steady-going native New England families; they give us tone. But—a word of caution. California is overstocked with first class brain unbacked with capital. Thousands are idle. Men go there forgetting that our business must, at best, be limited. Our cities are overcrowded, but our country is large, and anyone having moderate means can buy a small ranch, stock it and do well. We hardly ever hear of an unsuccessful farmer, they begin small and grow, and there lies the future of our goodly State. I look not to its mines, but to its broad fields. There is California's true wealth. You have your choice—its beautiful valleys, its noble hillsides; you can choose between the coast and the warmer inland climate, each and all offer their own advantages. To you who intend visiting our State for pleasure, don't get it all in the well beaten tracks. Go to the wild northern coast, travel the almost trackless forests, look at the wild rock bound coast, watch the grand old ocean break on those rocks as it breaks no where else in the world. As my pen thus glides along and I touch on forbidden ground, my mind wanders back to days and weeks spent amidst the grand old canons in the northern counties of the State, and I realize how little can be said. It seems as though to write of them were to commit sacrilege. The touch of human hand spoils the picture. It is there, no one can take it away, no one paint or describe it, words strip it of its grandeur.

"I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fished my sea born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

Chew Jackson's best sweet nary tobacco.

WHERE THE SPIDERS GO.—A black hornet was observed one day a few weeks ago flying in a sitting room in this city, and the occupant of the room noticed that the insect deposited a small piece of mud on the wire supporting a picture frame. It was not disturbed, and it repeated the operation five or six times a day until it had built a cell about one inch long with a cylindrical cavity three-eighths of an inch in diameter, in which an egg was laid and the end then closed. This process was repeated until six cells had been completed in like manner, when the hornet laid aside its trowel and betook itself to other fields of labor. Yesterday the nest was removed and was found to contain larvae in various stages of development, from the full grown chrysalis in the cocoon to the young larva just hatched. There were three larvae partly changed to the chrysalis form, and in these cells were the remains of several spiders. In the cell, and placed above the youngest larva, were fourteen spiders, some of them quite large, and the larva appeared large enough to have eaten half a dozen. This is a very interesting instance of instinct, and is it not superior to the reason of some animals? The nest was placed under a glass and further developments are awaited.—*Lawrence American.*

WITHOUT EYES.—The youngest child of Mr. Stinford of Dover South Mills, Me. now eight years old, is a great natural curiosity, having been born without eyes. He has eye-brows and eye-lids, but there is nothing which indicates the presence of eye-balls, and doctors say that he has nothing whatever in the nature of an eye organism. There are slight openings between the lids, but they are apparently not more than a quarter as long as they would be for the natural eyes. The little fellow is perfect in every other respect and is an unusually bright boy. He has never been heard to utter a word of complaint at his condition, and he invariably rebukes his friends if they give expressions to any pitying words. That he appreciates, however, the misfortune that afflicts him is shown by this fact: His little neck had a cataract upon her eye, and he had heard her expressed lest it should destroy her sight. It was not long after this that his mother heard his voice in an adjoining room, and going quietly to the door she was surprised to hear him praying to God that the little baby might not become blind.

Even the peanut trade has its romance, it seems. A wholesale fruit dealer in Hartford found in a bag of peanuts the other day one with a tag tied to it, which was fastened together by a thread. On the tag was written:

"Open the nut and take out the slip of paper; give it to the prettiest girl in your place and request her to do as the note says. The writer is a man of means and connected with a large establishment in Norfolk, Va."

The nut was then opened, and upon a small slip of paper, in fine writing, was the following:

"Whoever finds this nut give it to a pretty girl and request her to write to P. O. Box 129, Norfolk, Va., for mutual benefit. Am a young business man." There is no telling but something interesting will grow out of this peanut, though it is truly an unromantic product in general.

A JOKE THAT WAS CARRIED FAR ENOUGH.—Marketmen are bound to have their joke whenever possible, and their friends are always regarded as fair game. Wednesday, however, was rather a warm day for the trick that was played on a good-natured customer who visited one of the markets with a wheelbarrow to make purchases for a large household. While he was loading up the vehicle with sundry joints of meat, baskets of vegetables, boxes of fruit and scraps of dog meat, some of the sly ones who happened to be disengaged secured the wheel in such a manner that it was certain not to revolve, the rope used being very cleverly adjusted so as not to be readily perceived. When the purchases had been made and the customer started homeward, his departure was witnessed by quite an assemblage of the marketmen, whose smiles spread to the faces of others as it was seen by all in the vicinity that the perspiring fellow was propelling a wheelbarrow which did not wheel. After he had got around a corner his attention was called to the rope by a philanthropist who thought the joke had been pushed far enough. As he untied the wheel his face showed that he appreciated the humor of the situation, and there was a laugh in his voice as he remarked: "Well, I thought the darned thing needed oiling or something!"

It was the job room. The foreman had just put into type an elaborate "job," and was stepping back to take a squint at the "justification." A little in his rear was an open elevator-way. The office-boy, fresh from school, took in the situation with the wonderful but acknowledged intuition of the newly-graduated scholar. He had heard of Michael Angelo in the great dome of St. Peter's stepping back, back, all unconscious of his wrapt admiration of his beautiful creation that in another instant he would be over the staging's verge, to be dashed to pieces on the marble floor below. He remembered that at this juncture an assistant flung a paint brush stepped in paint full drive at the master's fresco, destroying its beauty at one fell stroke. He thought how the great man rushed to save his darling painting, thus preserving his own life. Quick as thought the office boy seized a mallet and threw it at the laborious "job," knocking it into pi. But, alas! how different are great minds affected by circumstances so nearly the same. The foreman didn't rush at the upset type, crying, "my poor job!" No he turned right around and—discharged the boy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Monroe D. Conway, in a recent letter, attacks the ruling classes of England for their hostility to the French republic as marked by their obtrusive mourning for young Louis Napoleon. To Mr. Conway the so-called prince is simply a dead youth who in trying to kill Zulus got killed. Multiply that dead youth and his mourning mother by a million or so, says Mr. Conway, and you have what the Napoleons have done for other youths and their mothers. Multiply it by another million or so, and you will have what this youth, had he lived, must have tried to do for the sons and mothers of France. The royal princes affected an unreal grief, for they went from the funeral to the Comedie Francaise in the evening. The ruling titled classes of England instinctively hate a republic where once obscure men like Greys, Gambetta, Hayes or Grant can rise to civil war, not that they loved the South, but rather because they hoped to see the end of the great western republic.

A GOOD LEGISLATURE.—As a rule, State Legislatures are in such opprobrium with the people, that they hardly look for much good to come from these bodies. However, the Legislature of Massachusetts has proved itself exceptionally worthy of applause. During the session a saving has been effected to the State of \$266,316. This was done by cutting down salaries all round. A reduction of \$51,000 was made in the Legislative Department alone. Several offices were abolished, and a new start taken in the management of public charities and prisons. In addition to this, a resolution was adopted recommending an amendment to the Constitution for biennial sessions, and the State tax reduced from \$1,000,000 to \$600,000. No other Legislature in the country has done so well as that.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Emperor William is described as doing a very kindly thing during his stay at Enns. A large party of school-boys, headed by their master, arrived at Enns to spend a holiday. After exploring the town and drinking the waters they came trooping along the covered colonnade of the Restaurant Gardens. The Emperor, walking quietly along in the opposite direction, accosted the foremost boy, saying: "What brought you here, my lads?" "We came to spend a holiday and to see the Emperor," promptly replied their spokesman. "To see the Emperor? Then have a good look at him!" rejoined the monarch, turning himself round back and front. "I am the Emperor!" and forthwith he took the delighted boys to a book-stall close by and presented each one of them with a photograph of himself.

A little old lady, who rides quite regularly on the Columbus avenue cars, in Boston, creates no end of amusement for those who happen to be her fellow passengers. She gloves and ungloves her hands with nervous energy; she ties and unties her bonnet strings as though none of the knots which she had made suited her; she rummages in her grip-sack for articles which she never produces, and then, when she leaves the car, she bows politely to those who have been watching her movements, completing her eccentric conduct by shaking hands with the conductor.

Irish bids fair to be put upon the list with the "dead" languages. In a paper recently read before the London Statistical Society, it was stated that in 1871 the area in which Irish was spoken had decreased from 10,000 square miles in 1851 to 6,000, while the number of people speaking it had decreased during the same 20 years from 1,500,000 to 600,000, of whom less than 400,000 spoke Irish only. It is also said that throughout Ireland there are now probably not 5,000 persons who can read an Irish book, and not a single Irish paper is being published in the country.

COURTESY EXEMPLIFIED.—While at Providence, R. I., says a writer in the Springfield Republican, I met Mrs. Mary A. Livermore at the house of a friend. At the conversation fell upon the subject of politeness. The hostess told of a friend of hers, a little antique in her manners, for whom a reception was given by one of the Beacon street aristocrats, Boston. At dinner the guest poured out her tea in her saucer to cool it—a method of refrigeration which was quite *au fait* thirty years ago. The guests looked surprised, and some were inclined to smile at her simplicity and ignorance of high-toned propriety, but the lady of the house poured some tea into her saucer and drank it therefrom. This was considered a hint to all, and the guest was immediately placed at her ease. Mrs. Livermore said: "I was once the recipient of a very marked politeness of a similar sort. When I was in London my husband and I received a verbal invitation from Lady Vilas, whom I had met once or twice pleasantly, to come to her house the next evening and meet a few friends of hers. We accepted and went. But I was deceived by the informality of the invitation, and supposed it was merely to meet half a dozen neighbors or intimate friends. So we went out riding in the afternoon, stopping there on our way back to the hotel. Judge of my amazement to find the house illuminated and a very large and brilliant party assembled in my honor. There I was in a plain carriage-dress, bonnet, black gloves!" "What in the world did you do?" inquired a young girl. "Why, I went right into the house and to the ladies' dressing room, whence I sent a note to the hostess saying that I had misapprehended her invitation and was not in appropriate costume. She ran up and re-assured me by telling me they had come to see me and didn't care for the dress, and carried me right down with her. All in full dress and the ladies without hats, and hair elaborately dressed; I with brown dress, bare hands, bonnet on. I soon recovered the self-possession which the faux pas somewhat disturbed, and was greeted with splendid cordiality. In a few minutes Mr. Livermore edged around behind me and whispered, 'Didn't you think, Mary, that all these ladies had on white kids when you came in?' I looked around and they were all bare-headed! Moreover, I observed that half-a-dozen rapidly increased till we were in a majority; and I soon discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat. Now, that is what I call politeness!"

He was a good man. His voice was ever heard for the right, and his last breath was blown down the barrel of a shot gun to see if it was loaded. It was.

Married.
In Woburn, July 30, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, Capt. George W. Woodberry, and Miss Catherine F. Woodberry, both of Woburn.

FOR HOME USE.
"SHERBET" has become so popular a drink as drawn from the fountain at DODGE'S DRUG STORE, that we now put it up in bottles for home use. Will keep indefinitely. Refreshing. Healthful. Economical. Sold only by
Geo. S. Dodge, Pharmacist,
165 Main Street, Woburn. 121

Died.
Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, August 1, Susan R., wife of Oliver Green, aged 55 years, 3 months.
Funeral at the house, Sunday, August 3, at 1:30 P. M. Relatives and friends invited.
In Woburn, July 30, Michael, son of Patrick and Della Jordan, aged 2 days.
In Woburn, July 31, Susan Gallagher, aged 53 yrs.
In East Woburn, July 31, Mary A., daughter of James and Katie O'Brien, aged 10 months and 10 days.
In Winchester, July 25, Emma F., daughter of K. W. and Eliza A. Baker, aged 29 years, 11 months and 17 days.
In Woburn, July 27, Mary E., daughter of Morris and Ellen Carroll, aged 3 months and 13 days.
In Woburn, July 29, William L., son of James A. and Mary Getchell, aged 1 year, 9 months and 16 days.
In Woburn, July 29, Francis, son of George and Mary A. Reynolds, aged 16 days.

Special Notices.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON
Makes to order, all kinds of
CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.

MAKES LASTS
For Troublesome Joints.
Ankle Supporting Boots
For Children with Weak Ankles.

25 Bromfield Street, ROOM 2, BOSTON.
For Sale and To Let.

FOR SALE. Choice Cabbage Plants. A. A. CLEMENT, Central Square, Woburn. 119

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A large double house, in Woburn Center, corner of Main and Church streets, in each part, a garden, with fruit and shade trees. Horse cars pass the door several times daily. The location is good, and the neighborhood one of the best in town. The estate will be sold on favorable terms, and any one in want of a first-class residence will do well to examine this. For particulars inquire on the premises of MRS. MARY A. YOUNG. 71

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET. 21 Main Street. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY. 69

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent. 68

By WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer,
Pleasant Street, Woburn, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale.
To Patrick Ferren, the supposed owner of the equity of redemption, and to all persons interested therein, in virtue of a certain deed of mortgage and assignment contained in a certain deed of mortgage, given by Patrick Ferren to Owen McMahon, dated February 20, D. 1876, and recorded with Middlesex (No. Dist.) Deeds, Lib. 1341, Fol. 596, for breach of conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, the eleventh day of August, A. D. 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon: a certain lot of land with all the buildings thereon situated on Hovey St., in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a stake, three rods southwesterly by said Hovey St., the line runs northwesterly by said Hovey St., land, thirty-nine feet; thence southwesterly by land formerly of James Connelly and others, fifty-one feet, to a stake; thence southeasterly by said Connelly's land, twenty-five feet, to said street; thence easterly by said street, fifty-seven feet, to the point of beginning. Default has been made in the payment of the principal sum and of the interest mentioned in said mortgage. Said sale is to be made in accordance with the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and the requirements of Chapter 216 of the Statutes of 1877.

Force made known at time and place of sale.
OWEN MCMAHON.
C. F. Donnelly, Atty., 39 Court St., Boston. 123

THE DEMAND FOR OUR 50 CT. TEAS IS INCREASING EVERY DAY.

WHY?
Because they are the BEST in Town at that Price.

H. F. SMITH, Opposite Common.

BLEACHED COTTON SHEETS

At LESS than the
PRICE OF THE COTTON.

We offer as an especial bargain FULL SIZED SHEETS,

(2½ x 2½) at \$1.30 A PAIR.

5½ yards We consider this a
25c
As the Cotton would cost: \$1.37½

Remarkable Bargain.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,
177 JULY STREET, WOBURN.

G. R. GAGE & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

171 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

COAL

From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. MCDONALD.

80

NOTICE!

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock of groceries of Mr. J. W. Gardner, and has added to the same a

LARGE STOCK

CHOICE GOODS,

and invites the attention of all

Cash Buyers

to a careful inspection of the same.

Our store here will be under the charge of Mr. F. A. KINGSBURY, who has been in our employ for a long time, and we have secured the services of Mr. A. ELLIS, who would be pleased to see all his old customers, and the Public generally at his old stand.

OUR C. O. D.

Price List

will appear from time to time. We shall keep the best goods in the market, and offer them at the lowest prices for

CASH!

Respectfully,
GEO. H. BIDDLE.

UPRIGHT PIANO

FOR SALE.

A new Upright Piano, 7½ oct., made by the Emerson Piano Co., will be sold very cheap for cash. Apply to
S. ELLIOTT, Winchester, Mass.

DR. JESSE A. VILES,

Veterinary Surgeon,

25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.

Orders by mail or telegram will receive prompt attention. Refers to well-known horsemen in Lowell. Also to A. Eaton & Co., North Woburn.

BILLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at wholesale.

For Sale or To Let.

HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,

13-4 ACRES OF LAND,

BEACH STREET, very pleasantly located.

Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

30 DAYS

Closing Out Sale

AT COST!

Special Bargains!

CUMMINGS'

150 Main Street, Woburn.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS.

Constantly on hand a complete stock consisting of Table Damask, Napkins, Towels, Crashes, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, Denims, Cottonades, Woolen Cloths for men and boys wear, Flannels, Cloakings, &c. Prints, Gingham, Piques, Muslins, Organdies, Cambrics and Lawns. A good stock of Dress Goods and Trimmings. Corsets, Hosiery and Gloves, Collars and Cuffs, Ties, Edgings, Handkerchiefs, Underwear and Shawls. Constantly on hand a full stock of

Clarke's "O. N. T." Spool Cotton,

which of late has been greatly improved and now is acknowledged to be unsurpassed, a trial solicited money refunded if not as represented. A large and well selected stock of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS & BAGS.

WINDOW SHADES & FIXTURES.

147 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

Boston Branch

GROCERY and TEA STORE,

131 Main St., Woburn,

TEAS! TEAS!

We have just received a large invoice of EXTRA STRONG Formosa, Oolong, and Japan Teas, and are now offering BETTER TEAS for 50c. per pound than have been sold in Woburn for from 60c. to 75c. per pound. Buying invoices of importers for CASH enables us to sell BETTER TEA at a less price than any other house in Woburn.

TRY OUR RAW SUGAR at 7 1-2 cents per pound.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

Managers.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE

Eastern Pressed Hay.

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Boston & Hingham Steam Boat Co.

NANTASKET BEACH, MELVILLE GARDEN, DOWNER LANDING, HULL AND HINGHAM.

STEAMERS
GOV. ANDREW NANTASKET, JOHN ROMER, ROSE STANDISH,

Wednesday, July 2,
Will leave Boston, from Rowe's Wharf (junction of Atlantic Avenue and Broad Street), at 10:30 A. M. For Nantasket Beach at 10:45, 9:30, 10:30 A. M. For Hingham at 9:15, A. M., 2:30 and 5:30 P. M. For Downer Landing at 9:45, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 12:15, 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, 9:30, and (Saturdays excepted) 7:45 P. M. For Hull at 5:45, 9:30, 10:30 A. M., 12:15, 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 9:30 P. M.

BOATS FOR BOSTON.
Leave Hingham at 7:30 and 10:30 A. M., 3:40 and 6:30 P. M. Leave Downer Landing at 6:55, 7:55, 10:35 A. M., 12:40, 1:40, 4:20, 6:40, and 9:30 P. M. (Tuesdays and Thursdays only) 9:30 P. M. Leave Hull at 7:20, 7:50, 10:30 A. M., 2:45, 6:40 and 9:45 P. M. Leave Nantasket Beach at 7:5, and 11:30 A. M., 12:30, 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:20, 8:30 and 9:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—Leave Boston
For Nantasket Beach at 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 A. M., 12:15, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5 and 8:30 P. M. For Hull at 10:15 A. M., 12:15, and 2:15 P. M. For Downer Landing at 10:15 A. M., 12:15, and 2:15 P. M. Leave Nantasket Beach for Boston at 11 A. M., 12 M., 1:25, 4:5, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30 P. M. Leave Hull for Boston at 11:45, 5:20 and 6 P. M. Leave Downer Landing for Boston at 11:45 A. M., and 3:45 P. M.

Fare, 25 cts. each way (Sundays included).
EXCURSION TICKETS, including admission to Melville Garden at Downer Landing, can be obtained at the Ticket Office in Boston, except on Mondays and Holidays, for 60 cents.

WITNESSES. George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to try. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 85

ESTD 1855
PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATIC
PUREST-BEST-CHEAPEST
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS
AND DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jeremiah Wilson, late of Tewksbury in said County, deceased.

Whereas, Sherman Converse the Executor of said estate, has presented for allowance the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden, by adjournment, at Cambridge, in said County, on the third Tuesday of August next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once week in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Journal Club Column

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.—It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor, just a little. Therefore, as the boat reached midstream she leaned over and tenderly said:

"Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me I know you'll jump after me and save me."

"Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but, but—"

"But what, Johnnie?"

"But if I were you I'd take off my shoes first. Just the moment they haul you out of the water every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or No. 3's, and if you are in your stockings feet they can't get the size."

The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THAT SIEVE.—The following appears in the Danbury News, and is a story of P. T. Barnum:

When P. T. Barnum, a young man, poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge Whittlesey:

"I will pay that bill when I get rich. The Judge drew down his official features and disdainfully replied:

"That will be when a sieve hold water."

In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge.

"I have fixed that sieve."

The day before a Turkish girl is married, she is taken to a bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterwards her husband breaks the whole sugar bowl over her head.

An eccentric English gentleman, a candidate for Parliament, was addressing his constituents. A man in the crowd called out: "What about the Liquor bill?" "Well," said the candidate, "mine was uncommonly high last year. How was yours?"

"Why does lightning never strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is singular that nobody has ever thought of that reason before.

"I suppose the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man, as the church bells were calling the worshippers one Sunday morning, to which a clergyman who was passing, replied:—"Yes, my friend, but the fire is not in this world."

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who lades a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth under the impression that it is ice-cream.—*Hawkeye.*

"Are you building air-castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee-cup. "No madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

The Virginia bell-punch is foreshadowed in Shakespeare—remarkable man that Shakespeare, Macbeth reminds to an attendant, "Go bid your mistress when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell."

She was an Albany lady who informed a visitor who came to see her new house that she was having "nicks made in the walls in which to place statues, and in one of them a bust of her husband."

"When a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has once married with a congenial heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

How much more bitter than worm-wood and gall it is, when you attempt to kiss that is to press your girl's head close to your own, to be jabbed in the ear by the pin that holds her hat on.

The lover who vows that he is willing to die for the object of his choice means no more than the man who borrows five dollars and agrees to "drop around to-morrow."

Two men went down the street this afternoon. One slipped and fell, and the other entered an eating-house. One got shaken bad and the other got baked shad.

They were sitting down by a bush. She asked the name of it. He put out his arm around her and she said, "O, Leander!" and he said, "That's its name."

Two small but benevolent infants in the park: "O, dear, my beetle's only got five legs." "Break another one off, Johnnie, so he won't be lame."

Grandma—"Yes, children, when I was young as you are, I used to walk in my sleep." Tommy (eagerly)—"Say, gran'ma, what time did you make?"

One man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair white. "Because," he replied "one is twenty years younger than the other."

A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note saying: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

Ambiguous: "Oh, look Louis! Fred just sent me this sweet little puppy. Wasn't he kind?" "Yes, dear, but it's just like him."

An experienced boy says that he regards hunger and his mother's slipper as about the same, as they both make him holler.

The reason why Tommy didn't seem to incline to make room for his uncle was because it was a carb-uncle.

Thompson says you may talk of your blue-glass cures; but there is nothing like the sine-cure after all.

If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she then be? She would be a he(s) then.

Continued from first page.

and wept bitterly. The dream had come to an end; and it had been so sweet a dream! He put his arms about her as if to keep her. Heaven alone knew how hard it was to let her go.

A footstep—and they were interrupted by the indignant father. His face was perfectly livid.

"Alice," he cried, hoarsely, "leave the room. I forbid you to speak to that man again. Do you hear? If you do, I will turn you from my door. Remember that. And you, sir! you—"

Mr. Cramer fairly choked with passion, and could not go on.

"I am going, sir," answered Leith. "I was but taking my farewell of your daughter; for I have no intention of defying your mandate; from my earliest childhood I was taught to render implicit obedience to parents. God bless you, my darling," he added in a whisper to Alice as he passed her. "We may not meet again, but I shall never forget you."

Robert Leith went out from the house like one walking in a dream. He never looked at the angry man who stood at the room door with his threatening arm stretched out to point the way; he saw only the face of his lost love, white with pain and wet with tears.

And St. John's Dene got a most unexpected sensation. That same day it was made known that the new organist had resigned his post in the church, and was gone. Absolutely gone. Gone altogether away, bag and baggage. No reason was assigned by him in either of the two notes he sent; one to the clergyman, the other to the principal church warden, announcing his resignation and departure. But people had not been living with their eyes quite shut, and the cause was guessed at. Where on earth were they to find another organist at a pinch? and who would play for them next Sunday?

"This comes of engaging a young man who is not a professional!" grumbled the parson quaintly. We had better have old Gray back again."

Alice Cramer could have told them all about it had she chosen. Her ruffled old father, entrenched in his pride and his selfishness and his wealth at Dene Grange, could also have told, and to better purpose. But never a word or hint came from either.

Just about this time Mrs. Bird came back; and poor Alice was seen abroad with her, as she used to be, her face sad now, but making no sign.

So Robert Karl Leith disappeared from the sight and knowledge of St. John's Dene. Other sensations arose by degrees for that stagnant place, and he arose by degrees for that stagnant place, and he was soon utterly forgotten. The new organist was a plodding man with a wife and seven children and a bald head. His style was more flourishing than Mr. Gray's; but he had not the magic touch of Robert Leith, which had turned the simplest tune into a nameless melody.

The next great sensation which, in the course of a year or two, arose for St. John's Dene was the death of the owner of Dene Grange. The Grange and all the rest of Mr. Cramer's property became his daughter's. Poor Alice was rich enough now and her own mistress; but she had never got over her life's disappointment, and her heart was sad. Mrs. Bird stayed on with her at the Grange; and at the end of a year, when the deepest of her mourning garments were put off, they went travelling.

The sunshine of a summer day lay over the German landscape. The languid tints of September had come before the August warmth had gone, and to-day the hazy earth seemed to have lost its sharp clear outlines in a vague indefiniteness. The mountains, wrapped about in their warm, purple atmosphere, were something seen in dreams, half forgotten, and yet real. The hills far away were only the ghost of hills. The river, flowing swiftly through the valley, was the one thing in all the scene that seemed full of life and action.

Alice Cramer sat upon a great rock, over which the fingers of fate had woven a carpet of greenest moss, and looked away across the purple splendor of the afternoon, and thought. She had nothing to do but think now. She was alone in the world, free to go and come as she pleased. Over the sea the grave was growing green in the churchyard nook where her father slept his last sleep.

The years that had come and gone since the man she had loved, and whom she had never forgotten—whom she never could forget—had kissed her and left her with a breaking heart, had brought some changes to her. She had grown more womanly; there were traces of the refining work of sorrow in her face. But it was a pure and beautiful face still.

In all these years she had heard but once of Robert Leith. Chancing to open a newspaper which especially noted the doings of the art world, both of music and painting, she saw his name—Karl Leith. It was how it appeared there. The paragraph stated that he had gone abroad to study. That was all. Since then he seemed, as before, to have dropped out of her world, leaving no trace behind him.

This afternoon, as Alice sat in the quiet of the summer-autumn day, she fell to thinking of him. No very unusual thing. She wondered if their paths would ever meet again. If he only knew that nothing kept them apart now, unless some cruel fate was intervening, would he come to her? In the last days of her father's life the old man's proud spirit left him; and he told Alice that if the time could come over again he might not oppose her. So there was no impediment now. And then the thought came to her, dwelling on those past things, that perhaps Robert had forgotten her. But he had told her at the last that he never would forget her, and she believed she could not. She judged him by herself, you see.

The quaint German village below her grew dim as the sun dropped out of sight behind the mountains. She fancied that the valley, full of a cool, purplish-gray mist, now that the sunset had come, was a sea; that the village, growing more and more indistinct, was being swallowed in this ideal sea; and then she laughed at herself for such fancies.

The clatter of wheels down the rocky road

caused Alice to lift her head. She saw, faintly enough in the evening light, the red jacket of the postillion, as he cracked his whip and drew-up before the door of the inn.

"Some travellers," she said, rising and wrapping her light shawl about her. "Probably English; I will go down and get a look at them. It will be quite a new sensation here, as we used to say at St. John's Dene."

It was a somewhat inaccessible spot, this little remote German village, and could be reached only by post-travelling, or on foot. Not half a dozen strangers were in the town, including Alice and Mrs. Bird.

Alice picked her way down the rocks in the twilight, and sat down in the moonlight, in the garden attached to the inn. The salon looked empty, so far as she could see it through the open windows. Mrs. Bird and the rest, she supposed, were down at the little well, not yet dignified with the name of Spa. Alice sat on, and waited for them to return. Of the recently arrived travellers she saw nothing.

Suddenly, and very quietly, somebody touched the piano. It stood against the wall in the salon, and Alice had not seen it opened since her sojourn at the place.

There was something in the music and the moonlight, taken in conjunction, that held her like a spell. She could not see the player, for the room was full of shadows, but he seemed to be playing with his whole soul.

Suddenly the strain changed. Alice's heart gave a great leap, and then stood still. That melody! Could she ever forget it? Ah, no! It was the one she had retained in her heart; the same beautiful story she had listened to years ago, that memorable night at Dene Grange when Robert Leith declared his love. "The Dream of the Moonbeams." Now there was an undertone of passionate sadness and sorrow running through it, that told of a longing pain which would not be quieted. It was as if the player would repeat to himself the story of his love, while his heart was moaning for it.

The melody died away in a wailing minor chord, and then silence reigned. Alice crept to the open glass door and peeped in. Some one sat at the piano still; who it was she could not at first see, for the salon was only lighted by the moon. Not just at the very first.

"Robert?" she said, hesitatingly, as she paused upon the threshold. And the man turned his head quickly, and then she saw. "Oh, Robert, Robert!"

He sprang up; he saw her standing there, her face white and radiant in the moonlight. An unutterable gladness sat on her face, just as though her soul shone through it.

"Alice! My Alice!" was all he said, with a low, quick cry.

And he took her into his arms; and they both broke down, almost sobbing. The moon's rays fell about them, white and pure, like the benediction of God.

Is there any need to tell more? How St. John's Dene once more got "the new" back again, to its own intense astonishment. But he was a man of consequence now, rich and influential, and gave them beautiful parties at the Grange, and very often took the organ for them on Sundays, delighting the old church with his wonderful touch.

But his wife declares that, but for his playing that particular piece that evening at the inn in Germany, they might never have met again, for he was intending to depart on the following morning. And often on a moonlit night she stands by him, her head on his shoulder, while he softly plays "The Dream of the Moonbeams."—*From the Argosy.*

The watch found by the body of the late Prince Imperial had doubtless been left by the Zulus under the supposition that it was a charm, which, if taken, would render the holder liable to the ill-luck of the previous wearer. It was an ordinary time-piece, and was purchased by Napoleon I. when he was a lieutenant of artillery. He wore it as First Consul, as Emperor, and until his last sickness at St. Helena. Napoleon III. became its owner, and wore it during his attempts at revolution at Strasbourg and Boulogne. From the time he became President to the hour of his death at Chiselhurst, he never separated himself from it. The Emperor subsequently gave it to her son, who wore it constantly. It often needed repairs, even during the time of its first wearer. He looked at it one day while talking with Marshal Berthier, and found that it had stopped. Berthier asked why he did not procure a better one. "What can you expect of a watch?" said Napoleon. "We shall have to stop one day ourselves." The locket worn by the Prince had been brought from Egypt by the first Napoleon, who also wore the sword taken by the Zulus. The gold chain had belonged to Napoleon III.

There are two springs of unfailing pure water in Everett. One is known as the Sargent spring, and is situated about 700 feet from the postoffice, the water from which is brought to Everett square by the town supplying trough and is used by individuals for drinking purposes, giving a daily flow of about 20,000 gallons, being never known to fail in the driest season. The other and larger spring is near the junction of Chelsea and Ferry streets. People from Chelsea and Charlestown have for years been in the habit of obtaining this water for drinking. In consequence of the impure condition of the Mystic water, the vicinity of this spring is now thronged with people, from Everett, East Boston, Chelsea, Charlestown, and other places. It is not uncommon to find from 30 to 50 persons at this spring at a time. Some are now carrying the water to Chelsea and other places, and selling it at ten cents per gallon.

All the planets will be visible this month—an unusual spectacle. Venus can be first seen in the evening twilight. Mercury is visible as a bright star glimmering in the west just after sunset. Ruddy Mars is seen toward morning, and is increasing in its glow. Jupiter is wonderfully bright in the east about midnight. Saturn can also now be seen shining with a pale yellow light just before midnight. Uranus will be near the new moon on the 21st, and Neptune may be detected in the east a little above the horizon after the 27th.

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train tracks it carries too long at way stations; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle toots.—*Puck.*

Miscellaneous.

PHONETICS AND DYSPEPSIA.—Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has written a letter to the London Times, which will interest some of our readers, not only because it shows Mr. P.'s dietetic habits, but also from its illustration of his peculiar way of spelling. Americans and Chinese are not the only singular people.

Ser: A friend suggests to me that ei aut tu reit a letter to the Teimz, praising mei left-ekspeerins in contrast with the editorial summing-up on Mr. W. Gibson Word's vegetarian letter in the Teimz of last Thursday. The konkluzhon arrived at iz:—So long az no speshal kaul iz to be maid on the strength, a peurlly vegetable deiet mai sufeiz. Az mei left has been won over somewhat ek-spehshonal aktiviti, the fact that it has been maintained on a vegetable deiet aut tu be noit, nou a diskushon on deiet has been admitted into the Teimz.

Mei deietetuk ek-speerins iz briefli this: About forty yearz ago dyspepsia woz karying me to the grav. Medikal advizerz recommended animal food three teimz a dai insted of wuns, and a glass of wein. On this rejimen ei woz nutting beted, but rather wurs. Ei avoided the meet & the wein, gradualy reckerverd mei digestiv power, & hav never sins nou, bei eni pain, that ei hav a stumak.

Thesez forty yearz have been spent in kontinuous labor in konekshon with the invention and propagaishon of mei sistem of fomal short-hand and fonetik spelling, koresponding and the editorial deituz of mei weekli jurnal. The sikstif-veerz yearz of aji, ei kontinu the kustom ei hav foload all throo this peeriold, of being at mei ofis at silks in the morning, summer and winter. 'Til ei woz fifti yearz ei ei never took a holiday, or felt that ei woiited won; and for about twenty yearz in the first part of this peiriold ei woz at mei desk fourteen ourz a dai, from silks in the morning till ten at neit, with too ours out for meelz. Twenty yearz ago ei began to leev of at silks in the evening.

Ei atribuet mei helth and pouer of endeuerans to abstinenz from flesh meets and alkoholik drinks. Ei kan kum tu no other konkluzhon when ei see the effekt of such ekstended ourz of labor on uthen men hou eet meet and drink wein or beer.

Ei hav riten mei letter fonetikal, az iz mei kustom, & shall feel oblijd if it be aloud thus to appear in the Teimz.

ELIAZ PITMAN.
Fonetik Institut,
Bath, 27 Janewari, 1879.

TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.—"What place do you call this?" he asked a native.

"Gorham," said the native.

"What does it amount to?" asked the passenger.

The native said it was a favorite summer resort. The passenger stared at him in dumb amazement, and then he looked around him at the beautiful panorama of sloping hills and climbing mountains bathed in the morning sunlight, white mists curling about their heads, cloud shadows sailing across them swiftly and noiselessly as phantom ships; gray rocks, mossy slopes, sighing pines, the soft blue of the summer sky, the changing greens of meadow and mountain, the flaky white of the summer clouds, and yawning whorls, stretched himself out and said: "I don't see the attraction," and went back into the car for a little nap. I saw that same man when we were on the boat. He was lying on a sofa reading, when suddenly looking up, he noticed that the cabin was deserted. He came out where the crowd was, and asked:

"What's the matter?"

Somebody told him we were passing through the "Thousand Islands." He looked around for about fifteen minutes, and said:

"There don't appear to be many of them."

Then he went in and resumed his book, and when we were all going ashore at Montreal I heard him asking when we would come to the Rapids. And yet this man was not travelling on business. He was travelling, we heard him say, simply for pleasure and to see the country.—*Hawkeye.*

A REMINISCENCE OF ATLANTA.—"During the battle of Atlanta," continued Gen. Logan, "when the fighting had continued for several hours and the troops were becoming exhausted, I received an order from Gen. Sherman directing me to fall back with my troops to a point some distance in the rear, along the line of the railroad. I felt that if I obeyed that order, we would be whipped, as the enemy would regard our falling back as a retreat, and would attack us with renewed vigor, and our worn-out veterans would put it in my pocket and ordered a charge all along the line. The men responded with a hurrah, and the enemy fled, leaving us in possession of their ground. Gen. Sherman afterwards told me I did right in not obeying his order, and that my judgment was correct, and that my action had won the day. I assumed a great responsibility in disobeying Gen. Sherman's order. If the charge ordered had failed, and my command had been driven back, I would have been court-martialed and dismissed from the service, but as it was, we carried the day, and I never received anything but praise for my action. It is a singular incident, however, that the order directing me to fall back to the railroad and abandon my field, was not alluded to in Gen. Sherman's official report, nor is it a matter of record anywhere, although the original is still in my possession."

The introduction of the brass band into this country is a comparatively recent event, no organization to which the name could properly be applied having existed previous to the year 1835. The popular demand for music in a cheap and portable form, which of late years the brass band has supplied, was filled previous to that date by the old-fashioned reed band, and by even more primitive expedients. For instance, we are told that when Washington visited Boston, in 1793, he was welcomed on the way by the enlivening notes of piano-fortes placed in the road.

The days are growing shorter, and it's getting hot, or oughter.

1851.

1879.

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29th VOLUME.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

NO. 32.

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Poetical Selection.

THE BOSTON DEER PARK.

BY HARVEY CARPENTER.

On the Common, green and fair,
I behold the deer so rare;
Creatures nurtured with a care
Known not in the mountain lair,
Within their Park.

Early in the morn I pass,
Finding them upon the grass;
Plot for beauty few surprise,
Which they daily graze en masse,
Within their Park.

As the sun ascends the sky,
And the grass begins to dry,
Having fed, they quickly lie
To the shadowing branches nigh,
Within their Park.

Where, with weariness distressed,
And with languid eyes depressed,
Happy creature, if thou rest,
Speedily they sink to rest,
Within their Park.

When I pass at night that way,
They again begin to stray;
Feeding where the dew spray
Gently falls at the close of day,
Within their Park.

Soon as satisfied, they flee
To their covert, which I see;
Through the night, it seems to me,
There to rest, nor injured be,
Within their Park.

There they live from year to year,
Through the seasons, cold and drear;
And I turn aside when near,
To behold the pretty deer,
Within their Park.

Selected Story.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

"I have tried everywhere to get work.
I went from door to door this morning,
offering to do anything, hoping to earn
enough to get you and the children some-
thing to eat."

The speaker was a poor but industrious
man, who had married, as many do, a
very young and beautiful girl, without
stopping to think that a long life lay be-
fore them. It was a hard winter, and the
young wife, who had seen twenty-one years,
was the mother of the three children, the
youngest being an infant only three months
old. She had been disappointed. What
woman who has married hastily, and at too
early an age, has not? But she had a good
and brave heart, and learned in time that the
future of her husband and dear little ones
depended much upon herself.

"Don't despair, Henry," she replied,
answering the words at the commencement
of this sketch. "It is our darkest hour, and
help must be near."

She had her babe up to her face, to hide
from her husband her started tears. At that
moment her little three-year old son said:
"Mamma, I'm so hungry!"

"Hush, Freddie," said his sister, who
was two years older than her brother;
"mamma's got no bread."

Though but baby, the little girl knew the
bitterness of want.

"I can't bear this any longer," said the
half-crazed father, taking something from
a drawer and rushing toward the door.

"Harry are you mad?" shrieked his wife,
springing before him.

"Get out of my way!" he exclaimed,
fiercely endeavoring to push her from him.

"See, you have hurt the baby,"
"Harry, I will not let you out."

He turned his white, frenzied face toward
her.

"Papa," she said pleadingly, pointing to
the frightened children, "would you leave
them fatherless?"

"What can I do?" he moaned, sinking
into a chair.

"Take baby and stay here, while I go
and get bread."

She put her infant in his arms, while he
sat still, unable to act or think. Then she
put her on her bonnet and shawl, and kiss-
ing the two eager little faces that watched
her movements, told them to be good chil-
dren and she would get them something
nice.

She hurried away to the business part
of the city, and entering a large building,
knocked timidly at an office door. It was
opened by a man whose appearance, and
everything about him, bore the impression
of wealth and culture.

"This is indeed a surprise, Mrs. Allen—
a most agreeable one," he said, leading her
to a seat. "To what fortunate circumstance
do I owe this visit? For it must be some-
thing very important that has called you out
this bitter cold day."

She felt this covert sarcasm, but nerved
herself to speak.

"Necessity, Mr. Thornton; my husband
has had no work for months, and my chil-
dren are suffering; give me some copying to
do to earn them bread."

He had known her from her childhood;
he knew how her proud sensitive spirit
shrank daily under the lash of adversity.
He had ventured once to ridicule the man
whom she married; but with an imperious
gesture which he had not expected, she
replied:

"He is my husband."
"An idle husband and hungry babies,
Mrs. Allen; that's bad," he said, answering
her appeal.

An angry retort arose to her lips, but she
conquered her pride, and said:

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

A correspondent of the Newton Republi-
can gives an amusing incident of travel.
The partitions of houses in California are
sometimes made as described below, but we
had supposed that in an old country like
Italy they were always more substantial.

We had been spending a few weeks in
Naples and wished to return to Rome for
the Carnival. Accordingly we telegraphed
to a pension in the Via Condotti, where we
had previously found ourselves comfortable,
that we should arrive late at night and would
like a room. Rome was full we knew, but
this was not a fashionable, nor particularly
popular house, and we assumed that we
could get in. But we reckoned without our
host. Arriving past mid-night we were told
that not only had they no place but that
they had applied in vain for us at all the
hotels in the City. What should we do?
There we were in our cab with the prospect
of spending the night in it. We could
have an apartment opposite if we would en-
gage it for a week. We did not like to
pledge ourselves to that. The clerk of the
house finally told us we could occupy the
lounges in the parlor for the night if we
wished to, and altho' we remembered the
lounges as too short for comfort in a recum-
bent position we were deciding to accept
them, when a servant came to the door with
the announcement that the chambermaid
would vacate her room for Mrs. W. If she
would be willing to take it, a waiter having
already given up his room to an American
gentleman, a former guest of the house.

I was very tired,—the journey had been
long, and was I only too grateful to the
maid for her consideration. We mounted
the stairs to a little room under the roof
with no window but a skylight. The floor
was of stone, as usual, the bedstead of iron,
with no valance, so that I could see and
take in the whole space at a glance; and
after my husband left me I knew that I was
alone. But the bed with its nice linen
sheets looked inviting to such a weary
woman as I was, and having bolted my door
and put out the candle I tried to compose
myself to sleep. I did not succeed very
well, however, being perhaps a little ex-
cited; but after a while I did fall to dozing.
How long I remained in this semi-somno-
lent condition I do not know, but suddenly
I was roused to full waking by feeling a
heavy body pressed close to mine. I was
paralyzed with terror. I dared not move.
I was not conscious of breathing. I was
sure the heavy body so near me was a hu-
man body, and what did it mean? My
fright was too terrible to allow of quiet
thought. There was the skylight, could
any one have entered from that? I had
heard of escaped lunatics concealing them-
selves in bed-rooms, but no lunatic was in
my room when I put my light out. Would
the monster throttle me, or what would he
do? I was as motionless as a dead woman
while these thoughts passed through my
mind. Meanwhile, the heavy body was
quite motionless too and for so long and so
heavily lying against my side, that I be-
came after a time more composed and began
to wonder whether this mysterious intruder
might not at any rate be comparatively
harmless; though who he was and how he
came there, still puzzled my brain to solve.

As the hours dragged slowly along, my fear
subsided, and light began to dawn upon my
mind, when a sort of muffled snore revealed
the whole thing to me; like a flash of light-
ning I saw that nothing separated me from
the American gentleman in the next room
but a thin cloth partition covered with wall
paper to look like a plastered wall, and that
he, in turning over in his small cot, had
unwittingly intruded upon and alarmed his
timid fellow traveler. My fear was changed
to laughter, and I laughed till the day
dawned.

AN INCIDENT AT THE WEST END.—
Late one afternoon last week, says the
Reading News and Chronicle, a small red
flag might have been seen fluttering in the
breeze at the gateway of a house on a re-
tired street at the West End. The neigh-
bors eyed this flag distrustfully, wondering
what it might portend. At length the young
lady of the house appeared at the gate, and
shading her eyes with her hand, gazed long
and anxiously down the street leading to the
village. "Watching for the doctor, I sup-
pose," murmured one of the aforesaid
neighbors, as he cautiously approached her,
and, paused at a safe hailing distance he in-
quired, "Who's got the small-pox at your
house? Your father?"

"Father? No!"
"Oh, it's Henry, I suppose. Has he got
it bad?"

"Why, no it isn't small-pox at all its
—"

"Good Gracious!" he yelled, springing at
one bound sixteen feet four-and-a-half-
inches to the rear, and making hasty prepa-
rations to climb a tree, "You don't mean to
say it's Yellow Fever?"

"No, Sir," said she, meekly. "It's only
a signal I hung out for the baker to call
round this way when he goes down the
other street."

He felt better.

MILK FOR BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—A physi-
cian suffering with Bright's disease, and
weighing 155 pounds, began in June, 1878,
to restrict himself exclusively to a milk diet,
taking one quart at each meal, or three
quarts daily. He reported to the Philadel-
phia County Medical Society last week, ac-
cording to the Record, that no trace of his
former ailment is perceptible at the present
time, that he has gained thirty pounds in
flesh, and this notwithstanding constant at-
tention to professional duties, both day and
night.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Charles May and his brother, Robert, in the spring
of 1870, offered to pass six hundred thousand
railroad ties down the Arkansas from the
mountain source. He says:—"Our offer
was accepted, when we started into the up-
per entrance of the canon with a large skiff
provided with six days' provisions and two
hundred feet of rope, with which, by taking
a running turn around some firmly planted
object, we could lower our boat a hundred
feet at a time. In this way, at the end of
three days, having set adrift many hundred
ties, we reached the entrance of the Royal
George. Here we discovered that an attempt
to descend the waterfall with two in the boat
was certain destruction, and to return was
impossible. Accordingly I determined to
lower my brother down the fall in the boat,
a distance of two hundred feet, gave him the
rope and let him take the chance of the can-
on (life seemed more certain in that direc-
tion), while I would risk my physical ability
to climb the canon wall, which was about
two thousand feet high. About ten o'clock
in the morning I shook hands with my
brother, lowered him in the boat safely to
the foot of the fall, gave him the rope and
saw him no more. Then, throwing aside my
coat, hat, and boots, and stripping the socks
from my feet, I commenced my climbing
way, often reaching the height of one or two
hundred feet, only to be compelled to return
to try some other way. At length, about
four o'clock in the afternoon, I reached a
height upon the smooth canon wall of about
a thousand feet. Here my further progress
was arrested by a shelving ledge of rock that
jutted out from the canon side a foot or more.
To advance was without hope; to return,
certain death. Reaching upward and out-
ward, I grasped the rim of the ledge with
one hand and then with the other, my feet
slipped from the smooth side of canon, and
my body hung suspended in the air a thou-
sand feet above the roaring waters of the
Arkansas. At that moment I looked down-
ward to measure the distance I would have
to fall when the strength of my arms gave
out. A stinging sensation crept through my
hair as my eye caught the strong roots of a
cedar bush that projected over the ledge,
a little beyond my reach. My grasp upon
the rim was fast yielding to the weight of my
person. Then I determined to make my
best effort to raise my body and throw it
sideways toward the root so as to bring it
within my grasp. At the moment of com-
mencing the effort I saw my mother's face
as she leaned over the ledge, reaching down
her hand and caught me by the hair. Stran-
ger, my mother died while yet a young
woman, when my brother and I were small
boys, but I remembered her face. I was
successful in making the side leap of my
arms, when I drew myself upon the ledge
and rested for a time. From here upward,
my climbing way was laborious, but less
dangerous. I reached the top of the canon
just as the sun was sinking behind the snowy
range, and hastened to our camp at the
mouth of the canon, where I found my
brother all safe. "Charles," said he, "have
you had your head in a flour sack? It was
then I discovered that my hair was as white
as you see it now."—Denver Tribune.

THE FLIRT AT THE THEATRE.—She sat
in the front row of the parquette circle the
other night and, when she wasn't flirting with
the gentlemen whose faces she could see,
she was discussing the people on the stage.

She was a beautiful blonde, with dark-
brown eyes, and her face attracted much at-
tention. A fair, white skin; rosy, dimpled
cheeks, lips like cherries that grew nearest
the sun, in the top of the tree; pearly teeth,
the regular rows of which showed themselves
whenever she chose to let her musical laugh
be heard (which was pretty often); and a
pretty-shaped head, crowned with a wealth
of golden hair and the cunningest little hat.
She talked aloud, and even made up faces
at the gentlemen who stared at her.

Ordinarily such a character, even though
a female beauty, would have been unpleas-
ant at the theatre, but somehow everybody
seemed pleased with the lady. It is T. G.'s
glass did not deceive him she was about four
years old. The only portion of the play she
seemed to understand and appreciate was a
love-making scene.

When the laughter that followed the exit
of the lovers in the play had subsided, the
little one turned to a young lady and said in
a perfectly audible voice:

"Della, 'ats dess 'e way Cousin George
tissed on 'e uver day."

The star was much disconcerted to hear a
roar of laughter from a portion of the au-
dience just as she made her tragic entrance on
the next scene; but the tribulation was in-
significant by comparison with that of a cer-
tain couple, who will henceforth leave the
"little flirt" at home when they go to the
play.—Detroit Free Press.

How MONEY GROWS.—An instance of the
way in which money grows when earning
compound interest is shown in the experi-
ence of a depositor in the Warren Institution
for Savings in this district. On the 15th of
December, 1850, a man entered the bank
and deposited \$12 and went away. From
that time nothing was heard of him until last
Saturday, when he presented himself at the
bank and asked for his money and interest,
which had been compounding annually. He
stated that he had been in the West since he
made the deposit. The amount was figured
up by the officials and the sum of \$225 was
paid to him, much to his surprise and grati-
fication.—Bunker Hill Times.

The fool, says the Detroit Free Press
goeth out in a sail boat when he doesn't know
a boom from a breaker, but the wise man
picks up pebbles on the shore and flirts with
the girl in a pink dress.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 5 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

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MYSTIC WATER AND THE TANNERS.

Strenuous efforts are being made by the Mystic Water Board to make scapegoats of the Woburn and Winchester tanners, and divert attention from their own shortcomings. Their first scheme for a sewer was a comprehensive one, but it imposed such onerous conditions upon the manufacturers that it was opposed in the Legislature by Senator Cummings and Representatives Coffin and Winn. Their second sewer was apparently built more to pacify Somerville water takers than to carry off impurities, for it was built on one line only, and so small and with so slight a fall, as to be only an apology for a sewer. Some of the Woburn tanners have built catch basins at their own expense, and run their waste water into the sewer, but others have not, and the Water Board is now standing out for less than \$1,000. They do not attempt to enforce the law under which their little sewer was built, but bring action under another law, made last winter for another purpose. When the little sewer was projected, Boston was asked to build larger and take in Woburn sewage, but they very curtly declined, and strengthened in several ways the opinion that is strongly held here that they did not intend to do more than appear to clean the water in order to make a good trade with Somerville. Messrs. James Skinner & Co. have written a very comprehensive letter on the situation, in which they complain of the action of the Water Board, who they say not only never consulted the tanners in regard to the location of the branch sewers, but in many instances took land where it was impossible to build a sewer, in order to oblige the tanners to ask for a new location, knowing that in such a case the party asking for the same, would be in their power and have to give their land without remuneration. The writers say—

The proprietors of these tanneries have, at all times, been willing to drain the sewage from these tanneries into the Mystic valley sewer the moment the same was ready to receive their drainage, and they have so stated many times to the water board, and, when this board state that they have refused to do so, they state what is absolutely false.

The tanners have refused to pay for the catch basin, and to give their land to the city of Boston without fair compensation, and to agree to keep the catch basin in repair at their expense forever.

Many of these tanners, located on Russell brook, so called, have prospective rights to drain into this brook. Those having this right cannot be prevented from so doing. This is also the natural drainage of the town of Woburn, and every citizen of said town has a right to drain into it. The city of Boston should have built a sewer large enough to take the contents of this brook. Instead of doing so, they build a sewer not one-quarter large enough, and then, by threats through its water board, try to compel the citizens of Woburn to enter their drainage into it, and pay for the privilege of doing so, as they say, and also give their land.

Waldmeyer's tannery in Winchester is lower than the sewer, and their drainage would have to be pumped into it. Waldmeyer agreed to do it for \$125, though he afterwards found that it would cost him \$500, but the Board would only give \$10 and so he empties where he had a right to, because the Board would not pay him \$125. When the Mystic water was taken, it was analyzed and pronounced as pure as the Cocchiato, and yet at that time there were more tanneries draining into it than now. Skinner & Co. believe that the time from the tanneries helps to prevent the increase of the vegetable matter that causes impurities of the water. If every tannery ceases to drain into the Mystic it will still be impure, for the brook takes the Woburn drainage on one side of the town. Woburn was willing to join Boston in making a suitable sewer, at the time they built the present toy sewer, but no; with hyssop temper the offer was rejected and we see the result.

The fact of the matter is, Charlestown received a valuable franchise for nothing. They took the water, and having more than they needed, sold it on hard terms to Somerville. They knew when they took it that tanneries and towns drained into it, as they had a right to do for centuries. No objection was made by the owners of these rights to their taking the water, but when they come and demand that these owners should be at the expense of cleaning it, it is asking too much. The Mystic Water Board has enjoyed the profits of a contract which it was not supposed by the Legislature they would ever make. As we have shown, less than \$1,000 stands between them and complete drainage on the east valley. Their attempt to cast odium on a great industry, when a trifling outlay will do all they require, ought to be understood by their customers, and the Board either forced to clean the water or let it alone.

THE FIRST ONE.—Miss Isabel F. P. Emery, of Atlantic, is the first lady in this town who has had confidence to go to the Assessors' office and have her name registered, so that she may vote for School Committee if she desires. It is a feather in her hat which she can look to in years to come with honor and pleasure.—Quincy Patriot.

We are surprised that Mrs. Green, the editor of the Patriot, did not secure the honor that now goes to the more daring Isabel. Sister Green, however, will not allow Miss Emery to go to the polls alone.

We notice that several persons of this city, register from Boston when at summer resorts. Why don't they move there, if they are ashamed of their place of residence. Perhaps Somerville is as much a hanged of them as they are of her.—Somerville Journal.

Somerville people are not the only ones who do that sort of thing. The snobs are a numerous class.

OUR PUBLIC LANDS.

The prophecy of Bishop Berkeley as to the westward course of empire, is being strikingly fulfilled in the unprecedented tide of immigration to the Western States this year. The oppressive influence of the hard times has stimulated a general exodus of emigrants from the old world and the Eastern States. Never before has the movement along the Western border been more brisk. In a recent article entitled "Our New Wheat Fields in the Northwest," it is estimated that the sales of the seven months ending March 31, 1878, by the United States government and railways, in Minnesota and Northern Dakota, have been about 2,550,000 acres for actual and immediate settlement, and that about three million acres of wheat land were allotted last year to actual settlers in the province of Manitoba, across the Canadian boundary.

These emigrants are not the offshoots of Europe, but well-to-do farmers from the older States and provinces, and mostly Americans, Scandinavians, and Canadians in about equal proportions. The secret of the great rush is that farming in the West pays. The profits of one or two seasons pays for the outlay, leaving a handsome margin. Nature in the long run is prodigal in her bounty, and there are no bad debts to eat up business capital. Capitalists are investing largely in government lands, and recent sales of several million acres are reported in the Southwest. Many farmers in the Western and Middle States have sold their farms at a large profit, and with years of experience in practical farming have gone further West into Northern Minnesota, Dakota, and across the Canadian line, and purchased land at a nominal price to meet the demand sure to follow the depleted markets of the old world. The disastrous policy of the English land system, and the uncertainty of crops on the continent, have created a demand which will absorb the large products of the West. It is claimed that within two years two million acres of prairie land will be under wheat cultivation, and in five years even twice that amount, which is equivalent to an addition of one hundred million bushels of wheat to the products of the world. To develop the resources of this great wheat growing section more farmers are needed.

At the foundation of our Government it was believed that the sale of the public lands would largely reduce the national debt. Land was sold at high rates, but the effect was to discourage settlements. For many years it has been the policy of the United States to foster immigration, and derive its revenue from indirect taxation. The squatter is no longer a trespasser, and the pioneer settler is welcomed with open arms. Generous provision has been made by the Government for the disposal of its territory. The United Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the St. Paul and Pacific, and other railroads and their branches, have received large grants of public lands. All along the lines of these railroads alternate blocks or townships have been reserved by the Government. Both the Government and the companies offer land for sale on easy terms. Their offices are crowded with numerous purchasers, and the Government agencies are besieged with applicants under the preemption and homestead laws. The lands are surveyed into rectangular tracts, and laid off into townships six miles square. A series of townships North and South constitute a range. These townships are subdivided into thirty-six tracts or sections a mile square, each section containing six hundred and forty acres. These sections are subdivided into quarter sections of one hundred and sixty acres. The agricultural lands are divided into two classes; one class is sold at \$1.25 per acre, which is designated as minimum, and the other at \$2.50 per acre, or double minimum. Title may be acquired by purchase at public sale, when lands are "offered" at public auction to the highest bidder, by cash purchase upon private entry or location upon lands which have been offered at public sale, but not sold, and also by virtue of the preemption, homestead and timber culture laws. Preemptions are admissible upon "offered" and "unoffered," and upon unsurveyed lands, but in the latter case the title can not be perfected until after the surveys have been extended and returned to the district land offices. Preemption is the privilege of purchasing in preference to others. The right of preemption is extended to citizens of the United States, or any person who may declare his intention of becoming such, as required by the naturalization laws. The claimant must be the head of a family, a widow, or single person of age, and must personally settle on the land, and erect a dwelling-house thereon. It is also necessary to file a notice with the local land officers within thirty days from the date of settlement, declaring an intention to claim the same under the preemption laws. Upon proof of settlement, cultivation, and payment of minimum price, the title of the claimant is perfected. Any person entitled to the benefit of the preemption laws, upon proof of residence and occupation for five years, may obtain a patent under the homestead laws, of 160 acres of the minimum, or 80 acres of the double minimum land. If he forfeits his rights under the homestead laws, for any reason, he may nevertheless perfect his title by purchase or by compliance with the preemption laws. In case of the death of the settler, his widow or heirs may complete their title, and if both parents are dead, the land may be sold for the benefit of the minor children. No lands acquired under the homestead laws are subject to prior debts. Soldiers or sailors who have served ninety days and been honorably discharged, may enter under the homestead laws, 160 acres, including land in the alternate sections along the line of any railroad. Term of service, or in case of disability, the time of enlistment, will be deducted from the time required to perfect title, but an actual residence of one year at least is required. Soldiers or sailors in actual service, may enter in person, or by agent, and the time of actual service will be equivalent to residence.

The liberal policy of the Government in disposing of the public lands has met with great success. Thousands have availed themselves of the preemption and homestead laws. The railroads have been taxed to the utmost to accommodate the rush of travel. The cheapness of the soil, the magnificence of the harvests, the death in foreign markets, the demand for grain, and the opening of new fields of labor and enterprise, have all combined to swell the tide of immigration, and hasten the development of the country. With its fertile plains, grand rivers and forests, the West rivals in resources the attractions of any land. And the day is not far distant when its greatness will not be the flattering promise of the present or the visionary hopes of the future.

THE MEAT THAT WE EAT.

The introduction of Texas cattle into the supply for our markets has made a great change in many things connected with the trade. The cattle wander in a semi-wild state on their native plains, and in the spring they are driven up to Kansas, where they are embarked on the Union Pacific railroad for their journey east and a market. It is estimated that 250,000 will come from Texas the present season. The cattle are larger, and their horns and legs differ from cattle raised above, and it is not uncommon to see cattle in a drove, which are positively handsome. Not long since a drove of these cattle went through Woburn at a trot. They were preceded by a fine steer who trotted some yards in advance of the herd, and as he came up Main street, and stopped in the square in front of the Baptist church, and looked around before continuing his course, he reminded one, in carriage and action, of a wild deer. Occasionally these cattle become maddened by thirst, or frightened by the rough usage they receive in the cars, and start out for liberty. Then they are indeed dangerous. In fact their tendency to these independent notions, renders them unsafe at any time. They have no fear of man, and while they will rarely make an unprovoked attack, they do not hesitate if an attempt is made to corner them.

The old way of slaughtering cattle by putting a rope about their horns, and pulling them down to a bullring in the floor, and then rendering them insensible with a blow from an axe, cannot be safely adopted with Texas cattle. It would be a difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to put on the rope, and after that is safely adjusted the steer may conclude to go for the butcher before he can "take up the slack." In that case the butcher plays a very funny part—funny to all but himself. Not long ago, at a slaughter house in Woburn, two men were attempting to butcher a steer, when the latter took command, running one of the men behind the ice room, and the other up on a beam. The animal finally discovered the man on the beam, just as he dropped from sheer exhaustion, and but for a brick, which happened to be in the right place at once, and with which he dealt the steer a staggering blow between the eyes, he would have probably lost his life. As it was, the ox was bewildered just long enough for the man to escape through a door. The ox was subsequently coaxed out into the yard, and a day or two later was shot.

The safest and best way to take the lives of these cattle is by shooting, that being an expeditious, and comparatively painless mode of departure. This mode is adopted at the slaughter barn of Martin C. Felch, on Beach street. The cattle are kept in a large yard until ready for the slaughter, when they are driven into a small room adjoining the killing room, from which a steer is selected as wanted. Five Texans are generally driven in at a time. As the men enter the yard for the purpose, the cattle huddle together in a corner, and face the butcher. It requires considerable maneuvering to break this "corner," and induce the steers to enter the barn. Once in the small room they crowd together, but by much shouting and prodding they finally walk cautiously into the slaughter room. The executioner with a breech loading rifle faces the herd, and as the leader arrives at a desirable place, a well directed shot lays him low, and his terrified companions scramble back into the ante-room, the door is closed and the cutting up begins. Every part of the creature is utilized. The "meat" includes the tongue, cheeks, heart, liver, and tail. The hoofs and heads go to the oil men, the skin to the tanner, the blood to the currier, the fatty parts to the tallow man, the stomach to the tripe man, the large intestines to the bologna sausage maker, the small ones to the tallow maker, and their contents to the compost heap, and the ragged pieces to the hogs. After being cut up, the carcass is hung up on hooks suspended on rollers, which run on an elevated tram-way that leads into a cold room where the temperature is kept down to 40°, and the meat is shipped from here, when properly cooled, to the markets, and the wagons of the retailers. At Felch's slaughtering establishment, Mr. Edward J. Clarke, is head butcher, and he is assisted by Benjamin Riley, and we are indebted to them for an opportunity of witnessing the manner of preparing meat for our markets.

BAND CONCERT.—The fifth concert by the Woburn Brass Band will be given next Wednesday evening. The following programme will be offered:—

1. Grand March. Hercules.	Brehant.
2. Waltzes. First Kiss.	Lamotte.
3. Overture. Clarence Isaac.	Brown.
4. Concert Polka. Cornet Solo.	Rollinson.
5. Reverie. Departed Days.	Louis.
PART II.	
6. March. Frailty.	M. Carl.
7. Overture.	Bogert.
8. Waltzes. "Thousand and One Nights."	Sullivan.
9. Selection. Pinafore.	Strauss.
10. Galop.	Claus.

T. H. MARRINAN, DIRECTOR.

BURGLARY.—Last Friday night two burglars removed a window in the house occupied by Mr. Edward J. Clarke and Capt. John J. Powers, on Salem street, and entered the kitchen. The rattle of a dish in the sink, over which they clambered, alarmed Capt. Powers, and the burglars hearing him stirring, hastily decamped. Suspicion points very strongly toward two young men, and it behooves them to be very cautious in their midnight rambles in future.

OPEN AIR MEETINGS.—The open air meeting on the Common last Sunday evening was conducted by Mr. E. E. Thompson, and the singing was by a large male choir. E. N. Cummings, F. S. Burgess, J. G. Polard, and a Mr. Chatfield, from Brookline, N. Y., took part. Next Sunday evening, M. H. Sargent, of Newton, and others, will speak.

Chew Jackson's best wet navy tobacco.

Whenever the Adversary thinks of that Naval Cadetship it makes him sick—sea sick. When he is in that condition he is easily imposed upon, and we are disposed to believe that he doesn't know the young man to whom he referred as having been "persuaded to withdraw from the examination," for he met a young man on the street, the other day, and made several inquiries in regard to the matter, which the lad did not seem to understand. At last he said "Ain't your name Wood?" "No," said the boy, "my name is—." Possibly some one may have called on him and "remarked very strongly that he was ahead on every thing but arithmetic," but it couldn't have been Wood for such a statement is not true. Since our last issue we have received the following letter from Charles G. Pope, Esq., chairman of the Board of Examination, which will doubtless satisfy everybody but our nauseated Dick Deadeye:—

CENTER HARBOR, N.H., Aug. 5, 1879.
John L. Parker, Esq.—DEAR SIR:—The circumstances under which Master Arthur W. Wood withdrew from the examination for the cadetship, on the 22d ult., were these as I recollect them.

He took the examination in reading, writing, and spelling with the others. When the questions in arithmetic were handed him, he seemed to experience some difficulty in his work. I noticed, after a time, that he had apparently abandoned all effort. I spoke to him, and he said he couldn't perform the examples, because he hadn't studied some of the topics covered by them. I advised him to do his best, and perform all he could. Afterwards I consulted you with samples of the work, and you said that you were particularly interested in him, because he was from Burlington, and you would see what you could do to encourage him. You talked with him and reported to me, in substance the same replies he had made to me. He was then allowed to take whatever course he saw fit, neither of us saying anything to him for some time. As his paper showed, when the examination was ended, he spent most of the time in scribbling. When his turn for a physical examination came, it was about twelve o'clock, and he had had these questions before him for an hour and a half. Of his own accord he said to me, that as he couldn't perform the examples he thought it was of no use to trouble Dr. Stevens with a physical examination. I then told you what he said, we together examined his work, he repeated to us what he had said to me, we finally assented, and he very pleasantly withdrew. He was not persuaded by me to withdraw from the examination, nor by any other member of the Committee. On the contrary you endeavored to encourage him to do his work in the best manner he could, and so did I, and neither of us did more than assent to what Master Wood's judgment told him was the proper thing to do under the circumstances. Yours truly,
CHARLES G. POPE.

SAD ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Thursday afternoon Henry C. Trowan, in business as a currier, with a shop on Broad street, cut his throat with a trimming knife. He was at work alone in a shed connected with his shop, trimming leather. Mr. H. S. Converse, the lumber dealer called and inquired for Mr. Trowan, and was directed to the shed. Mr. Trowan was discovered lying on the floor with an ugly gash across his neck. He was insensible from loss of blood, having severed the small jugular vein, but life was not extinct. Surgical aid was summoned, the gaping wound sewed up, and the unfortunate man removed to his house. Mr. Trowan has been greatly depressed of late on account of sickness in his family, and business reverses. At the time of going to press there was a chance of his recovery.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—At the regular meeting of the School Committee, all were present but Messrs. Johnson and Converse. E. E. Thompson was appointed to take the census of school children. J. H. Nason was appointed trustee officer. Edward Fowler resigns as janitor of the Cummings School, to take effect Sept. 1. Miss Wheeler, one of the Cummings Grammar teachers has resigned. The underpinning at the Plympton Street School is to be repaired, and the yard concreted. The salaries of the teachers were fixed. It was thought that additional schools might be found necessary, and the Superintendent was instructed to select suitable teachers from the applicants now before the Board, and report their names for action. Adjourned to Tuesday evening, Aug. 26.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.—A hearing before the State Board of Health was begun Friday morning on petition of the cities of Boston and Somerville, as referred to in another column. City Solicitor Healey and C. C. Esty appeared for Boston, City Solicitor Darling for Somerville. Waldmeyer, Skinner, Crane and Blake appeared without counsel. The petitions were read, and the Board then adjourned to view the premises. They came out on the 11.30 train to Winchester, and will make a thorough examination of the streams. The hearing will be resumed Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, in Room 10 at the State House.

SELECTMEN.—The regular monthly meeting was held Thursday, all present but Kinney. On the petition of W. D. Bartlett for a license to sell liquor, leave to withdraw was granted. The lease of land on Clinton street for the location of a hose house was agreed to. Edward P. Hutchings was appointed a Special Policeman without pay, for duty at Bryant & King's. Charles K. Conn was appointed Chief of Police and Keeper of the Lockup, vice Bancroft resigned. The bond of Edward Simonds for \$50,000, as Tax Collector was approved. The usual bills were passed.

ALONZO E. MCINTIRE, the successful competitor for the Naval Cadetship was a member of the lowest class in the High School at the last term.—Medford Chronicle.

"And it's greatly to his credit," that he should stand highest at the examination. Young McIntire is only 14 years of age, and in his first year in the High School.

We are glad to learn that the new Chief of Police was instructed to use his best endeavors to secure evidence that will convict illegal sellers of liquor.

EARLY CLOSING.—The jewelers in Woburn close their stores on Friday evenings during August at 6 o'clock.

Don't forget to read Luther L. Holden's letter from Europe, in to-days paper.

Peaches! All ripe! Four dozen for a quarter! Hear!

IMPURE MYSTIC.—The Herald gives the following as views of prominent Woburn gentlemen:—

Speaking of the impurities in Mystic water, Hon. John Cummings, of Woburn, has stated that, in his opinion, it was, in part, owing to the incompetency of the Mystic valley sewer to carry off the sewage which empties into one of the principal feeders of Mystic Pond. Now that the water has become absolutely unfit for use, there is more talk of compelling Woburn and Winchester to divert their sewage from the Mystic valley. If they undertook to do this, or if they are responsible for other disposition of their sewage than is now made, they would be obliged to construct a sewer down into deep water, for it is not likely they would be allowed to deposit it short of the ocean—and this solely for the benefit of water takers who took from these towns their natural source of drainage, and all because the water board did not construct a sewer which the emergency demanded. Mr. Cummings did not believe that this was just, or that the towns would, by any authority, be forced to do it.

Col. William T. Grammer, a selectman of Woburn, has expressed surprise that Boston ever built such a sewer, which he believed must have been intended only for temporary use. He was of the opinion that when the matter is left solely in the hands of Chelsea and Somerville, something may then be done to purify the water and cause a cessation of all difficulties.

FIRE IN CENTRAL SQUARE.—About 4 o'clock Friday morning as Charles C. Hart, was getting up to go to work he discovered a fire in the barn of C. A. Dodge, on Wyman street. He quickly gave the alarm and Hose Co. No. 6 soon had a stream of water on the burning building. The whole department was soon on hand, and succeeded in saving Mr. Dodge's house. The barn was burned, together with a horse, buggy, hay and grain, carpenter's tools, and a lot of finish lumber. The L of the house caught fire from the barn, but was saved. The loss is about \$2,000. Mr. Dodge was insured at Andover for \$1,500, the amount being on the real estate only. The fire was of incendiary origin, having been set in the barn cellar.

REV. MR. WINKLEY.—Rev. Mr. Winkley's sudden attack of illness while on his return home on Thursday last was the culmination of overwork and anxiety. His physician recommends quiet rest and his parish heartily endorse the same. He expects to be at Hull for a few weeks during his absence. Lay services will be conducted morning and evening at the usual hours.

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAILROAD.—Trains over the Middlesex Central division of the Boston and Lowell Railroad to the State Prison at Concord were commenced Monday, and until further notice will run as follows: Leave Boston at 8.45 A. M., 12.20, 4.20 P. M., and returning leave State Prison at 7.30 A. M., 3.30 and 5.40 P. M., and on Fridays 12.35.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.—When the watering cart goes along one man says: "This will make mud, and I shall have to wash my carriage." The watering cart is a nuisance. Another man says:—"This will lay the dust, and make the air cooler. I am glad I live on the street where the watering cart travels."

FIRE ALARMS.—During the week four alarms have been given by the gong at East Woburn which were not responded to at the center, the wind being in a direction to prevent their being heard here. Another proof that we need a Telegraph Fire Alarm in Woburn.

Gov. Talbot was in Woburn last Friday. His visit had no political significance, his object being the purchase of a cow, which he procured at a West Side farm.

ACCIDENT.—Thursday night a boy at Cummingsville got a fish hook in his under lip, and the services of a surgeon were required to remove it.

John S. Brown has gone to Benicia, Cal., where he will enter the employ of one of the principal leather establishments of that town.

FISHING.—A party of young men went down the harbor fishing Thursday. They report good luck.

FALL.—A boy named Durand fell off a house near Woburn Highlands, on Sunday.

Miss Alice C. Dyer will sing at the Congregational Church, on Sunday.

Lawrence Reade has added a new hearse to his funeral undertaking stock.

Mrs. C. M. Allen and family have gone to Kansas, where they will reside.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray has failed. That buck-board bounced him.

East Woburn.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Tuesday morning the children of William E. Phillips, on Washington street, playing with matches, set fire to a shed. It was discovered promptly, and the fire put out. Mr. Phillips lost a harness, and a few dollars will cover the damage. A horse narrowly escaped burning. Hose 4 turned out, but did not play.

ROPE WALK BURNED.—Wednesday noon John Marlow's rope walk caught fire some way in the hemp, and was entirely consumed, together with about \$2500 of hemp and rope. Two alarms were blown on the glue factory gong but they were not responded to by the Centre. Hose 4 did good service, although they found the hydrants in bad condition, being so rusty that it was with great difficulty that they were opened. Sylvester Stevens' house and barn were several times on fire, but by the exertions of the firemen, they were saved. The orchard, however, was nearly destroyed. A house occupied by Robert West was also slightly damaged. The rope walk of Daniel Marlow was slightly injured.

FIRE IN READING.—Hose 4 went to the fire in Reading, Tuesday morning, arriving there about the same time as the Reading department.

Winchester.

SEIZURE.—The police raided J. W. Haley, and captured 107 bottles of lager, 25 gallons of ale, 4 gallons of whiskey, 2 gallons of rum, and 14 gallons gin. At Owen Grogan's they got 28 bottles of lager.

A FREE FIGHT.—Last Saturday John and Margaret Wall had a fight with Matthew Toole, and all hands were arrested. They finally acknowledged satisfaction, and were let off on payment of the costs.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. D. D. Winn, of New Bedford, will preach at the Baptist Church next Sunday. Rev. H. F. Barnes, pastor of the church will be absent until the last Sunday in August.

"OLD BILLY."—Asa Fletcher's dog "Billy" is dead, and his owner in view of his valuable services, and their other friendly relations, will erect a monument to his memory, in the front yard of his old home. Billy was over 15 years old, and was one of the best hunting dogs in this vicinity, possessing an almost human intelligence.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.—Deacon Thomas Richardson, of Woburn, while driving along Cross street, last Monday, lost control of his horse after passing under North Winchester bridge. The horse runaway and on Washington street the Deacon turned him into a stone wall to stop him. Deacon Richardson was thrown upon the wall and was severely injured internally. He was taken home, and will have to endure a long confinement to the house.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Henry Cutter, died suddenly of heart disease about eleven o'clock Monday forenoon. He had a slight attack on Sunday, and when it was renewed on Monday he survived but a few moments. Mr. Cutter was one of the oldest residents of the town, and formerly was actively engaged in business at the "Cutter Mills," adjoining his residence. Since his retirement he has given his attention to the care of his estate, and also been interested in banking, being a Director in the Blackstone Bank, of Boston, a Trustee of Winchester Savings Bank. His age was 74, and a widow and one daughter survive him.

PERSONAL ITEMS.—Miss Isabella Livingstone and Miss Carry Symmes, are at Franconia, N. H. Mr. S. S. Langley has returned from Europe. Mr. Andrew Wood is one of the teachers at the Summer Institute, at Martha's Vineyard. Mr. C. E. Swett, master of the Grammar School, is at Bristol, N. H. Mr. C. F. Lunt and family are at Hyannis Port. Mr. A. C. Vinton and family, J. C. Johnson and family, and Misses Isabella B. Tenney, Laura and Agnes Westcott are at the White Mountains. John T. Johnson, the artist, is a guest of J. Foxcroft Cole. G. H. Chapman and family have gone to Connecticut.

BAND CONCERTS.—Some dissatisfaction having been expressed because the band concert was postponed, we are informed by one of the officers of the Band that they agreed to give as many concerts as there were \$25 raised. That the solicitor, Mr. John Hovey, collected \$27 only. The band gave one concert, and in the hope that before the time comes more money will be raised, they have announced a second concert for Wednesday evening, Aug. 20. Citizens of Winchester, who desire to hear the band on Winchester Common will subscribe the requisite amount, they will be gratified. In other words, more money—more music. We hear the band praised for their excellent music on the 23d ult., and the hope is expressed that those who have not subscribed will take an early opportunity of doing so.

The following letter from a prominent citizen of Winchester, will be read with interest:—

To the Editor of the Herald: Some allusions in your paper of yesterday may have created an impression that the town of Winchester is seeking to be benefited at the expense of the city, and to refute such an imputation, with your permission, I will give your readers a little information which may throw a little light on this dark subject.

The city of Charlestown, seeking a supply of water, obtained a charter to establish water works by taking the upper Mystic pond, and built a dam at the salt water line, and established a reservoir partly in Medford, but mostly in Winchester, flowing 100 acres of land more or less, having for a supply the Abajona river and its tributaries, which river runs through the centre of our town, and on this river in the towns of Winchester and Woburn, a long time prior to the location of the water works, were located manufacturing establishments and tanneries, using the river as a sewer and to some extent as a water power. After establishing the water works, the city of Charlestown, besides furnishing water to her own citizens, having an abundant supply, contracted to supply the cities of Somerville, Chelsea, East Boston and Revere with pure water, and receiving therefrom an enormous revenue, and which, by annexation, inured to the benefit of Boston.

In time complaints began to be made, and have been increasing the last dozen years, and with good reason, of the impurity of the water; and the fault and injustice of polluting the water has been charged upon the towns of Woburn and Winchester, and which charge is admitted to the extent of natural uses. To remedy the evil an act was passed four years ago authorizing the city of Boston to construct a sewer through the towns of Medford, Winchester, and Woburn, through which the foul matters might be conducted and prevent the pollution of the streams and reservoir, the act giving the towns of Woburn and Winchester the right to enter and use the same when they desire to do so by making compensation therefor, according to the award of referees to be appointed by the Supreme Court. But, thus far, no application has been made by either town.

On the line of the sewer, in both towns, there are tanneries that are below the grade of the sewer, and the water board of the city has as yet failed to get a connection in a single case, not being able to meet the views of the owners in regard to the cost of building and maintaining pumping works. Thus, although the sewer has been completed a year and a half, very little has been accomplished in its utilization for the purpose intended, viz: the purification of the water supply.

In regard to the filthy condition of the source of supply, the remedy therefor, to a

very great extent, is feasible at a very moderate cost, and can be made available, so there can be no great cause of complaint, in a few months in the following orders: First, connect the tanneries with the sewers at once; second, take away the Whitney dam and thus abate one-half of the nuisance at small cost; third, allow the inhabitants, or rather encourage the towns of Woburn and Winchester to make use of the sewer to the greatest possible extent, saving to the city of Boston all her rights in the premises.

I believe the present sewer sufficient for all purposes required for the next half century, if not for all time, and that \$35,000 properly expended will work a substantial change in the whole matter.

The town of Winchester has an abundant supply of pure water high above any source of pollution, and has no further interest in the nuisances at present existing than are natural to right-minded people.

D. N. SKILLINGS.
Boston, Aug. 2, 1879.

From our Special Foreign Correspondent.
THE TOURJEE EXCURSION PARTY
IN EUROPE.—No. 1.

Three Hundred Americans on a Pleasure Trip through the Old World.—The Ocean Voyage.—A Tour of the Emerald Isle.—From the Giant's Causeway to the Lakes of Killarney.

GRAND HOTEL,
GLASGOW, SCOT., July 9, 1879.
THE TOURJEE PARTY.

A few years ago, that enterprising and public spirited gentleman, Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston, formed a gigantic plan for an excursion to Europe which might combine educational facilities with all the charms of a pleasure trip through foreign lands. This design was carried into execution last summer with most gratifying results, and nearly three hundred persons enjoyed an excursion which proved successful even beyond anticipation. This year a second grand excursion has been organized by Dr. Tourjee under new and improved auspices. The European contractors for the details of travelling and hotel accommodations are Messrs. Henry Gaze & Son, a firm sufficiently well known to European travellers already; and soon, I am sure, to become most favorably known to Americans who travel abroad. In some future letter I propose to describe how this system of travelling in parties is carried out, and how easy a foreign jaunt is made for the inexperienced traveller or for ladies who are unprovided with escorts, through these means, but I should take up too much space should I enter upon the subject in the present connection.

The Tourjee party of 1879, like that of 1878, is made

Journal Club Column

"For the sake of humanity give me just one mouthful to eat," he said, as he halted before an eating-stand.

"I've nothing for tramps," replied the woman.

"I'll take anything—even then 'later' peeling," he continued, "for I haven't tasted food in three days. If I can't get food I shall become desperate."

"I can't spare anything but this pre—" "I don't care what it is," he interrupted, "only don't be stingy with it. There, that's it; give me a heaping spoonful, and I'll always remember you with gratitude."

It was a bottle of grated horseradish, strong as the grip of a paving ring on a city, and the woman lifted out a big spoonful and deposited it in his open mouth. The tramp must have taken it for some sort of prepared infant's food, for his mouth closed with a yum! yum! It opened again, however, and when he started to run he upset a dozen flower pots, two boys and a barrel of charcoal. Much of the dose was blown into the eyes of a horse hitched to a vegetable wagon and after the man had run twice around the market with his mouth wide open he got a slant for a street fountain, and never took his chin out of the basin for forty straight minutes.

Betsy Bobbitt says of woman's voting:—"But if you vote you have got to go before a board of men, and how tryin' to delicacy that would be." "I went before a board of men when I joined the meetin' house, and when I got the premium for my rag-carpet, and I still live, and still call myself a respectable character; but," says I, in a vein of unconcealed sarcasm, "if these delicate ball characters are too modest to go in broad daylight, armed with an umbrella, before a vegetable man sittin' on a board, let 'em have a good female board to take their votes." "Would it be lawful to have a female board?" says Betsy. "Wimmen can be boards at fairs, and hospitals, and penitentiaries, and picnics, and missions, and would it be any worse to be a board before these delicate wimmen?" says I, carried away with enthusiasm. "I would be a board myself."

An old darkey caught a two pound sucker one day, and was so well satisfied with his work that he lay down for a nap, with the fish beside him on the grass. Another darkey came along presently, picked up the sucker, and left a half-pound one in its place. When the first man and brother woke up, the first thing his eyes sought was the fish, and it took him some seconds to realize that something had happened. Then turning his prize over and examining it all round he simply said: "Golly, how dat fish am shrunk!"

The Portland Press has an off-hand musical critic who thus describes a recently performed composition:—"It was a robust and well-assorted dirge. It opened with resolutions of respect to the deceased, followed by a waltz; then the procession went with decorum to the cemetery, and finally came home at a round trot. The composition ended with a confused series of thumps, representing the carrying home of the chairs borrowed for the funeral, and all was over."

Vigilant policeman to proprietor of clothing store: "There's a boy laying for a chance to get away with one o' them flannel suits in the door way. I've been watchin' him for four hours from over on the corner. Just you lay low an' I'll drop on him just as he's a scoopin' it in." Proprietor: "Oh! yes! All right. You mean that red-headed boy in the doorway? He's been watching the clothes for me."

"Darn a fool!" said Wilkins to his wife.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Wilkins, flourishing a darning needle. "Whereabouts are you worn out?"

"Some people are too smart to live long," retorted he.

"My dear," she answered, sweetly, "let me congratulate you upon your fair prospect for a long life."

We would like to know why it is that a young man can sit down, have a sigh or two about the size of a cider barrel, and then dash off a dozen pages to some angel of about seventeen years old plumage, but when he begins to write to his mother he can scratch himself bald-headed, and then not get over a page and a half.

An excursionist on a harbor boat, being subjected to some banter in regard to a piece of coarse twine which he had attached to his hat to prevent its capture by the fresh breeze that was blowing, remarked that he preferred to have his hat "tied on thus than to have it on the tide."

"And how does Charley like going to school?" kindly inquired a good man of the little six-year-old boy, who was waiting with a tin can in hand the advent of another dog. "I like goin' well 'nough," said the embryo statesman, ingeniously, "but I don't like stayin' after I get there."

"One hundred and sixty-seven dogs go to the pound," was the heading of an article in the paper the other morning. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. De Fluke, when she read this, "no wonder dogs can swim if they are as light as that?"

A gentleman had occasion to correct his daughter, aged four, recently. After it was over and she had sat awhile, she went to her mother and inquired:—"Don't you think it would do papa good to go out doors?"

"Green street!" called out the conductor. "Green's treat, eh!" ejaculated an inebriated individual in the corner of the car, "all right, (hic!) just lieve drink off of Green (hic!) any other man."

A man can never succeed in holding two or three dozen pins in his mouth as a woman does, no matter how much he practices on shad.

Some American corsets shipped to Mexico, were supposed to be saddles of a new kind, and were returned as not giving satisfaction.

A boy who was spanked said the sensation was thrilling in the extreme.

A mixed-up boy asked for a "ten-cent bake of loafers' bread."

Miscellaneous.

ACCIDENTALLY INNOCENT.

No lawyer likes going into court with a thoroughly bad case—yet how can he help it sometimes?

I should have more patience with the question, "Do you ever think it right to defend a man whom you believe to be guilty?" were it less frequently put by people who spend six days of the week seeking to get the upper hand of their neighbors, and the seventh in trying to circumvent their Maker. To the honest inquirer, I commend the answer Dr. Johnson once gave to Boswell, "Sir, the lawyer is not the judge."

Was it my place, when George Gilbert's little sorrow-worn wife, with tears glistening in her eyes, besought me to do what I could for her imprisoned husband, virtuously turn my back, and leave her tired, struggling heart to break or not as it might? I was neither a priest nor a Levite to find a ready excuse for passing by on the other side! Yet what could I do? George Gilbert had been sent on a collecting tour, and had gambled away money received for his employers. It was a plain case of embezzlement, and the penalty was a term of years in the State prison.

"I'm sure he never meant to be dishonest," pleaded the loyal little woman; "he was tempted by a crafty and designing man, but, instead of running away, as others would have done, he came back and confessed his fault, offering to let his whole salary go toward making up the money, till every cent was paid. Mr. Meek, the junior partner, was willing to be merciful, but Mr. Mangle, the head of the house, who returned just then, after a year's absence, insisted that the law should take its course."

I gave her what poor consolation I could, for lawyers, like doctors, must keep their patients' courage up at times.

"In the first place I'll see Mangle & Meek," I said. "Mr. Mangle may be brought to hear reason, after all—if he can only be made to see his interest in it."

The pale, despondent face cheered up a little. My words seemed to have inspired a sort of undefined hope which I was far from feeling myself.

Mr. Mangle received me with stony politeness.

"Young man," his manner said, "don't waste time in appeal to sentiment; you won't if you'll just look at me."

I took the hint, and came at once to business; repeated Gilbert's offer, and put it as strongly as possible that more was to be gained by leniency than harshness—all of which Mr. Mangle listened to with a conscientious scowl.

"I cannot be a party to compounding a felony," he answered, with a solemn intonation.

"Nor have I asked you," I replied, not a little nettled. "I have merely mentioned a plan of paying back your own, leaving it to your generosity to press or not to press the prosecution."

"Oh, it's all the same," was the contemptuous rejoinder—"anybody can, with his head full of pulps and quibbles, could see that. Besides, there's something rather cool in the proposal to retain your friend in our employ, under pretence of working out the money he has stolen, with the opportunity of flitting twice as much money in the meantime."

I my I felt temper rising, and not caring to imperil my client's interest by an outright quarrel, I took a hasty leave.

Had I been in the prisoner's place on the morning fixed for the trial, I could hardly have ascended the court-house steps with more reluctance than I did. And when I entered the court-house, and found Gilbert and his wife already there, and noted the hopeful look with which the latter greeted my coming, my heart sickened at the thought of the bitter disappointment coming.

"The People versus Gilbert!" called out the judge, after disposing of some formal matters.

A jury was immediately impaneled, and the case opened by the district attorney.

Mr. Meek was the first witness. The nervous, hesitating manner in which he gave his evidence would greatly damage its effect had it not evidently arisen from a disposition to do the prisoner as little hurt as possible. But no softening could break the terrible force of the facts he was compelled to relate.

In his partner's absence he had employed George Gilbert as a clerk; had found him competent and trustworthy; had sent him on a trip to make collections; on his return he had acknowledged that after receiving a considerable sum, he was induced by a respectable-looking gentleman, with whom he had casually fallen in, to join a social game of cards; at first they played for amusement, then for money, and after losing all his own, in the hope of retrieving his loss, with a fatal infatuation which attends the first infection of that dreadful vice whose end is swift destruction, he had hazarded and lost the last dollar of the money he held in trust for his employers.

Mr. Meek's voice faltered as he closed his narrative. He was going on to volunteer something about the prisoner's previous good character, when a disapproving glance from Mr. Mangle brought him to a halt. Just then the prisoner chanced to turn his head, and, catching a glimpse of the senior partner, who was standing among the crowd he started quickly, then whispered hurriedly in my ear.

"Turn aside your face," I whispered back. And the case of the prosecution being closed—

"Have you any witnesses for the defence?" inquired the judge.

"I will call Hezekiah Mangle," I replied. A buzz of surprise greeted the announcement, in the midst of which Mr. Mangle stepped forward and was sworn.

"You have been absent for the last year, Mr. Mangle," I began.

"I have."

"Travelling in different parts?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner was employed by your partner in your absence, and was arrested about the time of your return?"

"Such was the case."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Or met him in your travels?"

"If he will turn his face this way, I can tell better."

At my bidding Gilbert turned and faced the witness.

The effect was electrical. Mr. Mangle turned pale and red by turns.

"One other question, Mr. Mangle," I resumed. "Do you recognize in the defendant a young man from whom you won a thousand dollars at 'poker' while on your travels?" and I named the time and place at which the prisoner had met his misfortune.

The man of iron virtue hesitated worse than the amiable partner had done. He was halting between a point blank lie, which might entail the penalties of perjury, and the truth, which would cost him money.

Cowardice performed the office of conscience, and truth came out. The firm's money, which George Gilbert had lost, had been won by the senior partner; and the court instructed the jury that, as the sum in question had actually been delivered to one of the joint owners, who was bound to account to his associate, the prisoner could not be convicted.

"God bless you, Mr. Parker!" faltered the happy little wife. "I knew you would bring us out all right."

A STORY FOR CARELESS PEOPLE.—Last summer a gentleman lost his new overcoat. He was irritated by the occurrence. He suspected who took it. His suspicions deepened to a certainty in view of certain circumstances, and he laid a trap to catch one of his neighbors. A new coat was ordered, and after it was brought home he discovered his stolen garment precisely where he had left it.

The story is still fresh in many minds of the Boston man who, returning home rather late at night while it was showering, felt for his watch to see the time; but it was gone. It flashed over him in an instant that only three minutes before a man had passed him who rubbed against him. It was but the work of a moment to give chase, and lifting his umbrella he demanded his watch or vengeance. The watch was handed over by the terrified traveller, and the good citizen went home in a complacent mood, congratulating himself on his good luck and courage. At the breakfast table the next morning his wife read the story of the robbing of a man, only a few streets away, of a valuable gold watch and chain. It was a most daring affair, the robber lifting an enormous club and threatening all sorts of things. "That is singular," said the husband, "for I was robbed of my watch near that place, and ran after the villain and recovered it." "Are you sure, dear?" asked his wife. "You left your watch at home yesterday when you went out, and I saw a strange one on the bureau this morning. Can it be that you have committed robbery?" So it turned out. People are constantly getting into difficulties in consequence of inexactness, want of care, a habit of making sure. This case teaches a moral so obviously important that it need not be enlarged upon.

In a recent trial in which a large number of witnesses testified, one of the saddest features was that so large a proportion had only vague and general "impressions;" things were thus "as nearly as they could see or remember," such and such words were spoken, or "something was said to that effect." In either words, a tissue of indefinite impressions and reminiscent guess-work was presented as evidence to destroy a man's character. Such things are not right, and very far from being Christian.—*Evangelist*.

GEMS FROM DICKENS.—"If this be sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want to be near. And she died like a child that had gone to sleep."—*David Copperfield*, chap. 9.

"Time and the world were slipping beneath him. * * * He's a-going out with the tide. * * * And, it being low water, he went out with the tide."—*Ibid*, chap. 30.

"Don't cry. Is my chair there! In its old place? * * * That face, so full of pity and grief, that would appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven! It is over."—*Ibid* Chap. 30.

"One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chap. 19.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trade of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it."—*Old Curiosity Shop*, chap. 71.

"The hand soon stopped in the midst of them. The light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out."—*Hard Times*, chap. 9.

KEEP AIR FROM STORED HAY.—If this principle is true, and both science and practice prove its truth—it follows that the larger our mows, and the tighter our barns, the more perfectly is our hay preserved. It also follows that in storing hay, the common practice of putting one load in one mow and the next in another is all wrong. Fill up each mow as rapidly as possible, and if the mows are large fill each bent separately and tread down the hay as it is stored away. Not only is heating (fermentation) prevented by this mode of storing hay, but the aroma is preserved. Hay from a large mow has a better flavor and spends better than that from a scaffold, and the reason is that a volatile oil has not been dissipated by contact with the air. It is the waste of this aroma which causes transported hay to be inferior to that fed directly from the mow.—*Ploughman*.

James Campbell of Littleton, Me., has six acres of potatoes growing. He also keeps geese. The geese found their way into the potato field and commenced a raid upon the potato bugs, which they rapidly gobbled up. They march between the rows, with an eye each to the right and left, and "gather them in." Regardless of the price of poultry next Thanksgiving, Mr. Campbell thinks his geese have already more than paid for their keeping.

"I could sing," said an old Chicago class-leader, the other evening, "if 40,000 sawmills were all running full blast in the same block, and they couldn't put me out." "No," said a musician, who was standing near by, "but you might put the sawmills out."

THE FRONT CHAIR AT THE BARBER SHOP.

—When you go into the barber shop on a populous and stirring street to get shaved, never get veiled into the chair next to the front window. I made that mistake the other day, but I won't do it again. The barber was a well-meaning fellow enough, but he wanted to see everybody who was passing on the sidewalk, and any unusual sound that came from the street caused him to turn to the sun, no matter what stage of operation he had reached.

"You needn't cram the whole of the towel down my throat," I cried, as he was adjusting that article preparatory to applying the lather, while stretching his neck to watch the operation of getting a street car back on the track.

"Beg pardon, sah, but dat's the fit' time No. 19 has got a new drive, and he don't seem to understand his business very well now."

"No matter about the new drive, I am in a hurry."

Soon I felt the cool, soothing effects of the lather upon my cheeks, which induces a disposition to sink the head back, close the eyes and yield one's self to a dreamy languor. But I was aroused by the brush stabbing viciously into my left ear, and opening my eyes I saw that his face was turned towards the window again, while the brush was playing upon my head at random. I got a dab in the eye, and as I opened my mouth to use some vigorous language, plump went the brush halfway down my throat.

"Dem two boot-blacks is at it again," he cried, as the brush went dancing around in my hair. I coughed the floating island of soap out of my mouth, while he explained that the big boot-black had been pestering and worrying the little boot-black right along every day, and they had had several fights, but in this last scrimmage the little one seemed to be getting the best of it.

"Look a dar! He's got the big 'un down, sho' ye live!" he exclaimed, his brush thrust down the back of my neck in his hurry and excitement. A man is in a helpless condition with his face covered with lather, and there was nothing to do but swallow my rage and wait until the barber should resume his work, which he did in a flash of triumph as he reported that the little boot-black had "pasted" the big boot-black this time.

"There's a good deal going on in front of your window, isn't there?" I inquired mildly, for the razor was playing friskily about in the vicinity of my jugular.

"Well, yes, consid'able, though I don't think dar's as much to see as dar was over on Walnut. Bless ye, we had free or four runaways every day over dar, and fights on de sidewalk till you couldn't rest. Rawzor hurt you, sah? I had the front chair, too, an' sometimes wish I was back—" here he stopped short and gave a low whistle, while he stared earnestly out of the window again. I could not move or expostulate, for he held my nose fast between his thumb and fingers, and his razor resting idly just beneath my right ear.

"If dar ain't dat Pete Jones promenadin' wid de Tompkins gal; and her old dad had threatened to boot him if he ever comes anigh 'er again. What! dar goes old man Tompkins hisself, right behind 'em. Now dar will be fun, sho'."

Dropping his razor he ran to the window, reinforced by the rest of the barbers, who wanted to see what the fuss was about. When my man returned he could scarcely contain himself for laughing.

"You jes' ought to see Pete Jones light out when de old man fetched up wid him. It was good's a circus. My ole woman could a done a ironing on his coat tails. Yah! yah!"

Before he completed his task, that barber, in addition to the interruptions above described, paused in his work to watch the performance of a monkey chained to a hand-organ, gazed at a procession of Odd Fellows going to a funeral, critically studied a section of an excursion party from the country, commenced on the appearance of a newly-painted omnibus passing by, pointed out sixteen Over-the-Rhine variety performers, whom he recognized from seeing them on the stage, counted a drove of hogs, bowed smilingly to a score or more of his acquaintances, studied the heavens long and critically to detect any sign of rain, endeavoring to call my attention to the gutters as showing the necessity of a shower, pointed out sixteen candidates who had solicited his vote last election, and reviewed a circus procession. It was the most exhausting shave that I ever endured in my life, though I have had three savings banks burst up, with all my money deposited in them. I repeat it, never again will they catch me in a barber's chair next to the window.

YANKEE DOODLE IN CHURCH.—A well-known and rather old-fashioned deacon of this city, in conversation with the leader of the choir of his church, remarked that we were having too much of the "devil's music" in our churches and were getting into the habit of singing frivolous and lively music. The leader asked him if he knew "Yankee Doodle." The deacon replied that he was brought up on that tune, and would know it anywhere.

"Well," replied the leader, "I will sing it in church for you soon, and will wager a big apple that you won't know it." The leader watched his opportunity, and in due time the minister put out the hymn, "When I can read my title clear." The piece was sung in measured time to the old tune of Yankee Doodle. At the close of the service the deacon was the first to approach the leader.

"Why, what was that tune you sang those words to?" eagerly asked the deacon; "it was the best I have heard in church for some time."

The leader responded: "That was Yankee Doodle. Didn't I tell you I was going to sing it and you wouldn't know the difference?"

The deacon hummed the tune and found that he was caught, and the only difference between the two was the time and "long face" put on in singing it. The leader is looking for that "big apple," and the deacon begins to think that a religious tune can be made out of anything.—*Folio*.

In the vegetable race, who ever saw the tomato ketchup.

1851.

1879.

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29th VOLUME.

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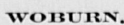
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96 Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

"Then he will find no difficulty in making a girl in Pikeville who would refuse to marry him," I replied. "I am sure I don't intend to urge him to anybody."

As I whirled along in the train stowe in the first week of November I indulged myself in building many a

"So!" at last gasped my cousin, "this is the man who has dared to woo my Cousin Leah! This blackleg, this swindler, the

Live oxen are sent to Europe in comfortably padded and covered stalls, on the upper deck. He who has steers to shed, prepare to shed them now.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

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WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

The *Adversary* is in a state of chronic nausea, over the Cadet business, and prints a letter from young Wood. Master Wood's recollection of the affair differs from all the others who were cognizant of the facts. We still believe he was honest when he said he was "perfectly satisfied," and had no doubt that he was satisfied, until his arrival home where he met Mr. Jerry Landers, a former employee of the *Adversary*, but at that time at work on the Wood farm. Jerry claims the credit of putting Arthur up to his present course, and he shall have whatever glory attaches to it. We have already given more space to this matter than it deserves, and will close it as far as we are concerned by quoting from a letter from Mr. G. A. Southworth, principal of the school where the examination was held, and who was present during the examination:—"The examination as a whole was in its character and method the fairest I have ever known. All the candidates had an equal chance and the 'best man won.'"

RUBBER PAINT FOR ROOFS.—It has long been a great desideratum to compound a paint for the protection of roofs, which combines the qualities of being elastic, fire-proof, water-proof, durable and cheap. These points seem to be attained in the rubber roofing paint which Mr. Jones is having put on the roof of the Central House. It penetrates the wood, and makes it so impervious to water that dew will drip from the roof. It is said to be fireproof, which is a great point in a village of wooden houses. It being elastic and conforming to the expansion and contraction of tin and zinc, it forms the most valuable coating for these materials. Burnham & Co., are the agents for Woburn and vicinity, and Mr. T. S. Curtis, well known here is interested in the business.

The *Melrose Visitor* has changed hands, and the editor, Mr. G. W. Reynolds makes his first number very interesting. In his editorial we find the following which is worth passing around:—"To sustain a local newspaper in the suburbs of a great city is not always an easy matter. People have plenty of morning and evening daily papers, and regard them almost as indispensable as daily bread. But while this is all right, the home paper should not be, it worthy, either overlooked, forgotten, or despised; and if true to the vital interests of the town it represents, it should have a general and hearty support."

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The open air meeting on the common last Sunday evening was conducted by Hon. J. G. Pollard, A. W. Palmer, C. W. Nute, and Mr. Stephen A. Lovejoy, of Melrose, took part in the meeting. There will be another meeting next Sunday evening, which will be addressed by Rev. E. A. Whittier, of Lawrence, and others. Deacon Samuel Cook will preside.

GRAND ARMY EXCURSION.—The Grand Army boys, with their families and friends, propose to visit Bass Point, Nahant, Saturday, starting from Woburn at seven o'clock. At Stoneham they will be joined by the Stoneham and Winchester Posts, making quite a little army. If the day is fair, the excursion will be very enjoyable.

Dr. James M. Randall has settled in Leominster, where he will engage in the practice of medicine. Dr. Randall is a graduate of Harvard Medical School, Class of '79, is a young man of good character and standing in his native town, and we commend him to the favorable notice of the people of Leominster.

CONCRETE PAVING.—J. M. Ellis & Co. are doing considerable concrete paving in Woburn. Their work is warranted for ten years, and they are bound to give satisfaction. Mr. Ellis has just completed a good job at the Plymouth St. Schoolhouse.

Mr. Herbert B. Dow has been appointed teacher of the classics in the School of Practice, Wilmot, N. H. Mr. Dow is a graduate of Harvard, Class of '79, and will undoubtedly fill his new position in a creditable manner.

Mr. Jacob R. Currier who is known as a well bred man, has been and had his new wagon painted with the emblems of his trade. It looks well. Slater was the artist.

Another Fall River Treasurer is "short," the amount named being \$175,000. Fall River must be a great place for gambling.

Capt. J. Henry Symonds, with his wife and son, are enjoying themselves at Lake George.

Mr. Trowan is recovering from the effects of the unfortunate affair of last Thursday.

On Wednesday, W. H. Jackson, at Walnut Hill, made 15 successive bull-eyes at 800 yards, and the same thing at 1000.

Tremont Temple was destroyed by fire, Thursday night. Dr. Cutter was one of the sufferers.

S. Henry Dow, who was very sick with pneumonia, at Swampscott, is better.

Dr. Lang and family are at Meredith Village, N. H.

IMPURE MYSTIC.—The State Board of Health visited Woburn last Friday afternoon, and examined the tanneries and the brook into which they drain. On Saturday the hearing was continued at the State House. Messrs. Skinner, Blake, and Crane were represented by B. F. Brooks, Esq. Mr. Brooks stated to the board that he had only just been instructed by his clients, and, from a brief conference with the counsel for the petitioners, he thought an arrangement satisfactory to all parties could be made, but he did not object to having the testimony in all the cases put in. Mr. Wilcox, of the firm of Waldmyer & Co., said that, although the case of his firm was somewhat different from the other three, he did not know but they, also, could come to some understanding with the cities, and thus save the Board of Health the trouble of a hearing, and to enable all parties to consult together, a recess until 11 o'clock was taken.

On the ressembling of the board Mr. Brooks stated he had come to a verbal agreement with the city on the part of his clients. Counsel for the city confirmed this, and asked that the matter be postponed for a few days to enable the examination of titles, etc., and he had no doubt the case of Waldmyer & Co. would be amicably arranged as soon as the others were settled. Hon. Moses Kimball, chairman of the Board, said that they were desirous of having the matter settled as soon as possible, as they felt it their duty to have the pollution of the water stopped at once, and it was necessary that this should be done by an order of the board, unless the parties in interest came to an agreement, and in order to enable the clients of Mr. Brooks, known as the Russell brook cases, to arrange with the city of Boston, the hearing in these would be continued a few days, when the board would meet at the call of the chairman. A conference of P. Waldmyer & Co. with the counsel for the petitioners was then held, at the close of which City Solicitor Darling, of Somerville, stated that a verbal agreement had been arrived at in this case also, the substance of which was that the board should be asked to continue the hearing not over fourteen days, and that in the meantime Waldmyer & Co. agreed to convey all their sewage into the Mystic valley sewer, the city of Boston to construct a catch basin, payment for which is to be made by Waldmyer & Co., who are also to procure the necessary pumping apparatus, the payment for which is to be determined hereafter. This agreement is, however, to be without prejudice to either party hereafter. To this Waldmyer & Co. agreed, and the hearing was then adjourned, the board to again assemble at the call of the chairman.

TEN THIEVES CAPTURED.—Two men thieves were captured on Saturday last, and having confessed their guilt, are likely to do the State some service at Concord. Last week Thursday some fowls were taken from James Boatwell, on New Boston street, among the lot being some bantams. Next day a regular dealer called, and on being told of the theft, remarked that he had seen some bantams offered for sale in Boston, by two fellows whom he described. The Boston dealer was visited, and a part of the stolen fowls were recovered. Early Saturday morning the men described called at Jones's stable, but did not stop. They had with them a bay horse, light express wagon, and an unpainted hen coop; the latter article they had procured at Norris's planing mill. Chief Conn was notified, and at once gave chase, but being on the wrong scent came back empty-handed about eleven o'clock. Just as a dispatch from Wilmington arrived with the news that the thieves had just gone through that town. A Wilmington farmer named Harrington had been visited by these fellows, and the night after their visit sixteen of his fowls were missing, and Officer Bancroft was on the lookout for them. Chief Conn immediately started in pursuit, and was joined at Wilmington by Officers Bancroft and Harris. They followed the trail into Tewksbury, where the officers came up with them and captured thieves and team. The thieves gave their names as George Richardson and Ed. Berry, and were brought back to Woburn and locked up. Before night they concluded to own up, and when arraigned they pleaded guilty and were taken to jail, in default of \$500, to await the action of the Grand Jury. Chief Conn has the team and some chickens on hand, all of which are presumably stolen property, and await owners.

ILLEGAL BORROWING OF A TEAM.—Saturday evening, a young fellow named James Foley, called at G. W. Pollock's house, on Chestnut street, and wanted to get the horse and wagon to go to Lexington. Mr. Pollock was away, and the only person in charge was a little boy named Herbert Cook. The boy refused to let the team go, when Foley tied him to the fence and took the team and started. Charles Carroll was with Foley and got into the wagon and went away with him. After they had gone the boy managed to release himself from the fence, and notified the police. Foley and Carroll went to the race, and afterwards returned the team. Later in the evening they were arrested and locked up. Monday morning they were before the Court, and the extreme penalty for the offence, \$10 and costs, was imposed, which they were unable to pay. They went to the House of Correction, where they will remain forty days, unless their fines are paid.

DODGE'S FIRE.—Mr. Warren Holden, a farmer from Billerica, states that last Friday morning between 3 and 4 o'clock he was passing along Lowell street, Woburn, with a load of produce which he was taking to Stoneham. He was asleep on his load, when the sudden stopping of his horse awoke him with a start, and he saw two men crossing the street in front of his team, and then get over the fence and disappear. He continued his journey, and near Clinton street looked back and saw smoke and a light in the rear of Dodge's premises. When he got over to the Watering Station he heard the alarm of fire sounded. He thinks the fellows he saw were incendiaries.

A score or more of Woburn people were on the Empire State on its trip to the Isle of Shoals on Wednesday. They speak of the excursion in glowing terms.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

COLOR BLINDNESS.—The attention of railway managers has been called to the fact of the existence of color-blindness in engineers and switchmen. This has been shown by investigations following railway accidents. Two disastrous accidents, one in this State and the other in New Jersey, are believed to have occurred directly through the inability of, in one case, the engineer, and in the other of the switchman to distinguish at a distance the color of the signal and switch lights. Nothing, however, practical was done until Hon. Hiram H. Foster, the manager of the Lowell Railroad, moved in the matter. From a knowledge of such defects in vision gained in his own experience in handling and observing colors, he so presented the matter to the board of directors that they authorized him to institute a thorough color and vision examination of the employees of the road. The report of the tests on the Lowell road has been awaited by railroad people throughout the country with a good deal of interest. The agitation of this subject has disclosed the fact that a station-agent of one of our large suburban towns has one glass eye; that a popular engineer on a fast mail train has wholly lost the sight of one eye; that a freight yard switch-tender cannot detect a green light; that a bridge-tender in the western part of the State has the use of only one eye, and is color-blind in the good one; and that two firemen on a road running across the State cannot read the grade-crossing sign one hundred feet distant. The public will at once recognize the great importance of having all railway employees clear-visioned and prompt in distinguishing positive colors. The system of electric danger-signals along the tracks of most of our railroads are set by colors, while the switch-lights and lanterns are in three colors, white, red and green, each having its own important significance and liable at any moment to be flashed half to a quarter of a mile ahead of an on-rushing train. If those who should be forewarned by it are unable to distinguish colors, or even to see the light, what safety is there for the passengers or freight in the cars behind? The examination on the Lowell Railroad was in progress almost daily for a month. The following is the full text of Dr. Jeffrey's report:—

Boston, July 29, 1879.
H. H. Foster, Esq., Manager of the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

Dear Sir:—By your direction I have tested the visual power and the color sense of ninety-four of your engineers, firemen and switchmen. I herewith transmit the result of the examination and my certificate in each individual case. In compliance with your request to suggest such data as may assist your action, I would say as to " requisite visual power," I do not think we can do better in this country than to adopt the standard required in the Holland railroads, proposed by Professor Duval, and given in my work on color-blindness, its dangers and its detection; at least until some other is agreed upon by an international commission, or a convention of the railroad commissioners of the several States of the Union. At a meeting of the American Ophthalmological Society, at Newport, July 25, I brought up this point for discussion, and the society concurred with me in regarding this as a safe standard. As the railroad service of this country is so different from that of Europe, it is necessary to classify the employees to correspond with the two grades here recognized. The first class (A) would include engineers, firemen and train-hands. In accordance with the above it is requisite for this class that the eyes and eyelids be healthy externally, without habitual congestion or inflammation; the field of vision not limited in either eye; the acuteness of vision in each eye normal, without glasses; the color perception normal by Professor Hering's test.

The second class (B) would include all other employees who are called upon or may be called upon to distinguish the colored night or day signals, and who have to do with the movement of the trains—viz: conductors, brakemen, bridge-keepers, gate-keepers, station-masters and train-hands. For these it is requisite that the eyes and eyelids be healthy externally, without habitual congestion or inflammation; the field of vision not limited in either eye; the acuteness of vision in each eye normal, without glasses; the color perception normal by Professor Hering's test.

The ninety-four employees I was requested to test were all under class A. Upon reference to my certificates the following numbers will be found to fall below the standard proposed, numbers 36 and 76 as being color-blind. Both these are red blind. Below the visual standard: Numbers 1, 4, 12, 15, 25, 35, 41, 42, 59, 60, 70, 74, 79, 84, 85, 91 and 92. As has been shown by my examinations on your road, Professor Hering's method of detecting color-blindness is the usual method of determining visual power can be, primarily at least carried out by the examining ophthalmic surgeon in an ordinary passenger car, which may be attached to the passenger's train, and employees be tested while awaiting their turn without delay. Doubtful cases can be again subsequently tested in the presence of the medical officer of the road at headquarters, or in the office of the examining surgeon when requisite.

Respectfully yours,
B. J. JEFFERIES, M. D.

A BAD JAM.—Saturday evening, Henry and Joseph Young were at work on a shaft at Skinner's & Co.'s tannery. Henry was striking a pulley with a fourteen pound hammer and Joseph was holding a piece of block tin to receive the blow and not the pulley. Henry accidentally hit the flooring above the shaft, which changed the direction of the blow and the hammer came down on his brother's thumb, making a very painful wound. The hammer struck it and rolled it, separating the flesh from the bone without crushing the latter, and dislocating a joint. With good care the thumb will be saved.

The man who gets maddest at a newspaper goes on himself, is the same party who goes round showing the paper to everybody he meets when the joke is on some other fellow.

DROPSY.—Dennis Murphy, suffering from dropsy, was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital, on Monday, for treatment. He was tapped, and is now very much better.

The fare from Boston to New York, a distance of 250 miles, is only one dollar, while the fare from Woburn to Boston, a distance of ten miles is 30 cents.

New Scales.—G. F. Jones has recently put in a new set of platform scales, thereby improving his weights.

Estabrook keeps the best bakery Woburn has ever known. His goods are the very best.

Slater has given Porter's Minnehaha a new suit of clothes. She looks quite gay.

FOOT RACE.—Last Saturday evening a five-mile foot race was running on the Lexington track by John Wafer, of Woburn, and Patrick Fitzgerald, of Winchester, for \$10 a side. The Winchester man had a crowd of backers, who bet their money quite freely, and were so confident, that one of them remarked that he would have bet \$100 that Fitzgerald could win. They were doomed to disappointment, however, for Wafer was in good condition, and won easily, Fitzgerald being unable to do anything after the third mile. No time was taken. The Woburn boys won over \$400 from their Winchester friends.

POLICE COURT.—Catherine Lewis, common drunkard, \$3 and costs. Michael Harney, drunk, \$3 and costs. Catherine Reddy, illegal keeping of liquors, fined \$50 and costs, appealed for trial in October. James Driscoll, of Lowell, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed for non-payment. John Doherty, drunk, \$3 and costs. Edward Berry and George Richardson, larceny, held for trial in the Superior Court and committed in default of sureties. Martin J. Foley and Chas. Carroll, illegal driving of horse, fined \$10 and costs each, committed for non-payment.

Tully Gallagher, a tramp hailing from Woburn, Mass., who has been hanging about Norwich for a week or more, sleeping in empty cars and out-houses, was arrested last Saturday, and bears the distinction of being the first man complained of and held for trial under the new tramp law in eastern Connecticut.

The town hall at Lynfield, witnessed a sight last Thursday night such as it had never seen since it was built, almost 175 years ago. It was that of a dozen ladies to register their names as voters. The first was over eighty years of age. Three-fourths of them were widows and single ladies.

When old Lady Suffolk trotted a mile in 2:26½ the performance stood unequalled so many years that many horsemen doubted very much whether it would ever be eclipsed. Yet last Saturday Bonner's Edwin Forest, on a three-quarter track, trotted a full mile in two minutes and eleven and three-quarters seconds (2:11½).

Berry-picking is fast becoming not only a pleasant but a profitable employment. Hundreds can be seen every week-day, and we are sorry to add, Sabbath also, vending their way to the various sections of the town where the fruit is found. Hardly a pasture within five miles—and many of these in the neighboring towns of Lincoln and Weston—but what is visited, and the bushes are kept depleted constantly. The best of pickers usually secure from twelve to fifteen quarts a day, by making the days long. The average is probably not far from half these figures, and prices ranging from seven to twelve cents per quart, according to the season. Most of the owners of these pastures are quite lenient, and seldom drive quiet pickers away. Breaking up bushes, pushing over stone-walls and fences, are often resorted to by those who are heedless, and who take it for granted that the berry pastures are public property. This is one of the aggravating features connected with berry-picking and it is not surprising that trespassers are occasionally invited to take "French leave."

Again, with many, the proceeds which the sale of the berries bring is their only income at this season, and with this knowledge, owners of the bushes, who are not hard-hearted, are thankful to be helpers to these poor people. The bushes are yielding well this summer, and the berries good.—*Walsham Record*.

If the Democratic party wants to carry a single northern state next year, it should hasten to repudiate the course of those Mississippi Democrats who drive off opposition candidates by violent measures. The federal bayonet in *posse* is a much less formidable danger to the northern mind than the bulldozer's shotgun in *case*. If it gets to be understood that the Democratic party in the South will not allow of the existence of any political opposition, the average northern man will decide that it is not the party to rule this country. It ceases to be a question of party and becomes one of civilization and free government. We do not hesitate to say that the course of the Mississippi Democrats, if persisted in merits the extreme penalty applicable to a state which fails to maintain a republican form of government, and justifies the employment of a federal army, if necessary, to enforce obedience to the Constitution.—*Herald*.

Editors are seldom heard discussing the propriety of taking summer vacations and leaving their congregations. Editors must stay and "stick it out." Editors can't move their studies to the mountains or breezy seashore. Editors must get their inspiration at the same old desk the year round, the desk which looks out on a patch of brick wall ten feet opposite and an iron shutter. Newspapers never close their pulpits. Wouldn't it be ridiculous to propose vacating a newspaper's pulpit for two or three months during the warm season, and sending the staff to Europe or Long Branch, to cure their bronchitis? Newspaper men are like cooks—they must broil at the furnace the year round. Folks can't do without their morning chops, coffee and paper.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

They tell us that Mystic water will not poison or make us sick, and the fact, if it be a fact, is harped upon that as a community we are in unusually good health for the season. But that is an argument for a merely negative virtue of the water. If we were to swallow the entrails and excrements of fish, fowls, and animals, together with the swill and slops of the kitchens, they would not poison us or cause any unusual amount of sickness to the people; but that is no sufficient reason why we should fill up with such stuff. We pay for pure water, and we should have it every time.—*Chelsea Record*.

A child was born in this town on Friday of last week, which weighed but one and one-half pounds. A ring from a lady's finger could be slipped over its hand to its elbow. It lived but three days.—*Quincy Patriot*.

Winchester.
Some of the mud has been dug out of the basin between Bacon street and the railroad.

An excursion train of twelve cars passed through here Tuesday, in charge of Conductor Rowell, of Lawrence.

BASE BALL.—The Winchester High School Nine went over to Lexington, on Tuesday, and beat the Lexingtons 25 to 17.

FELL OFF A SCAFFOLD.—Last week Thursday a little son of Winsor Huse fell from a hay mow and broke his arm near the wrist.

There was a large number from Winchester on board the Empire State last Wednesday. The voyage was to the Isle of Shoals.

SLIGHT BLAZE.—A lantern placed near Brown's brick pile as a signal, caught fire and was destroyed on Tuesday evening. The post was saved.

RELAY HOUSE.—Last week Thursday the Independent Club went to the Relay House, Nahant, in the Belle of Winchester, and had a splendid time.

GOOD WORK.—If any one wishes to examine a perfect piece of masonry let him examine the arch over the driveway in the Brown-Stanton block.

SAVED HIS FINGERS.—On Tuesday, Willie Erskine while playing with Emerson's saw, at Whitney's Mill, sawed his fingers, making a painful wound.

CONY ISLAND.—Dr. Brown, W. H. Bailey, R. F. Holbrook, William Madden, and Henry Bishop, went to Coney Island last Saturday and returned on Monday.

Brown says that the middle of the boat is the best place for your stateroom, and that although some folks don't like the sound of the wheels, it don't trouble him any.

RUNAWAY.—On Monday, H. A. Emerson's horse was scared by the cars and ran away. He was stopped near Dow's blacksmith shop by John Crowley, without having done any damage.

Mrs. Adaline B. Church, of Winchester, a graduate of the Boston University School of Medicine class of '79, has been appointed Assistant Demonstrator at the college.

Waldmyer & Co. will pump their sewage into the sewer. The Water Board is building a catch basin to receive the solid matter, and the liquid will be pumped into the sewer.

SONG AND DANCE.—Two musical tramps were in town on Tuesday, playing a violin and singing and dancing. They entertained the crowd with some of their choicest selections, and seemed happy.

PERSONAL ITEMS.—C. A. Conant and wife are at the White Mountains. Salem Wilder and family are at Hyannis Port. F. W. Perry and family have gone yachting. A. Thompson and family are at Pigeon Cove.

COMMON DRUNKARD.—A warrant having been issued for Patrick Farrington, as a common drunkard, Officer Patterson had a lively chase for him. He was finally captured on Tuesday, and sent down for six months.

DON'T BET.—The Winchester boys who went over to the Lexington track last Saturday to see the five-mile race between Wafer and Fitzgerald, were much chagrined at the defeat of the latter, and it is said that they lost about \$400, by betting on the wrong man.

On his way to Coney Island, Mr. Holbrook lost a valuable linen duster, which he prized very highly for old associations. But for the rapid nature of the trip, making delay impossible, there would have been trouble with the steamboat company. They may have to pay for it as it is.

Bailey thought the water at Coney Island wasn't very good, and had an idea of proposing to Mr. Corbin a system of purification, which he is about to apply in Boston, but it being Sunday, he was restrained by the thought that Corbin might take him for a Jew, and so the matter was dropped.

THROWN OUT.—Last Saturday, Amos Shattuck, of Woburn, was watering his horse at the trough, when the animal was startled by a passing team. Turning suddenly, Mr. Shattuck was thrown out, and the horse ran away, but was stopped by George Kenney. Mr. Shattuck was not hurt.

A WILD STEER.—Thursday a steer which had been left out of a drove on account of lameness, was driven alone along Main street. At Whitney's Mill he became unmanageable, and running into the mill yard created quite a disturbance. After receiving a good many bullets, and a blow from a sledge, he surrendered.

BASS POINT.—The excursion to Bass Point by the Grand Army Posts of Winchester, Stoneham and Woburn, to-day (Saturday) bids fair to be a first class one. There will be a large crowd of the comrades "wives and children all included," and as many others as will pay the fare. Capt. A. Hall can tell the Winchester folks all about the tickets.

THROWN DOWNS.—Mrs. J. C. Paine, last Friday, was walking along the platform in front of the Post Office, when two boys engaged in play accidentally pushed her down the steps. She fell on the concrete, striking the back of her head, and it was at first thought she had received serious injuries. She was taken into Holbrook's store, and from there to her home. We are glad to learn that she was not seriously injured. The boys ought to be more careful in their choice of places for play.

BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Brass Band will occupy the band stand on the Common next Wednesday evening, and play the following programme:—

PART I.
1. March, Nibelungen. Arr. by Claus.
2. Concert Waltzes. Ripley.
3. Fantasia from Le Val d'Amour. Ripley.
4. Concert Polka. Cornet Solo. Rollinson.
5. Selection. Flauto. Sullivan.

PART II.
6. Grand March, Clayton's. Blake.
7. Selection, Mixed Candy. Cayward.
8. Reverie. Ar che La Morie. Verdi.
9. Waltzes. Tausend und eine Nacht Walzer. Strauss.
10. Concert Galop. Claus.

No RACE.—Tuesday evening a large

crowd gathered on Common street with the expectation of witnessing a hundred-yard race between Frank Nowell, of Winchester, and Patrick Burke, of Woburn. The race was to be for \$10 a side, and a forfeit of \$2 had been deposited. James Mooney backed Nowell, and Burke was backed by his brother. The race was appointed for half past seven, and the distance was marked off and the judges selected, and just as the spectators were beginning to wonder why the men did not run, the referee announced that there would be no race. It seems that on account of the back luck of the Winchester boys last Saturday night, Nowell's backer had offered to pay forfeit and withdraw from the race, but Burke was so anxious to run that he offered to run for the \$2. On arriving on the ground, however, he changed his mind, and insisted on the full stake, finally agreeing to make it \$10 to 7. This was not acceptable to the other side, and they paid the forfeit. Burke's friends were present in great numbers, and were very confident of victory, and all were disappointed at the termination of the affair. The crowd though a large one, was quite orderly, and separated without any trouble.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Boston & Lowell R. R. are making a grand improvement at Silver Lake Station. They are erecting a new depot 15 x 40 which will add considerably in the building up of that portion of the town. The residents near the lake are greatly pleased with this improvement which has been needed for some time. The summer boarding houses at Silver Lake are full, and the pleasure seekers are having a good time.

Ames' Hall is being enlarged by the raising of a portion of the building. It is intended for the use of the "Wilmington Dramatic Club" which will give entertainments during the winter months.

F. & M. CLUB.—After a recess of nearly two months, the Farmers' and Mechanics' Club will again meet regularly. The next meeting will take place Saturday, August 16th, and it is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance.

Considerable excitement has been caused within the last few days, by the appearance of a party representing C. G. Smith, of Boston. Smith claims to be the owner of a patent for driven wells. The agent took the names of 28 different parties with some of whom he left notices stating in the first place that Smith is the owner of several patents on driven wells and closing as follows: "Parties in — county reporting their own wells to the agent and paying their royalties within 20 days after date will be allowed a discount of 50 per cent from the fixed royalty of \$10 for domestic and farm wells. Infringers are hereby notified that from and after — no discount will be allowed, but the full royalty of \$10 will be invariably charged and suits commenced without further notice." We should like to hear from some of our readers whether they have had any experience in this driven well business. So many have been duped by operators in the patent line it is hard to tell who is honest.

TEN THIEVES CAPTURED.—Thomas Bancroft, our chief of police has again captured two offenders against the law. He was notified by Chief of Police Conn, of Woburn, of the theft of some 40 hens belonging to parties in No. Woburn. The description given him answered exactly to two men who had passed his house some little time previously, and he telegraphed to the Chief at Woburn to this effect. In about 40 minutes after, Mr. Conn arrived in this town and together with Bancroft proceeded along the road which the men had taken. They were successful in finding and arresting the parties on the edge of Tewksbury. They were both taken to the lock-up at Woburn.

Before you start with your family to spend a fortnight with your aunt in the country you had better hold a brief period of self-communion to ascertain whether you are willing to have her make a return visit in the winter, along with cousins Ezekiah and Mehitable, and to show them the city sights and introduce them to your stylish acquaintances. Its very nice to list to the lay of Chanticleer, and inhale the fragrance of new-mown hay and all that sort of thing, but perhaps it won't be so cheerful in a few months to have the whole congregation gaze on your sophisticated relatives when they accompany you to church, and overhear the ladies whispering to each other, "who can those antediluvian creatures be that are stopping with the Wilkenses? I declare, their dresses and bonnets are quite too awfully funny for anything!"—*Somerville Journal*.

BAPTIST GROVE MEETINGS.—The Baptist grove meetings at Martha's Vineyard are in progress, and the indications betoken a pleasant and successful series of religious services. Sermons have already been preached by Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., Rev. E. G. Taylor, D. D., Rev. O. P. Gifford, Rev. F. A. Douglass, D. D., Rev. Edward Judson, Rev. R. J. Adams, D. D., and Rev. B. F. Bronson, D. D. The meetings for prayer are largely attended and interesting. The services are conducted by Rev. C. H. Spalding of Arlington. The ordinance of baptism was administered Tuesday morning to one person by Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., of New Jersey.

THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS.—A largely-attended meeting of the executive committee of the Young Republican Association was held in Boston, on Wednesday, at which the preliminary arrangements for the work of the ensuing campaign were perfected. Gentlemen representing nearly every county in the state were present, and all expressed confidence in the defeat of Butler by an increased majority. There are at present 100 clubs of Young Republicans in the Commonwealth, and more are to be organized. No indication of the members' preference for a candidate was given.

THE PROHIBITORY STATE CONVENTION.—At a meeting of the Prohibitory State Committee, on Tuesday, it was voted to hold the state convention in Tremont Temple, Sept. 24. Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., will be invited to preside.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Peterson's for September.—The September number of this standard monthly comes to hand early and will be welcomed by its ever increasing host of readers. The secret of the wonderful success of this price of monthlies lies in its ever onward progress towards the highest possible point to be reached in its line, and so long as it continues as it has in the past to gain new friends with every number it will hold its place in the front rank. The illustrations, fashions plates, and patterns in this number will interest the ladies and they will find some of the prettiest patterns yet seen. Its reading matter is such as will be welcomed in every family where the best is appreciated and its variety will make it sought after by young and old.

Harper's Magazine for September presents many striking novelties, and in excellence of illustration is superior to even the August Number. In fiction, this Magazine is now remarkable for its three serial novels by Miss Mulock, William Black, and R. D. Blackmore—a marvelous array of imaginative power. "Mary Anerley," Blackmore's new novel, promises to be one of his best efforts, and William Black's yachting romance, "White Wings," is an enchanting story. One of the most novel features of this Number is a ghost story by Howard Pyle, with eight illustrations drawn by the author. The story has something of the charm which made Irving's tales so fascinating, and the pictures are among the very best examples of character sketches—as fine as they are striking. Not less striking, though of a more stately order, are Mr. Rehnart's admirable picture illustrating "Mrs. Champney's" Newport Society in the last century. The article is one of unusual interest, relating to the period when the French officers—Rochambeau, and others—made this garrison town their favorite resort. Lucy Larcom's spirited lyric, "My Mariner," is accompanied by an equally spirited illustration by Fredericks. In the second paper of Mr. Benjamin's series, "Fifty Years of American Art," there are beautiful engravings after paintings by F. E. Church, Worthington Whittredge, R. W. Hubbard, J. W. Casilear, J. F. Cropsey, W. T. Richards, S. R. Gifford, A. F. Bellows, James Hart, James Hamilton, W. H. Beard, E. Leutze, William Page, Elihu Vedder, and John Lafarge. In excellence of engraving nothing could be superior to the sixteen pictures illustrating Barnett Phillips' interesting paper, "The King Collection of Engraved Gems," recently purchased for the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's "

Journal Club Column

A clergyman, talking to some youngsters on the coming vacation and diverging into the necessity of kindness to animals, incidentally remarked: "Boys are often cruel to frogs and toads. I remember when a boy, filling up a toad with fire crackers and then lighting the slow-match." He was horrified to see this remark received with the liveliest emotions of interest and delight, and utterly prostrated as he passed out at hearing one urchin say to another, "By jingo, that's a new note. Won't we have fun blowing up the bull-paddies down in the medder!"

They were walking along the village street, and they were newly wedded, husband and wife. The air was insufferably hot, when he, looking at the signs, "ice-cold soda" and "lemon ice cream," said, "Darling, ice is very bad for the teeth; it ruins the enamel." Then she took out her new set and putting them gently behind the young post, said, "Sweetie, we will take all the precaution and save all the enamel."

When you see the shop girl sitting opposite you in the horse-car nervously clutch the story paper she is reading, turn pale, while her hat commences to rise gently from off her forehead, you may know that she has reached that point of the tale where the cowardly assassin dangles the hero over the precipice by the hair of his head, and—to be continued in our next.

A principal of Vassar College stepped suddenly into one of the recitation rooms and said: "That person who is chewing gum will please step forward and put it on the desk." The whole school stepped forward with one accord toward the desk, while the teacher slipped her quid beneath her tongue and said "Really, guls, I'm surprised!"

"I say, you fellows have got a queer notion of punctuation," shouted an uptown man to an ice cart driver. "What makes you put a period after every word on the side of your cart?" "Oh, that's cause we have to stop so often." There was a degree of coolness in the reply that was unexpectedly refreshing to the inquirer.

A lisping boy out in the back yard pounding on a tin pan. The father came home tired and sullen, and being disturbed by the noise, cried out; "What is that turned loose in the back yard, a wild animal?" The little fellow answered, "Yeth thir, it's a pan-thir."

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him with a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel elastic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very systematic."

There are young men who cannot hold a skein of yarn for their mothers without wincing, but we know a young man who holds 125 pounds of a neighboring family for the best part of the night, with a patience and docility that are certainly phenomenal. No cards.

An exchange says "striped parasols have taken the place of striped stockings." We don't believe it. The idea of a woman holding a striped stocking over her head to keep off the sun, and wearing parasols on her—Oh, no, we don't believe the story.

They were soon to be married. He had vague ideas of house furnishing, and he asked her what kind of carpets he should get for the parlor. She answered, "Axminster." And then he warmly protested that it was none of the minister's business.

A certain editor was taking a walk one evening with his wife, when she, who was romantic and an admirer of nature, said: "I Augustus, just notice the moon." "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than twenty cents a line."

A fashionably dressed woman entered a drug store the other day, and informed the clerk that her husband had overloaded his stomach, and that she desired to get an epidemic to relieve him.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told—"A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

ONIONS & MUSIC.

She sang soprano sweetly—
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she cut onions,
And thus hated up the choir.

A corset-maker out of work, thus vented her complaint—"Shame that I should be without bread—I have stayed the stomachs of thousands."

A little Providence girl in Sunday school being asked who went into the ark with Noah, replied: "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem: "Which has the most bones, a two dollar corset, or a fifty-cent shad?"

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes in a handsome engagement ring.

How do the little busy moth improve each passing hour, and bore holes in your Sunday pants, defying housewives power.

"George Sand?" said a young lady in company the other day. "Oh, yes, I know now; he's the Sands' sarsaparilla man."

"Weight for the wagon," observed the farmer, as he helped his three hundred pound wife to a seat in the vehicle.

Mrs. Jones says her husband will never get struck by lightning because he always gets insulate.

The green apple will soon extend its hand to the youth and give him the usual grip.

With merchants the word to wealth is through the buyway and highweights.

A bad little boy calls himself Compass, because he is boxed so often.

Miscellaneous.

THRILLING SEA EXPERIENCE.

"They that go down to the sea in ships," &c. The seas of which David was dreaming would not form one ocean roller as seen sweeping from horizon to horizon in the Great South Western ocean, that home of the Western gale. Glorious in its sun-lit storms—yet fearful as glorious. I have seen and felt some of its sublime power and fury, while standing aloft in the slings of our fore yard, trying to urge on and cheer sixteen noble fellows strung along that yard, trying in vain to reef or furl the sail, puffed full of the storm, as hard as a barrel, far above their heads. We were unable to "spill" or shake the sail by bracing in, as we were scudding before a sun-lit hurricane, our poor little craft burying hawse-holes to, scarcely lifting her martingales above the white, rushing foam which bid fair to be a home for all. Heavens! how she quivered, and groaned, and seemed to stretch herself out in agony, to avoid, perhaps, her doom. There were sixteen as brave souls as ever manned a yard or passed an earing, helpless as children, clinging for life to the jacks, waiting and watching for a quiver of that sail which had robbed most of them of hats or caps. At the starboard earing, holding by the fore lift, sat Michael Greener, a Maltese. His earing rove in the cringle and passed over his shoulder, he was tugging with all his might, and shouting "light out to starboard!" trying to lessen sail by a reef, at the same time swearing in bad English like an English nobleman. There was not a cloud visible. The sun high in heaven seemed to look down on us in tears, for a thin, white haze filled the air and seemed a pall over us, not untidly called by seamen the "Winding Sheet."

At this time, without warning, a report louder than any thunder burst in the air a little before our starboard beam, a long column of smoke in form of a rough cylinder went rapidly eastward, revolving swiftly over and over from north to south, as a circle of steam often does from a pipe. This was not five hundred feet from the water, and moved horizontally without dip. The fearful concussion crushed the tornado for a moment. Our foresail shrank limp in the buntlines and spilling lines, and we lurched in an instant and reached the deck as the storm burst with redoubled fury upon us, and our ship leaped forward before it like a wild horse at the touch of the spur and whip.

Fortunately for us, the fury of the storm was at this time our salvation. The rush of the wind had been such that the sea could not rise. Around us was a field of white foam clinging to an old ground swell from S. S. West. But for this, with such a sea as I have often seen here, we must have foundered in the trough. The report was a dead shock without following vibration or echo. Was this a meteor or a thunder-bolt? In either case it stopped poor Mike's swearing, and some time expired ere he took it up again. With the renewed storm came squalls of hail and a quick scud, almost touching our mast head, the sea foaming feather white. After noon, it began to lull, between the squalls. The sea now rising fearfully, we were compelled to put the whole foresail and close-reefed foretopsail on her, to keep before the sea, which at times hung over our taffrail, so high and near that the sun seemed to look down through the plunging comb upon us; while our sixteen "common sailors," as you call them, stood calmly at their stations, not a muscle of the frame or face moved, except when drawing tighter the waistband of their trousers, or turning a twice-chewed quid of tobacco over in their mouths. These are your "common sailors," so called in scorn by those who know little of them. Salem should be kind to them, for they are in one sense the founders of her commercial wealth. Her merchants, many of them were common sailors. Educate them and they are God's nobility, of whom the author of the "Shipwreck" truly said:

"No toil or suffering can their hearts appeal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all."

Salem and old Essex should honor their memories, for from them came their first children's early bread and butter. But to continue. Toward midnight of the next twenty-four hours the storm had quieted to a damp steady breeze from W. S. W., with a cross swell running from West, crossed by low upheavals from South, from which point the late cyclone began. This made our ship roll heavily and tried our masts. At 11 P. M., while examining my traverse of the two preceding days, I heard the cry of: "breakers ahead, and on the starboard beam!" On turning to the point indicated, the sea looked like a bed of molten iron. We were under short sail brought our head around W. N. Westward, with after sails aback. Run out one hundred and twenty fathoms of line—"no ground." While hauling in the line the bright water moving westward came hissing and spitting all around us, and drawing a bucket full we found it filled with small, double, transparent globules, size of a speckled bean. Between each pair of globules a small, tiny black and gold fish, with its little fins and bright eyes, as perfect in form and mould as a bonita. These were moving about in the water, pulsating and throbbing, and at every pulsation emitting a pale bluish light.

The night, though dark and moonless, is made so light as we push through these living waters, that we can count the seams in our lower sails, while far above all, in the fore and main royal truck, swinging to and fro with the reefing mast, is seen a pale, bluish, fuzzy light, off-spring of heated vapor, the sailor's "Will-o-the-Wisp."

These, ever changing with the ship's motion, looked like some traditional demon's torch, waving over the blasted fields of human suffering. These madhead lights soon changed their positions to the larboard fore and main topgallant yard-arms and there were lost. Poor Jack, seeing this downward move, buckled his knife a little tighter. "Their downward move," says he, "is bad luck." He shook his head thoughtfully. When the cry of breakers sounded, we were about in a line with the "Sloat Van Keppel," or Dutchman's shoal. I did not know but the flying Dutchman had upheaved that lost bank to trap us. However, we ran

most of the night eight or nine knots, in this living water, and the next day, toward evening, entered a field equally large, filled with little peach-blown colored shrimps, of the size of half a grain of wheat. These had a little dark spot at the center joint of the body; they darted about in the water or lay passively pulsating there, and, like the little fish of yesterday, emitting a faint bluish light—enough in the immensity of their number to illumine the hazy vapor above us, which seemed to press downward upon our sails as we rolled on heavily. All these waters with their myriads of life were moving westward one and a half miles per hour toward the great Atlantic Basin, to carry out some purpose conceived when chaotic nature, untouched by the sun's beams, was traversed and moved over by the spirit of the ever living God, ere all had been pronounced Good. Did David ever dream of a scene like this? He would have felt safer cutting the skirts from Saul's robe, or taking his spear and cruse of water from the trench, than here. And yet our common sailors, as Parsepide calls them, stood unmoved at their post amid the storm; occasionally cracking a joke, or laughing at some passing incident. Such are sailors, such some of their trials as seen and remembered by me.

BOARDS OF HEALTH.—The Boards of Health in towns are directed by statute to examine all nuisances, sources of filth and causes of sickness, within their towns, and the same to destroy, remove or prevent. In some towns we hear that these Boards do little or nothing unless a complaint is made. After the complaint is made they go to the party and direct him to remove the nuisance, telling him that they are obliged to order him to do so because Mr. A. has complained against him. The party possessing the nuisance is indignant and the next time he sees the complainant either gives him "Hail Columbia," or refuses to recognize him. Hence arises delicacy on the part of neighbors in making a formal complaint, and a nuisance to health is allowed to continue in order to avert the wrath of a landlord, or spare the feelings of a sensitive neighbor. Again sometimes families become so accustomed to what is in reality a nuisance, and injurious to health, that they are unconscious of its existence. One, or more, of the family become sick, they know not how, or why. Now, as was suggested above, this Board are the guardians of the public health. As members of that Board they act as officers of the law and not as individuals. Victor Hugo's "Javert" was the best model of an officer ever drawn. He had no feeling or sympathy. He pursued Jean Valjean for years and years, and when at last his feelings got the better of him and he could not do his duty he committed suicide. Now, there is no doubt that nuisances injurious to health, exist in neighboring towns and in this town. If a Board of Health wait till the party having the nuisance comes to ask them if they shall remove it, or wait till a tenant, perhaps a little behind on his rent, complains of his landlord, or till a poor ignorant family learn that a pigsty or a drain spout or open vault is sometimes injurious to health, or can be got rid of through the Board of Health, we fear that nuisances injurious to health will continue to exist in these towns.—Brookton Advance.

THINK A MOMENT, BOYS.—Boys do a great many thoughtless and foolish things "for fun," that mortify them very much in the remembrance. To have been caught in somebody's melon patch, or stealing a neighbor's choice fruit, or taking a game off his hinges, or crawling under a showman's tent, or playing any kind of a trick to the injury of another, and that has to be accomplished in a sneaking way, won't seem very smart if you ever grow to be a man of sense. You will hate it, and wonder that you ever thought it sharp. Don't flatter yourself that the worst thing about a mean act is in being caught at it or found out. You can't be low, or vicious, or tricky, without somebody knowing it, and it does not take long for a good many to find it out. It takes extraordinary talent and deception to have a good reputation concealing a bad character, and is never worth trying for. The way to seem trustworthy is to be trustworthy. There was never yet a boy who was manly, honest, and worthy of confidence, that people did not find him out and give him his due. You can't afford to trifle with your reputation. If you descend to indecent or immoral conduct, it will spoil your character and hurt your prospects, no matter what your friends may do for you, or how you may try to conceal from good people that you do these things. Just so long as you allow yourself to practice the habits that are condemned by pure, upright, straight forward people of integrity—whether you do it openly or on the sly you will make no progress in the formation of a fine character, or in building a good reputation. So when you are tempted to any low, tricky, dishonest, mean or unworthy act, stop long enough to think what the effect is going to be upon your own soul, your own mind, your own reputation, and if that is your strongest motive, don't do it.

The sooner, says the Globe-Democrat, the workmen of this country rid themselves of the officious and mischievous parasites styled agitators the better. Any sane man can easily master the eight-hour problem if he will only study it. Employers can no more afford to give ten hours pay for eight hours' work than grocers can afford to give twenty ounces of tea or sugar for the price of sixteen, or than farmers can afford to sell seventy-five pounds of wheat for the price of sixty. This is a question that lies beyond the domain of legislation.

A Bridgewater cat was in the cellar one day, and, seeing a crab, went up to examine it. A moment later the cat was helping the crab up stairs at the rate of a mile a minute. To a crab such a rate must have appeared something unusual.

A small child being asked by a Sunday school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her paper. The exchange failed to advise her on the subject and as the matter is a serious one we have ourselves looked about for some method of relief and now think we can offer the suffering lady and all others similarly situated an adequate means of success. Here is our plan—let the lady immediately upon receiving the paper carefully cut from it some item—it makes no particular difference what it is—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the following proceeding will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come in after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house—he will scold down street and very shortly return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled round among all the female borrowers, the streets will be lively with hurrying boys and the revenue of the newspaper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them all would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next day the lady will pursue the same course and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighborhood these proceedings will have to be repeated three or four days, but not longer. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace and the newspaper finances will be the gainer through several new subscribers. This rule is infallible where the borrowers are female, but it can't be vouched for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and—and—perhaps we are getting a little too deep.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.—The Sunday Courier speaking of the State Prison at Concord says:—

At Concord there are seven men on the walls, every week day, constantly watching from bell to bell. The guard at each of the two gates is armed with a Spencer rifle carrying seven shots, and two heavy seven-shooter revolvers, making twenty-one shots for each. The other guards have each a Remington breach-loading rifle with ten rounds of ball cartridge, a double-barrelled shot-gun with nineteen buckshot in each barrel, and a revolver. Each shop and yard officer is always armed with a revolver. Six officers are always on hand in the prison proper, with an arsenal of arms at command. Since the running of a railroad train into the yard has been stopped, there is no serious danger of a successful revolt. Still, we think it would undoubtedly be better to have a more decidedly military tone about the prison management. Officers should be drilled, somewhat more display of force and command should be made, and the inmates made to feel that they are subjects not of an industrial institution but an immitigable organization to protect the peace of society, which, while it is full of kindness to the obedient, can inflict swift and awful punishment on the disturber.

CHAIN MAKING.—Billy Dawson, the celebrated Yorkshire farmer, once appealed to a drunkard in the following language: "Suppose yourself to be a servant, and your master were to come in the morning and order you to make a strong chain; on the following morning he came again, and urged him to get on with it; and, thus, day by day, you were ordered by your master to do the same job. Suppose again, that while you were working, a person came in and asked if you knew what it was for; and that your answer in the negative, adding that you did care so long as you got your wages. But this person tells you that he knows it to be a fact that it is your master's intention to bind you with it in perpetual bondage; would you, I ask, add another link to it?" The man answered, "No, and all the money in the world would not hire me to do it."

Mr. Dawson then told him that the habits of drunkenness are the devil's chain, in which he keeps poor sinners in perpetual bondage, and that when they have added the last link, he chains them in hell forever. These words so impressed the mind of the man that his conscience continued to remind him, "I am making another link for my chain!" until he relinquished his wicked course of life.

THE SUN NEVER SETS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Few people are aware that the proud boast of Englishmen that the sun never sets on the British Empire, is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the Western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the furthest Aleutian Isle, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport, Me. Our territory extends through 167 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way round the world. The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, in commenting on this fact says:—"When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our Westernmost Isle, on the confines of Behring's sea, it is already flooding with its morning light the fields and forests of Maine, and in the Eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe."

PICNIC FUN.—There is lots of fun to be had at little private picnics when a party goes up a stream in a large boat to a pleasant woodland. All you have to do is to lug three baskets of provisions and a box of croquet to the boat, and then help row it and get four blisters on each hand, and then climb a tree covered with briars, to adjust a swing, and work yourself almost to death swinging the girl who never seems to get enough of it, and then reverse the order of things until you get home. There is loads of fun in it. Fun? Why, it is just recking with it.—N. Y. Sunday Star.

A youth while having his hair cut last evening, asked the barber what he thought of his mustache. The barber said, "Bring it with you the next time, and I will give you my opinion."

1851. 1879.

THE Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

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which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

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in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

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WOOD,
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Pupils received at any time, if there are vacancies. For circular of terms, address the Principal,
H. E. HIBBARD, 608 Washington St.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.
All persons interested, take notice.
BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Thomas Connell, of Woburn, Mass., to The Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated June 1, 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., libro 1215, folio 263, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Thursday, the fourth day of September, 1879, at twelve o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn, containing eighteen thousand five hundred and sixty square feet, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, on Thorne street, at land of the Town of Woburn, thence the line runs northerly by land of said Town of Woburn, one hundred and sixty feet, to a stake at land now or late of said Thomas Connell; thence easterly at land last named, and land of Michael Connell to a stake at land of McKeague; thence southerly by land last named, one hundred and sixty feet, to said Thorne street; thence westerly on and by said Thorne street, one hundred and sixteen feet, to the point of beginning. Said premises are a part of the same conveyed to said Thomas Connell by Julia A. Bond and others, by deed dated May 1, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, book 929, page 439, and said premises will be sold subject to the conditions and covenants therein described and set forth in said deed last mentioned. And also will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes and the taxes for the current year thereon.
\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.
WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVING BANK,
Mortgagee, and present holder of said mortgage, by James N. Dow, its Treasurer.
Woburn, Mass., August 9, 1879. 129

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

[L.S.] Whereas, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Cambridge, on the first Tuesday of June, 1879, and by adjournment at same place on the first day of July, A. D., 1879. On the petition of John Cummings and others, for alterations of Cambridge street, in Woburn, it was adjudged that said alterations are of common convenience and necessity.

Said Commissioners, therefore, give notice that they will meet at the selectmen's room, in Woburn, on the 24th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of said Commissioners,
H. HARWOOD, Chairman.
Cambridge, July 22, 1879.

A true copy. Attest,
JOHN M. FISK, Deputy Sheriff.

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VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

NO. 34.

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accompanied by measure
from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
button.

FOR SALE BY
A. GRANT,

Where the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

A. GRANT,
Merchant Tailor
169 Main Street, Woburn.

REMOVAL.

The undersigned desires to inform his friends and
the public generally, that he has removed his place
of business to
141 MAIN STREET,
Cor. Montvale Avenue,

Where he will be pleased to see all who may be in
need of goods in his line. It will be his constant aim
to keep constantly on hand, Pure Family

DRUGS
—AND—
MEDICINES.

and a general assortment of
TOILET ARTICLES,
AND
FANCY GOODS,
and all the popular

PATENT MEDICINES OF THE DAY.

By strict attention to the many details of the busi-
ness and by CAREFULNESS IN DISPENS-
ING MEDICINES, he hopes to merit the patron-
age of the public.

ALL NIGHT CALLS
ANSWERED WITH DISPATCH.
WARREN D. BARTLETT,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
141 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

W. F. ESTABROOK,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,
AND
FANCY CRACKERS
OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

M. ELLIS & Co.,
BUILDING MOVERS.
Office Basement of Post Office,
WOBURN, - - MASS.
M. ELLIS, 49 JOSEPH COLE.

MEN'S CAFE SHOES,
\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.
LADIES' NEWPORTS,
\$2.50 to \$3.00.
All work warranted. 25 Repairing neatly done.
JOSIAH LEATHIE, 241 Main St., Woburn.

DR. JESSE A. VILES,
Veterinary Surgeon,
25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.
Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt
attention. Before to well-known horsemen in Lowell.
Also to A. Eaton & Co., North Woburn.

Carpenters.
J. Horace Dean & Co.,
Carpenters and Builders,
Shop, Central Square, Woburn.
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

I GO TO BED.
When I have lost all faith in man,
Or failed to consummate some plan;
When women fair are cold, unkind,
And things accord not with my mind,
I do not rashly seize my pen,
And in a fury there and then
Decide this gloomy world to be
One endless round of vanity.
Ah! no, for this were mockery—
I go to bed.

When through my head there darts a pain
And life seems an increasing bane;
When friends their patronage withhold,
And creditors become too bold,
I do not in seclusion mourn,
And curse the hour when I was born—
I go to bed.

When the D. D. deserts his creed,
And quacks their many victims bleed;
When editors write sharp replies,
And moneyed men keep back supplies,
I do not then, in prose and verse,
Implore the gods mankind to curse—
I go to bed.

When couples marry in great haste,
And servants pilfer, fret and waste;
When general courts their terms prolong,
In short, when things get somewhat wrong,
I do not bite my lips and scowl,
And at the children snap and growl—
I go to bed.

I go to bed and soundly sleep,
While friendly angels vigils keep;
But if, however, I awake
Before my slumbers are forsake,
I do not of my life complain,
But try the remedy again—
And back to bed.

Ye who have griefs (and who has not?)
Spring prescriptions be forgot;
My panacea for old and young
Is given in the English tongue;
It hath to untold millions wrought
Sweetest relief, nor cost them ought.
And now if you, like these, would be
From every pain and trouble free,
Light a small lamp and come with me—
I go to bed.

Selected Story.

A TELEGRAPHIC HERO.

It was night in one of the fairest and most
prosperous Southern cities. The sun had
gone down in threatening gloom. A terri-
ble, a loathing fear had fastened upon every
heart. Men looked anxiously into the face
of everyone they met, to see if they were not
already stamped with the yellow signet of
gloom. The air was loaded with pestilence;
it was sucked in with every breath, was
given by the touch of the most loving hand,
was communicated by the most holy kiss.

There appeared no possible escape—to be
no end until the consuming fire should die
out for want of human fuel!
Hour by hour the list of mortality had in-
creased; day by day the victims had been
doubled. Physician and patient, priest and
penitent, the rich and the poor, the sexton
and the gravedigger, alike had fallen. Every
home resource had been exhausted; medicine,
preventives and comforts had dwindled to nothing. The once proud city
was bankrupt in tending to relieve the hor-
rible suffering, save the living, and fittingly
care for the fallen. The one possible hope
rested in telling to health-blessed lands of
the needs, of whispering by lightning lips to
the warm, sympathetic hearts and open
hands in Northern climes—a hope hanging upon
the most brittle of threads.

A single telegraph operator remained of
the once goodly number. One by one they
had fallen, and none could be found to fill
their places. The malice of the plague
seemed to have especially singled them for
destruction—to be determined to permit
nothing to stand in the way of wholesale
slaughter. Instrument after instrument had
been silenced. The shuddering North waited
in vain for news, and bowed in deepest grief
over the unbroken anxiety—waited sadly for
the morrow.

From all but one Death had taken the
power to transmit messages upon which so
much depended; to all others near the knowl-
edge and practice had been denied. As he sat
tortured with the weighty responsi-
bility, with the horrible anxiety that could
never have found expression in words, and
sent Northward the sickening record:
"Fever worse. Over one hundred new
cases to-day. Out of proper medicine,
blankets and ice. Many physicians dead.
For the love of Heaven, send aid and sup-
plies."

"Over one hundred new cases!" was re-
peated again and again by the mysterious
telegraph of the brain until the thought
surged all others, and the heart of the man
beat tumultuously, and hot and unbidden
tears came to his eyes.

"One hundred new cases!" he muttered,
despairingly. "What if I should be the
next? God guard my dear wife and child.
If I should be taken away what would be-
come of them? Mary! What in the name
of Heaven brought you here?"

"I could not stay at home, my dear,"
from you, with so many dying and dead
around me. Oh! it is horrible! What is
to be done, my darling?" and she laid her
bright-eyed baby in his arms, and throwing
herself upon a bench, gave way to tears.

"We are in the hands of a higher power,"
he answered in the firmest tones he could
command.
"Not so!" she interrupted, starting wildly
to her feet, and dashing back the heavy
masses of damp hair from around the wan
but still beautiful face—"no so! We are
simply tempting fate. Why do you remain
here and court death? Hundreds are flying
the doomed city, are going North and to
safety. Oh, why will you remain?"

"Duty commands me, Mary. Remember
I am the last, the only operator left; and
should I desert my post, what would become
of the others?"

"And if you remain and perish, what is to
become of our child, or me! Is not our
love more precious than all the world, than
loud-mouthed but heartless praise? Oh,
think of what you would do!"
The strong man shook as one terribly
stricken with the plague; his limbs trembled
in every joint; drops of sweat stood as great
beads upon his forehead; the hands that
pressed his little darling to his heart twitched
convulsively, and the voice in which he at-
tempted response was broken and unnatu-
ral.

"Mary, my dear wife, you know not what
you are saying. Suffering and love for our
dear child have nearly driven you mad.
Think of thousands of other fond mothers
and beloved children whose lives are hang-
ing upon your resolution. If I were to fly the
city would become a vast graveyard. Medi-
cine, physicians, nurses, comforts must be
had, and there is not one but myself to tell
the sad story. Think, O my darling! before
urging me to sacrifice my manhood, though
Heaven knows it would require little to make
me do so. Never before have I loved you,
Mary, and our child, as now, and —"

"Yet," she responded hoarsely, "you
will give us to the most loathsome and hor-
rible death without raising a hand to save."
The effort he made to keep command of
himself was almost superhuman. He paused in
his rapid walking to listen for a moment to
the pleadings as for life passing over the
wires, and then placing the baby in the arms
of his wife and taking both within his arms,
he continued:
"Mary, you are not yourself, or you would
not talk thus. I know your generous, noble
heart too well. Your hands are hot, your
cheek feverish, your brain warped. Never
before have you urged me to dishonor, and
would not now, but —"

"You are right," she said, drawing down
his white face and kissing him. "Love has
made me selfish. I can but think of you, of
our child. No; I will not urge you to go.
The most holy duty binds you here. But do
not send us away from you," she pleaded.
"Permit me to remain, and —" she paused
to gather strength, and then quickly finished
the sentence—"and if death must come, let
it find us together."

"Now," he said, drawing her still more
closely to him, and with the twin-glances
of pride and affection burning in his eyes, "you
are again my true and noble wife. God bless
you! Let us hope and pray for the best.
And gladly would I hold you both thus for-
ever—gladly, the angels above know how
gladly, give my life for you, my darlings.
That cannot be. Hark! Even now I am
comforted. Rest you here. You may not be
as comfortable here as at home; but I can-
not spare you from my sight for a single mo-
ment. Ah, doctor!"

"Every hour proves more fatal," replied
the physician—one of the noble men who
remained to battle for the sake of humanity
and lay down their lives for others—"and
our ranks are fast thinning. We must have
assistance. It breaks my heart to refuse,
but I am obliged to turn a deaf ear to many.
Telegraph to every Northern city that we
are helpless, are suffering for everything.
What! Your wife and child here? This is
no place for them."

"The place of a wife," answered the wo-
man, proudly raising her head and looking
squarely at him, "in such an hour as this is
by the side of her husband. Here he must
stay—here I will stay also."

The physician looked admiration and as-
tonishment. In the dark hours he had seen
so much of human darkness that this shone
out as a star in the blackest night. He gave
a few directions to the husband, listened to
the clicking far away, the plea for pity; then
taking a seat by the side of the young and
devoted wife, and clasping one hand within
his own, he continued:

"You are a precious, noble woman, and
may God bless you!"
"And my husband? For many days and
nights he has scarcely known food or sleep.
I, doctor, think of how much depends upon
his life."

"More, more than you can possibly imag-
ine. But I have and will keep close watch
of him. There is no one more in the city who
could not better be spared. We are guar-
anteed; mails are forbidden for fear of
spreading the contagion, and should he fail
us, all communication will cease, and we,
indeed, be given over to death."

"But doctor, look more closely at him.
See how ghastly pale and red he is by turns.
May he not already be stricken by the fatal
disease? May not the seeds be even now
festering within him?" and her face was tor-
tured and hands wrung with the agony she
dared not speak.

The physician comforted the poor stricken
heart as well as he was able; talked as
cheerily as he dared under such universal
shadow; promised to look in again at the
earliest moment; made her lie down; and
covered herself and child as warmly as the
means at hand permitted. Then he again
drew near the operator, and under pretense
of giving further instructions, whispered im-
pressively:

"You are not well—must take better care
of yourself—even now you are suffering."
"More than ever you know. Could I but
get away, my life might be saved. Here it
will be sacrificed. But for the love of Heav-
en hint it not to my poor wife. Already she
is suffering more than she can bear. Let her
have while she may, and when I am gone
may those for whom I died remember the
widow and the orphan, made so that they
might live."

A silent clasp of hands was all. It was
a spirit-telegraph from the soul of one noble
man to another. No words were needed.
The bond of unselfish brotherhood could not

have been more perfect, and the one went
forth to brave infection and death, and the
other remained at his post and awaited its
coming.

Others called in from time to time, asking
news from the various God-stricken cities,
and if there was any hope of succor from
distant friends. To the one a sad answer
had ever to be given, to the other a blessed
promise. Even then steam was bringing
with its utmost swiftness the much-needed
aid. The response had been hearty—help
had not been sought in vain.

And so the instrument ticked the dark
hours away, the operator faithfully fingering
the keys, listening to the tongues that spoke
afar, and whispering comfort to his agonized
wife. But from duty he was called suddenly
and fearfully, and a message was left unfin-
ished, as a deep groan and then a sharp cry
rang upon his ears.

"Husband, I am very sick. O God, our
poor child!"
It needed no second glance from the phy-
sician, who chanced to then return, to con-
vince him that the loving mother was con-
sumed by fever, and the little one rapidly
passing from earth to answer the heavenly
summons of "Come unto Me."

"I knew hours ago," she whispered to the
physician, as her husband walked away to
procure some needed article, "that it would
be thus; but I have kept it from my dear
husband for fear of entirely disheartening
him. Tell me, doctor, is there the slightest
chance of recovery?"

"I dare not breathe words of false conso-
lation," he replied, shaking his head sadly,
"when both are so near the grave—so
trembling upon the verge of eternity. You
have the fever, and of the most malignant
type, and —"

"My hours are numbered?"
"Even so."

"And my darling, my child?"
"It will be among the angels to welcome
you."

With eyes from which tears could not be
banished, he gave the next-to-useless medi-
cines, and with a sinking heart turned away
to tell the husband.

"I know all you would say, doctor," was
the answer—"have felt it for a long time,
though I have endeavored to deceive my
heart with false hopes. But does she, my
wife, even dream I have but a brief time to
live?"

"I fancy not."
"May a kind Heaven keep her in igno-
rance. You must get some one to help nurse
her. I am worse, more horribly chained
than ever was galley-slave to oar, am suffer-
ing with worse than vultures gnawing and
tearing at my vitals. May Heaven keep me
from insanity."

"You have proven yourself a man, a noble
man, my friend. Be so to the end," was
all the physician was able to utter; and
those who came at his command were wit-
nesses of such a thrilling tragedy as never
was pictured in mimic life, saw through
blinding tears such devotion as purifies the
earthly soul and makes it fit to join the com-
pany of the immortals.

The child died first. Its feeble struggles
were soon ended, and its little breath faded
away as softly as a zephyr. With a long
convulsive kiss the dying mother gave it to
the arms of the father, he kissing it rever-
ently in turn, and passing it to those who
would prepare it for burial. But there was
neither sob nor tear. They had passed for
the time beyond the limits of such purely
earthly things, and all was said, all told,
that could possibly have been between them,
when their trembling fingers were clasped
as never to be separated, and their lips met
as only to be sundered by death.

"Husband," at length breathed the sorrow
distracted wife in the feeblest and most pain-
ful of accents, "weep not for our darling. I
shall soon, very soon, follow him. You—
you will be left behind. But you will not
forget us—will keep our graves from weeds,
and plant flowers over—"

"Hush! Mary," he faltered. "Linger
but a little, and I will go with you."
"You?" she questioned, starting up with
momentary strength. "It cannot be that
you are also doomed?"

"It is true, but let not the knowledge
trouble you. I care not to stay when you
are gone, but while life remains I will not
shrink from duty to others. That done, I—"

With the cry of a breaking soul she
threw herself upon his neck, and the closed
fountains were re-opened and their tears
commingled.

The instrument ticked forcibly the sum-
mons to attend—the living were hanging
upon the acts of the dying. He laid the
trembling form gently down, kissed her fev-
erish lips with ones equally burning, whis-
pered that he would immediately return,
and parted to never again gaze upon her
living face or hear her sweet voice this
side of eternity.

"Dead! Wife and child dead!" he hoarsely
whispered, and with a mighty burst of
grief, as he returned. "And I am alone."
There was not an unmoored heart, not a
dry eye, as he knelt down and smoothed the
dark locks of his wife and the golden curls
of his baby-boy. Time, place and surround-
ings considered, there never could be a pic-
ture of more utter desolation.

"Gone! gone! May God take them with
him in his sheltering arms, and pity—pity me."
As one bereft of reason he sat in unbroken
silence, with his eyes fixed in stony gaze
upon the body was made ready to give back
to mother-earth. The physician laid his
hand upon his arm and spoke to him unheed-
ed; kind friends attempted consolation, but
he knew it not. To everything passing
around he was deaf until the long-familiar
clicking of the instrument fell upon his ears,
and the strength of obedient habit broke the
icy spell.

The hours passed; messages were sent
and returned. With the most terrible of
fevers burning, with the most intense of pains
shooting through limb and back; with
tongue becoming dry, black, shrivelled, the
breath irregular and laborious; with biting
cramps at the vitals; with horrible colliqua-
tive sweats; with reeling brain; with sink-
ing of every mortal power; with the black
vomito claiming him as his certain prey, he
still sat, with eyes fixed upon the pulseless
forms of beloved wife and child, fighting for
duty—mechanically working—the dying
struggling for the living.

But suddenly he recoiled, and would have
fallen had not the arm of the physician sus-
tained him as he urged:
"One more message, only one. For the
love of Heaven, try again!"

The chilling, almost nerveless fingers once
more rested upon the key; the exhausted
form was nerved; a ghastly smile of consent
rested upon the features, and the answer
was painfully breathed:
"I will try."

Mind for the moment triumphed over mat-
ter. The all-important words sped along
the wire, and to them was added:
"You will hear no more. I die—at—
my—post—and—"

What followed no human eye could deci-
pher. It was the message of dissolution,
the rolling of the key by the spasms of the
departing soul—and the operator fell back
dead!

Every age has its heroes; scarcely a year
passes but some one gives up life for his fel-
lows, but none braver can be found, none
more noble in any land or time, than he who
sat in the presence of dead wife and child
fighting by inches—forgetting pain and sorrow
and dissolution that others might live—and
died at his post. Not in the history of earth-
ly fame may it be written, the world may
never know it to keep in reverence, but when
the books of the angels are opened will be
found recorded in letters of gold the name
of him who proved, as perhaps never before:

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

WHO SHALL BE GOVERNOR?

The withdrawal of Gov. Talbot from the gubernatorial canvass calls for the selection of a new man by the Republicans. The duty of making the selection is an important one, for Gen. Butler's campaign will be as earnest and determined as it was last year, and his popularity and political skill will serve him well. Of the names likely to come before the Republican Convention, one of three will undoubtedly be chosen. It will be either Gen. Devens, Henry L. Pierce, or John D. Long. Gen. Devens is in President Hayes's Cabinet, and his name is frequently seen in print as a candidate for this or that place, giving color to the notion that he is not entirely satisfied where he is, and is in the market for any good place that presents an opening. It will not be forgotten that he came home from the army and ran against John A. Andrew during one of the critical years of the war. Henry L. Pierce is being strongly urged by the same class that forced Gov. Rice upon the party, and for much the same reasons, but the managers should remember that the country towns are the strongholds of the party, and personal popularity in the rural districts is an element in this canvass not to be despised. John D. Long seems to us to possess more value as a candidate than either of the others named. As Speaker, and as Lieutenant Governor, he achieved a popularity second only to that of Gov. Talbot. A prominent competitor before the convention, he gave his successful rival a hearty support, and no speeches last fall were more effective than his. His vote last year was 136,824, or 2,099 more than the Governor received. Mr. Long is a young man who would rally the Young Republicans as no other man can, and his nomination would bring the young men into the fight in a position well in front. Mr. Long's record as a temperance man is as good as Gov. Talbot's, and in this regard he leads the other gentlemen named. He is a genial and scholarly man, remarkable for a quiet dignity that would well become the Chief Magistrate of the Bay State.

GOOD DETECTIVE WORK.—One of the best pieces of detective work has been done the past week in Boston, by Inspectors Wood and Howard. Mr. J. F. Fry, a prominent business man, residing on Joy street, was murdered last Thursday night by two Italian barbers, in the most cold-blooded manner, being stabbed with barber's shears and shot through the heart. The principal murderer was a boy who used to shave Mr. Fry, and whom he had befriended, and entertained at his house. The boy called to see him on the fatal night, introducing a friend, and both were well received by Mr. Fry, whose family was away. Requesting to be shown over the house, they sprang upon him unawares, and brutally murdered him, escaping with some silver and jewelry. The detectives set to work in earnest, and on Tuesday had the murderers in custody, together with two accessories. One of the murderous crew, who watched outside the house, is still at large, but will probably be apprehended.

WAS IT "LARRY"?—A man answering the description of Siro Chivaro, alias Larry O'Neal, one of the murderers of Mr. Fry, was seen on Main street, Tuesday evening, by Chief Conn and Officer Welch. They followed him as rapidly as possible, and saw him disappear around Woodbury's corner, and although they made diligent search he could not be found. It is said that Larry has a female friend in Lowell, and he may have passed through here Tuesday evening on his way to visit her.

DEATH FROM PNEUMONIA.—Mr. S. Henry Dow, who has been spending the summer with his family, at Swampscott, died from pneumonia, on Tuesday, after a brief illness. Mr. Dow was a member of the firm of S. Dow & Sons, leather manufacturers. He was a member of the Royal Arcanum, Knights of Honor, and Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons. Mrs. Dow has also been very sick with a severe cold, but not dangerously so.

WE have heard that there are those in this town who will sell liquor to boys. If so we hope they may be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—*Ads.*

"Now, Mark," "If you know of any one that is selling illegally" to boys, "just go up and tell it to a little man," and "we have no doubt if sufficient evidence of the violation of the law is presented to the police or other proper authorities, prosecutions will be made."

WE can sympathize with the Waltham Record in its affliction which is thus referred to:—

Sombody in the neighborhood, judging from the hideous noises now and then heard, is endeavoring to play upon the cornet, but as yet advancement has been very slow and but very little like music has been heard. Come, Frank, attend to business and let the horns alone.

SURVIVORS OF THE 22d REG.—We have received from some unknown source a little pamphlet with the names and address of the surviving members of the 22d Mass. Vols., and 3d Light Battery. 312 are all that can now respond of 1300 who left the State on the 8th of October, 1861.

Chew Jackson's best west navy tobacco.

THE FISHERY AWARD.

The recent departure of the Agents of the United States Government to the Bay of St. Lawrence, to gather statistics of the value of the inshore fishing privileges, is significant of the apprehension of a renewal of the dispute in regard to the value of the fisheries, at no distant day. When the compensation clause was inserted in the treaty of Washington, it was thought that the Commissioners would arrive at such a fair estimate of the value of the privilege as would be satisfactory to both parties. The award of the Halifax Commission, however, was so unsatisfactory, that it is not improbable that serious complications may arise in the future. The amount of the award, \$5,500,000, was so excessive that although the United States deemed it a duty to pay it in compliance with the terms of the treaty, it at the same time entered a formal protest against its justice and validity. In a pecuniary sense to a nation characteristically generous, the amount of the award was of small moment. But as its payment may be construed as an acquiescence in the justice of the award, it may be well to define the position of the United States, while the matter is fresh in mind. The fisheries have been a bone of contention now for nearly a century. By the treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, Great Britain acquired the North American Provinces formerly held by France. From that time until the Revolution, the inhabitants of the old English Colonies in common with other British subjects, enjoyed the fisheries along the shores of the British Provinces. When the Independence of the United States was recognized by the treaty of peace, concluded Sept. 3, 1783, the right of Americans to take fish in all parts of the sea on the coasts of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, was recognized without any limitation as to the distance from shore. After the war of 1812 and the treaty of Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, which was silent upon the subject of fisheries, the British Government claimed that all rights of fishing secured to American citizens by the treaty of 1783 were abrogated, while the United States contended that they continued to exist as before. The result of the mutual differences was the convention signed at London, Oct. 20, 1818, by which it was agreed that the inhabitants of the United States might take fish along the southern, western, and northern coasts of Newfoundland, and on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and on the southern coast of Labrador, through the Straits of Belle Isle, but should forever renounce the privilege of taking drying and curing fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of Canada, west of Mt. Joly, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.

Now the most valuable fishing grounds were along the shores of Prince Edward Island, up the bays of Chaleur, Miramichi, and the Bay of Fundy. And the Americans claimed they had the right to enter those bays and fish along the shore provided they did not approach within the limit of three miles. But such was the jealousy of the Canadian authorities that they proposed to exclude American fishermen not only from fishing within three miles of the shore, but also within three miles of a line drawn from headland to headland across the mouth of any bay. As early as in 1824 they went so far as to seize the Reindeer and the Ruby, while fishing off Grand Menan. And under the color of a provincial law entitled William IV, chapter 8, 1836, British cruisers seized several American vessels while fishing within these limits. On the 10th of May 1843, the American schooner, Washington was seized in the Bay of Fundy while fishing ten miles from the shore. Upon formal protest by Mr. Everett, our minister at London, Lord Aberdeen replied that the language of the treaty of 1818 in which the United States renounced the liberty "to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks," &c., and the subsequent words that fishermen "may enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter," showed that the distance was to be measured by a line drawn outside of such bay.

Now the Bay of Fundy is some sixty-five miles wide, and the claim of the British Government was as irrational as it was unsupported by authority. By the terms of the treaty of 1818, American fishermen had the right to enter such bays for the purpose of shelter. But if they could not approach within three miles of a line drawn from headland to headland, in case of a storm, they would be some thirty miles out at sea. And in cases similar to that of the Argus which was seized off Cape Breton, according to this construction by drawing a line from Cape North, the extreme northerly point of Cape Breton to Cow Bay, or from Cape Canso along the coast of Nova Scotia to Cape Sable, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, a fishing vessel might founder in the broad Atlantic before she could reach a haven of shelter. So manifestly absurd was this doctrine that it practically nullified one of the very objects of the treaty. And in the case of the Washington, which came before a mixed commission for arbitration under a claim for damages, the umpire decided that the word "bays," in the treaty of 1818 was to be construed the same as in the treaty of 1783. By the treaty of 1783 American fishermen had the right to dry and cure fish on the shores of the coasts, bays, harbors and creeks of Nova Scotia, and as they must land to cure fish, it was evident that they were admitted to the shores of the bays.

Great Britain was as well aware as the United States, that the inhabitants of any country have the right to fish in all parts of the sea, not within the territorial jurisdiction of another country, and that the treaty of 1818 in limiting the territorial line to a distance of three miles, simply enacted a well-known principle of international law. This distance, the range of three miles, was the ordinary limit of the power of a nation to assert its jurisdiction by cannon shot. And as such a shot may be fired from either headland, any bay whose width at the opening is less than six miles, double cannon shot is within the exclusive jurisdiction of such nation. This principle was well recognized and established by authority, and the Home Government was always less inclined to insist on its claim as a matter of right, than to waive it as a matter of comity and courtesy. In point of fact in a treaty between Great Britain and France, August 3, 1859, it was stipulated that the subjects of either country might have the exclusive right of fishing within a distance of three miles from low water mark along the whole extent of the coasts, and might enter all bays whose mouths were not more than ten miles wide.

Doubtless one of the real objects of the Canadian Government in persisting to press its claims, and in threatening, as it did, in 1852, to send out a force of war steamers and sailing vessels, to protect its fishing grounds, was to induce the United States to conclude a reciprocity treaty with the British Provinces, which they accomplished in 1854. But the United States perceiving that the value of the fisheries did not equal the loss of revenue from duties on Canadian goods, and that Canadian fishermen had the advantage by their nearness to the fishing grounds, and the cheapness of labor and materials for building boats, gave notice, March 1, 1865, to abrogate the treaty in a year from that date.

When the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty the dispute about fisheries was renewed. The Canadian Government, however, adopted the system of licensing American vessels to fish within the limit of three miles. The first year (1866) 354 licenses were taken out, at the rate of 50 cents per ton. In 1869, when the rate had been raised to \$2 per ton only 25 licenses were taken out. Upon the repeal of this act the Dominion Government gave notice that all foreign fishermen would be prevented from fishing in the waters of Canada, and re-assented the old headland doctrine of excluding vessels from fishing within three miles of a line drawn across the mouth of any British bay or creek. Whereupon Lord Granville telegraphed to the Governor-General (in June, 1870), "His Majesty's Government hopes that the United States fishermen will not be, for the present, prevented from fishing except within three miles of land, or in bays which are less than six miles broad at the mouth."

The United States Commissioners, in negotiating the Treaty of Washington, offered the sum of \$1,000,000 for the perpetual right of inshore fishing. This offer the British Government rejected, and insisted that a fair exchange would be a free market for the products of the fisheries of the Dominion and adjacent parts. The result of the Conference was the embodiment of the following provisions in the Treaty of Washington, concluded May 8, 1871:

I. A participation in the inshore fisheries is conceded to the United States for the term of twelve years.

II. A participation in the inshore fisheries of the United States is conceded to Great Britain for the same period.

III. The free importation into the United States of fish and fish oil of all kinds (except of inland waters), being the produce of the Dominion of Canada and Prince Edward Island, was conceded for the same term of years.

IV. Upon assertion by Great Britain that the privileges accorded to citizens of the United States were of greater value than those accorded by the United States to Great Britain, which was denied by the United States, it was agreed that commissioners should be appointed to determine the amount of compensation which ought to be paid by the United States, and the award was to be paid within twelve months from date.

Pursuant to the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, a conference was convened at the Legislative Council Chamber at Halifax, on the 15th of June, 1877. The president of the Commission was Mr. Maurice Delfosse, the Belgian minister at Washington. Sir Alexander T. Galt was the representative of Great Britain, and Mr. Esquivel Kellogg of the United States. After seventy-seven hearings the case was closed on the 21st day of November, 1877, and on the 23rd day of November, 1877, the Commission awarded the sum of \$5,500,000 in gold to be paid by the United States to Great Britain as compensation for the value of the fishing privilege.

Mr. Kellogg, the United States Commissioner, being of the opinion that the advantages occurring to Great Britain under the treaty of Washington, are greater than the advantages conferred on the United States did not concur in the conclusion of his colleagues. Mr. Dwight Foster, the agent of the United States Government, entered a formal protest and the commission adjourned sine die. On the 21st day of November, 1878, the full amount of the award was paid by the United States to Great Britain under protest, and accompanied by a declaration that the payment was made to maintain good faith in treaties and the security of arbitration, but with no intention of admitting the justice or the validity of the award. Mr. Evans, our Secretary of State, claimed the award was invalid because it was not unanimous, and argued in substance as follows: The whole mackerel catch for the first five fishing seasons of the treaty period, both within and without the three mile line, was 167,945 barrels. Assuming that three-quarters of this catch was within the three mile line, although the United States claimed it was one-quarter, the product for the five years would be 125,961 barrels. The value of this product at \$3.75 per barrel, the provincial prices of mackerel ready for exportation, would be \$472,753. Deducting the cost of the barrel, the salt, the expense of catching, curing and packing, upon the evidence, \$1 a barrel would be a large allowance for the profit, and the whole profit to our fishermen for the five years, would be \$25,000 a year, and for the whole treaty period of twelve years, but \$300,000. If the extravagant rate of \$10 per barrel be taken as the price of mackerel in our market, and profit be set as high as one-half that sum, the value of the fishing privilege would be only \$125,000, or \$1,500,000 for twelve years, less than one-quarter of the award of the Commissioners, with no allowance for the free importation of fish from the Provinces.

By the terms of the treaty the value of the concession of a free market to the Provinces for the fish was to be deducted from the value of the fishing privilege. The annual duty on mackerel alone amounted to \$200,000, and on all kind of fish and fish oil to \$300,000 per annum and one half of this sum for twelve years, would amount to \$1,800,000. If the commissioners made no allowance for this sum in finding the award of \$5,500,000, then they must have found

the value of the fishing privilege to the United States to have been \$7,300,000, a sum so enormous as to defy all computation. If the commissioners failed to concede the value of the duties on fish, then they violated the terms of the treaty.

Again the returns from a system under which 354 licenses were taken out, at the rate of 50 cents per ton, and only 25 licenses when that rate was raised to \$2 per ton, affords a fair criterion of the value of the fishing privilege. But the whole tonnage engaged in the fishing business is only 32,000, and at the rate of \$2 per ton, is worth only \$64,000. A privilege for which our fishermen were unwilling to pay for a license at the rate of \$2 per ton, which was the highest rate when the Dominion Government was about to close the fishing grounds to American vessels, and which at that rate for the whole treaty period was worth only \$168,000, the Commission awarded the enormous sum of \$5,500,000. A privilege, valued by the United States at the sum of \$1,000,000 for a perpetual grant, the Commission appraised at five times that sum for twelve years. A privilege which the provincial authorities had always considered as the equivalent of a free market, the Commission found so valuable, that its equivalent was of no appreciable value whatever.

In what manner or by what means the Commission arrived at this inexplicable conclusion is exceedingly mysterious and to say the least exceedingly unsatisfactory. The reply of Lord Salisbury that the decision of the majority of the Commissioners is binding in international law as well as in common law, may be true or it may not be true. His observation that the Commissioners arrived at their conclusion by a different process of figuring is as self evident as it is true and evasive. However, as the Commissioners have not seen fit to state the grounds of their inscrutable decision, there is no appeal from their decree, save to that tribunal of public opinion which, however little effect it may have upon an award already found, may be of no inconsiderable importance in determining what reciprocal privileges the United States shall hereafter accord to the British Provinces.

CLASS OF '79.—The first meeting of the W. H. S. '79 was held at the house of H. E. Mills, on Winn street, Aug. 19, at 8.15 P. M. The draft of the constitution presented by E. H. Lounsbury was accepted with few changes. A balloting for officers for the ensuing year, resulted in the choice of E. Cummings as President, and Miss A. F. Richardson as Secretary. An executive committee consisting of E. Cummings, Miss Richardson, Miss E. J. Sherburne, A. L. Perham and E. H. Lounsbury was then appointed. Miss Sherburne and Miss E. C. Sweetser, though elected, both declined to serve as Secretary.

BAND CONCERT.—The Woburn Brass Band will give concerts on the Common for the three next successive Wednesday evenings. The following is the programme for next Wednesday:—

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| PART I. | |
| 1. March, National Guard. | Ross. |
| 2. Andante and Waltz. | Ringfield. |
| 3. Selection, Red Hot. | Beyer. |
| 4. Concert Polka. | Levy. |
| 5. March, Nancy Lee. (By request). | Clark. |
| PART II. | |
| 6. March, Clayton's. | Wadsworth. |
| 7. Medley, Ye Olden Times. | Beyer. |
| 8. Reverie, Au Chien La Mart. | Berdie. |
| 9. Waltz. | Strauss. |
| 10. Concert Galop. | Clark. |

FOOT RACES.—This Saturday evening, Patsy Burke, of Woburn, and Maurice Golding, of Cambridge, will run a five mile race on Lexington Trotting Park. The race will come off between 5 and 6 o'clock. Two weeks from to-day, Sept. 6, John Conway, of Stoneham, is matched against John Weaver, of Woburn, for a ten mile night spin. Weaver won the five mile race a fortnight ago, and his friends are quite confident of his winning again at the longer distance.

TOOK A WHEEL OFF.—A buggy containing Miss Carter and Miss Wheeler of North Woburn, was standing in front of Smith & Co's Jewelry Store, Monday morning, when Felch's butcher wagon was accidentally driven against one of the hind wheels, demolishing that useful portion of the carriage. The ladies were assisted to alight, and their horse being a steady one, no great harm was done.

NOTORIOUS THIEVES IDENTIFIED.—City Marshal Batchelder of Lawrence, on Monday, identified George Richardson and Edward Berry, awaiting trial at Cambridge jail for stealing hens at Woburn, as Daniel and Abraham Glidden, two notorious horse thieves and burglars, who for the past two years have been operating in the vicinity of Lawrence and in Maine and New Hampshire.

POLICE COURT.—Charles C. Horner, and John Hoban were each committed to the House of Correction for nonpayment of fine, for being drunk. James Farrell, drunk, second offence, 2 months in House of Correction. Wm. Moore and Patrick Foley each paid a fine of \$3 and costs for single drunk. Hugh McMorrow, common drunkard, case continued until Saturday morning.

THE NEW HOSE HOUSE.—The contract to build the new Hose House in Central Square has been awarded to J. Horace Dean & Co., for \$700. The house will be 22x35, and will be completed about the first of October.

THUMB CUT.—Alonso L. Perham, while trimming a lath, had the misfortune to strike his thumb with a sharp hatchet, laying it open its entire length.

There was a slight fire on Tuesday at the store of B. B. Brown, 10 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, caused by a kettle of sealing wax boiling over. No damage.

GOURD YIELD.—Alden P. Hamlin, Mrs. Bickford's gardener, reports a prolific growth in his garden which bore 35 particularly good gourds.

BASS POINT.—Although the weather last Saturday was rainy, two large loads went to the Grand Army picnic at Bass Point.

Read Mrs. Phineas's notice in the advertising columns.

OLD PROPELLER.—An Old High School Boy, in a letter to the *Saturday Evening Gazette* says:—"There are as many different kinds of reporters as there are of advertisers, and regret to say that many, in both of these classes, are little better than sharpers, in the guise of friends and patrons. What are technically termed 'India-rubber' advertisers are those who, under the pretence of sending an editor a free and friendly contribution of news or other interesting matter, try to conceal in a free puff of some acquaintance. This argues that friend-ship has great stretching powers, like India rubber, and is elastic enough to stretch over and hide the imposition. There is also a kind of unsalaried, guerilla-like reporter, who gets favors from outsiders and pays in puffs, then gets the puff published and pays in news. A queer reporter of this kind was the late Thomas Davis, who died suddenly last fall at the ripe old age of 70. For many years he was known in this city and vicinity as 'Propeller Davis,' he having given himself the title because he was continually propelling himself around in search of news, printing jobs and advertising favors. He delighted in absurd modes of advertising his printing office into notoriety, and once proposed to construct an India rubber sea serpent, to be propelled in some strange way, and by attracting crowds to see it in motion in the vicinity of certain watering-places, to make a profitable bargain with steamboat owners and hotel keepers. But he failed to perfect this novel mode of India rubber advertising. Death has propelled the most indefatigable of India rubber advertisers into a world where there is no India rubber of any kind. There is plenty in this, but no 'Propeller Davis' now, and, therefore, those who wish to see the sea serpent must see him in the natural way, and those who wish to advertise must do it without India rubber."

ANOTHER JUNKETING VISIT.—When the Water Board or Common Council want a good time they vote to go out and examine the Mystic water shed. They send word to Winn of Winchester, for barges, and to Lee Hammond of Woburn, that they shall want some refreshment, and they are well provided in both respects and go home again very much pleased with themselves and their visit, having found out what they knew before. They were here on Wednesday, having taken the barges at College Hill, and went over the Queen of Winchester, Bell Rock, and Commonwealth furnished the transportation, and the party had a delightful ride. They charged most of the trouble with the water to Horn Pond, and some of the wise men want to divert the waters of Horn Pond in some way from flowing into Mystic Pond. To accomplish that would be a great feat of engineering. They dined very happily at the Central House, and then went over to see the glue works, and so on down the Abajona to Winchester where they took the cars.

SELECTIONS.—Second meeting in August. Full board present. Application of Chief Engineer in relation to hydrants, was referred to the Committee on Fire Department. J. F. Stevens and Samuel Leeds were drawn as jurors for September term of Superior Court at Lowell. Application for laying out Page Place as a highway was referred to Highway Committee, with instructions to lay out and prepare report for acceptance of town. Voted a reward of \$10 for conviction of persons destroying sign boards or other public property. Voted to recommend the discharge from Reform School of Michael Beattie. Amasa W. Nason was appointed a police officer for East Woburn.

ACCIDENTS.—Sunday, Morris Mack while assisting to put up some machinery at Bryant & King's, fell into a wheel pit, and dislocated two fingers of the left hand, besides injuring his head somewhat.

Friday last Frank Vincent stepped in a lot leach and scalded his left foot.

It is said that about a thousand persons went to the Hibernian picnic at Nantasket, last Sunday. One lady who went in bathing was taken with cramps, and was unable to be removed until Monday. This gave rise to a story that one woman of the party died.

BASE BALL.—Quite a number of Woburn people were on the base ball grounds at Stoneham on Thursday, to witness the game between the Worcesters and Gen. Worths. The former won 8 to 6. The Worths play with the Campellos on Saturday.

A BARREL OF SWALLOWS.—After the last storm, the chimney at Jacob Brown's house, on Canal street, was cleaned out, and enough swallows to fill a barrel were taken out. They probably took refuge from the storm and were killed by the smoke.

WOBURN TRAVELLERS.—There were 75,710 passengers for Boston, from the Central Station at Woburn, during 1878. This number does not include season ticket passengers, or passengers from Woburn Highlands and Cross street.

ASSAULTED.—Last Saturday Michael Doyle living at Cummingsville, was assaulted, as he claims, by Owen O'Hara and John Dolan, his lip was badly cut, and he was severely punished.

THE BARK PILES.—There were 17,894 cords of bark used by the Woburn tanners during 1878. The amount this year will be much larger. John Cummings & Co., have 3,000 cords piled up in the freight yard.

RUOVER.—A boy named Costello was run over on Thursday, and was taken into Trull's drug store, where he recovered from his fright, and finding that he was unhurt, ran home without assistance.

THE WOODMAN'S AXE.—The evergreen trees in the First Church yard have all been cut down, and two chestnut trees in front of the church have also succumbed to Woodman Harris.

CATHOLIC PICNIC.—A picnic for the benefit of the poor will be held in Hiawatha Grove this Saturday afternoon.

East Woburn.

SPRAINED HIS FOOT.—Patrick Carpenter came home on the late train Saturday night, and as he stepped from the cars he sprained his foot. Passengers shouldn't carry too much freight.

Row.—On Thursday a junk pedlar from Somerville was stopped by Michael Queenan, who took away his horse and team, because the old man was owing him 70 cents. A fight occurred for the possession of the team but Queenan held it. The old man then went to Officer Kerrigan's house, but was told that no officer lived there. Going back, the fighting was renewed, and nearly all the village assembled to witness the disgraceful affair. Kerrigan was sent for again, but would not come, and not until he learned that two of the leading citizens of the village had been attracted to the row did he put in an appearance. The team was then restored to the pedlar, but no arrests were made.

FIRE IN EAST WOBURN.—About 11 o'clock Wednesday night a fire broke out in a barn owned by A. L. Richardson, Esq., No. 164 Montvale Avenue, East Woburn. The barn was occupied by Thomas Maran and Nicholas T. McConnen, and contained two horses, carriages, harnesses, and a little hay. The carriages were got out, and also the horses, though Maran's horse was considerably scorched. In getting him out, William Elliot had one of his feet stepped on. Hose 4 soon had a stream of water on the fire, and after some hard work, stopped the fire in the loft where it originated. The fire apparatus from the Center responded very promptly but was not needed. The fire was set in the hay loft, but whether accidentally or not is not known. Two tramps who have been doing the song and dance business on the streets for the past two weeks, are said to have made this barn their lodging place. There were some machinists tools in one end of the barn, but the fire did not reach them. The barn was valued at \$500; insured for \$300.

Postmasters are not obliged to receive in payment of postage stamps or stamped envelopes or wrappers, etc., any currency which may be so mutilated as to be uncurrent, or the genuineness of which can not be clearly ascertained. They are not obliged to receive more than twenty-five cents in copper or nickel coins. They are obliged to affix stamps to letters, nor are they obliged to make change except as a matter of courtesy. Neither shall they give credit for postage.

An exchange has an excellent suggestion, which has been often times repeated, to the effect that if every one would decline to accept silver or copper pieces which have holes in them or have been disfigured in any way, the clippings would soon cease. The post office department will not receive them, neither are they received at any of the sub-treasuries. If there is one sort of theft meaner than another, this certainly can be so characterized.

Our internal revenue system seems to be in good working order. Last year we collected \$113,448,830, and it cost only three and three-quarters per cent. to do it. It is a very pretty sum towards the national house-keeping.

Col. Cyrus Tay, who has been running a hotel at Prince Edward Island, during the summer, has returned to Woburn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nursery for September.—The children's magazine opens with a seaside frontispiece. "Dr. Drug and Miss Pansy" is a fine sketch. Nellie and Pet tell of the pets of the farm. A fine drawing lesson is given as usual. The little housemaid's story is told in large type. There is something about alligators, and a cunning fox, and to end all a nice song "Down on the sandy beach."

Brentano's Aquatic Monthly and Sporting Gazette for August.—This is a magazine devoted to the interests of all pastimes by field and water, and the number before us supports the claims made for it. A well-executed full-length likeness of E. P. Weston forms an attractive frontispiece. Editorial sketches of Weston and Hanlan are given, and a well-considered paper on Physical exercise. Prof. Wood writes of college boating in England and America. Dr. D. A. Sargent gives some timely suggestions concerning Individuality in Rowing and Athletics. A pleasant yachting reminiscence, by Col. Stuart M. Taylor, of the celebrated race between the Henrietta and the Vesta. Every branch of athletics seems to have a notice more or less extended, and the current news respecting each is quite fully given. The article on croquet places the origin of the game away back in the eighth century. The magazine is all that could be expected, and will commend itself to all lovers of physical exercise. The subscription price is now only \$3 per annum, and it is well worth the money.

Wide Awake for September has an exquisite frontispiece drawn by Miss L. B. Humphrey, illustrating Miss Brown's poem, "Where The Brook and River Meet." Next comes just such a story as children love to read, "Fight of the Beehive," by Margaret Eytting. Then comes an article for children that *want to know*, about "How Umbrellas Are Made in Philadelphia," by Mary Wagner Fisher, profusely illustrated. "Ti Si Popparty?" by Katharine Hanson will amuse both young and old philologists. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston gives another of her dainty art poems for the children, "Little Tidian's Palette," a pretty pendant for Mr. Benjamin's papers on "Our American Artists," of which No. IX is about Samuel Colman, with excellent illustrations. "The Dogberry's" continue to be as interesting as ever, and in the second serial, "St. Olave's," trouble seems to be certainly gathering for Mr. Jingles Gooding. "The adventure of 'Don Quixote Jr.'" in this number is about what might be expected. A very charming story is "Piecing The Blocks," by the author of "The Flossy and Bossy Stories." But the two "star artists" of the number are "Children at Newport," by Margery Deane, with twelve exquisite pictures made at Newport by Miss Humphrey, and the new Classic of Babyland, "Tom Thumb," by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates,

and illustrated daintily by J. G. Francis. Only \$2.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

St. Nicholas for September helps the boys and girls to begin the new year of schooling with a great variety of amusing stories, pictures, and interesting articles. It begins with a large frontispiece, drawn by Addie Ledyard, and, near the end, it gives young Louis Napoleon's life history, with a portrait engraved from a photograph taken a little while before his death. There are eight short stories, all illustrated. First comes "Three Drows and a Crew," a tale of terrible floods and wonderful escapes; then an amusing story of "Bob's Missionary Work" in the effort to improve a poverty-stricken quarter of his native town. A third tale recounts the excitement and pleasure of "A Run After Sword-fish"; another details the mishaps of a girl who persisted in wearing fine winter clothes in the wild places of Florida; a fifth narrates a lively episode of Pennsylvania child-life; another deals with elves and a tender-hearted German girl; yet another describes the bad and good fortunes of a miner's orphans in the great oil-regions; and the eighth, with a comical picture by Hopkins, tells of the triumph of a wise old man who could say "Buttered Pease in Chocwat." "The Chateau D'Orion" is the title of an illustrated article on the history of the rare and beautiful pottery called "Faience D'Orion"; "On Wheels," with twelve quaint outline pictures, gives a concise account of wheeled carriages of all sorts and times; and "The Frolicsome Fly's" queer and interesting history is told with the help of two illustrations. The installments of the two serials—Frank R. Stockton's "A Jolly Fellowship," and Susan Coolidge's "Eyebright"—are intensely interesting, and make one wonder just how the stories are to be wound up, as they must be, next month.

Scraper for September. In the September *Scraper*, Professor Boyesen's interesting illustrated paper on "The University of Rome," gives the writer occasion to discuss the peculiar characteristics of the Italian school-system in general. Mr. W. C. Brownell's gives an exposition of the unique methods of teaching in "The Art Schools of Philadelphia." In Professor T. R. Lounsbury's discussion of the arguments for and against "English Spelling Reform," the writer taking strong ground in favor of the proposed reform, which he predicts must soon become a living issue. The number contains a large quantity of light summer reading, including the following papers: "Signs and Symbols," by Mr. Frank B. Mayer of Annapolis, including some striking illustrations of old American inns, and one superb engraving by Mr. Cole, entitled "Bringing in the Boar's Head," "My Lord Fairfax, of Virginia," an interesting sketch of the sixth lord and some of his more noted ancestors, by Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison; "An American Home on the Amazons," by Mr. Herbert H. Smith,—being an account of the success of Mr. R. J. Rhome's experiments in the cultivation of cane, tobacco, and other Brazilian staples, accompanied with drawings by

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1879.

NO. 35.

Machinists.
ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
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I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my wharf.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

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coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
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No Rubber. No Springs.
Liked by everybody.
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.125
Orders by mail should be
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from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
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to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

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Killed
By living in a house with a leaky roof.
Now is the time to have your roofs painted. As
we have work promised in other places our stay will
be short.

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ROOFING PAINT
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evenings and spare time to the business. It costs
nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money
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Shop, Central Square, Woburn.
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
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ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

Poetical Selection.

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Fifty years ago, the *London Morning Chronicle*
published a poem entitled "Lines to a Skeleton,"
which excited much attention. Every effort, even to
the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly
made to discover the author. All that ever trans-
pired was that the poem, in a fair clerical hand, was
found near a skeleton of remarkably large form
and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of
Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the
curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry,
editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
One of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat!
What beauties vision filled this spot?
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed—
If no lawless fire it glowed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed
That eye shall be forever bright;
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The rosely, soft and tuneful tongue,
If falsehood's honey it disowned,
And where it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did those fingers delude the mine?
Or with its eviled rubied shine?
To heave the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them?
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner's breast,
These hands a richer need shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether, bare or shod,
This feet the depths of duty trod?
If from the hall of glory they came,
To seek affliction's humble shed?
If grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And honor to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Selected Story.

LOVE IN THE SURF.

"Quite like Newport or Nahant, auntie,
isn't it?" says my pretty niece Kate, as we
step out on the veranda of one of the Ala-
meda bathing establishments, and note
the elegant dresses and handsome car-
riages thronging the avenue and grounds,
and the bathers dotting the waters beyond.
The June sun beams brightly over the blue
waters, and sets each tiny wave sparkling
and dancing, till what with laughter and
chatter all around, and the distant music of
a rival establishment, a very fair semblance
of watering-place gaiety is produced.

Our party is a gay as any; but my pleas-
ure changes to inward wrath when, looming
over the heads of other loungers, I see that
odious Royal Allen pressing this way, and
lifting his hat to one after another of the
girls with courtly grace. "Quite like New-
port," I think savagely, where just such
worthless fortune hunters followed Kate
during our whole stay, as I see my niece
give Monsieur Royal her sweetest smile and
her dainty little hand, which he seems in no
hurry to relinquish. He is handsome, of
course, as such creatures always are; but
poor, and with debts innumerable, which
he means to pay with Kate's money, if pos-
sible. But not with my consent; I am re-
solved and I determine to keep her away
from him as much as possible.

In vain I look and call frantically for my
missing parasol—safe in the carriage. I
cough in vain—the deep, husky cough that
never fails to bring Kate to my side with
anxious inquiries and extra wraps; that
handsome scamp, as I mentally call him,
struts on and on, keeping Kate's blue eyes
lifted to his continually, and laughing in
his sleeve, no doubt, at me and my help-
lessness.

And as I live, there is Mrs. Ellis, with her
eyeglasses and her sneer, glancing signifi-
cantly at the two and at me. Only the
other day she asked me when the engage-
ment was to be out, and advised me to have
Kate's fortune tied up so that Royal couldn't
touch it, for he owed every one in town and
was dissipated as a Turk. Her three girls
are sitting there in aristocratic solitude, like
three stiff white camels, and she grudges
Kate even the attention of Mr. Allen. I
have half a mind to let it go on, for she told
me everything I have heard of, she told me
all.

Yet debts and dissipation—no, no—im-
possible! I rush after my pretty heiress
and sweep her away from her companion,
who politely hopes he sees me well. He
would be astonished if he knew how well I
see him as his motives, I think, as I grimly
respond and draw Kate over to a seat in the
shade, placing myself between them. Kate
looks surprised at my sudden appearance,
but she has heard my opinion of the gentle-
man before, during the weeks he has been
dangling after her; and she yields so meekly
and smiles at me so sweetly that I hope all
will yet be well.

"Aren't you going in, Miss Kate?" says
Royal; "the water is quite warm." Miss
Mary won't you trust her with me?" I can
scarcely believe my eyes. Such an auda-
cious request completely overpowered me,
while Kate is looking so wistful, her eyes
like violets dipped in dew, the other girls
crowding round and coaxing. "Oh, please
Miss Mary, let her go. It is as safe as your
bath-tub, and so warm she couldn't take
cold if she wanted to." I gazed with utter
amazement at the circle of pleading faces,
reflecting with disapproval on the behavior
of the modern young gentlemen before me.
I foresee that I shall have to yield, or be
thought a cruel old ogre; but a brilliant
thought strikes me, and I act on the impulse

of the moment. "Yes, you may go, Kate,
and I will go in, too," I say, heroically, yet
with a sudden sinking of the heart as I feel,
in anticipation, the icy water closing over
my devoted head.

Kate's eyes opened wider and wider,
while that handsome scamp turns his head
away—to laugh, I am sure. "What, you
go in, auntie, with your neuralgia and
rheumatism?" Oh, no," sighs she, and her
voice actually trembled a little; "I will look
on with you, and the girls may bathe to their
heart's content. I shan't consent to let you
catch your death of cold, auntie, for my
pleasure."

But I knew well enough that as soon as
we should be comfortably seated Kate would
be enticed off, and I reflect that I can feign
to be so helpless in the water that she will
certainly not leave my side. So I stub-
bornly insisted, only refusing to go into the
"bath-tub," as the girls have christened the
square inclosure of muddy water before us,
not over clean, they say, and filled with
heads and bodies in every stage of dress—
or undress, I think, with a shudder.

So we drive further down the avenue, and
really if it weren't so cold and the water
colder I shouldn't wonder at the hun-
dreds who fill the wide, dusty drive and
flood round the piazzas and down the beach,
for the beautiful blue bay is sparkling under
a blue sky and tempting white waves are
rolling their foamy lace upon the sand.
The bathers laugh and talk as they frolic in
the water, or scream as they venture one
foot timidly after the other.

But my spirits sank to the lowest ebb, and
I wished I hadn't been so foolish, when they
handed out a bundle of dingy garments, a
sticky, yellow cap and a very suspicious-
looking towel to each of us. Strong mis-
givings as to the propriety of this indis-
criminate bathing come over me as I follow
Kate—for I am determined not to lose sight of
her for a moment—past a row of staring men
into a damp closet, and I begin to realize for
the first time what I am about to do. I
have waded in the brook in my childhood
and bathed in a sheltered little cove with
unfrequented beach in after years, but it is
ridiculous, at my age, to face the gaping
crowd of loungers as we go out, and, oh,
horrors! as we come in, wet and dripping.
I am strongly inclined to give up the idea,
after all; and the discovery that my "suit,"
as they style it, is too short and too narrow
for my ample proportions, does not tend to
reassure me. Kate laughs heartily as she
views my costume, in which I resemble an
overgrown blue-flannel porpoise.

Still the thought of this odious man nerves
me to lay aside self in the guardianship
of my niece, so, with many a doubtful look
and backward glance, we leave with linger-
ing steps our closet, and sigh for it a
moment later, as for an ark of refuge,
when the eyes of apparently a thousand
people fall upon the spectacle of a hitherto
sensible woman arrayed in two blue gar-
ments of a nondescript kind, evidently
never cut out for her. Kate looks trim and
jaunty enough in gray and scarlet, but as
for myself, I hasten to hide beneath the
waves. The first touch of the water sent
cold chills over me, and I feel rheumatic
pains in every joint. My head whirled, and
an icy hand seems clutching my heart. I
want to turn and flee ignominiously, but groan
and set my teeth grimly, as a well-known,
curly black head comes in view, and I
recognize Mr. Allen.

I clutch Kate in despair, and wade out
farther and farther, gasping with cold and
anger, and vowing vengeance on that
gentleman for the tortures I am undergoing.
Kate and the other girls think it "splendid
fun," but every drop of blood in my body
seems to turn to ice. After discovering that
one is warmer with the water up to one's
neck, I grasped the rope and presently find
breath to look around. Blue bathers and
gray, black and red, one hideous orange and
brown striped, swim or float, or wade or
scream in the surrounding bay. They seem
to do more screaming than anything else,
as the waves fill eyes and mouths with salt
water, or dash completely over the heads
done up in oiled silk caps and dilapidated
straw hats. I am in a state of semi-comfort
at last, and fall idly to watching a thin
woman who wades from the beach into
about three feet of water and back again,
screaming all the time at the frightful dan-
ger, when I discovered that I am alone.
The gray and scarlet suit is gone, and I
catch a glimpse of it far out with two or
three others, and the inevitable Mr. Al-
len, of course.

What to do, I don't know. I am afraid
to let go the rope. I can't make her hear
me, and if I could she might not come, for
I begin to think to think Miss Kate is not
the meekest of girls, about this affair, at
least. Fate must intend them for each
other, I believe, and no maiden aunt, much
less a helpless one clinging to a rope, com-
paratively alone in a wilderness of waters,
can fight against destiny long. Then the
sneering vision of Mrs. Ellis floats before
my minds eye, and thoughts of what she
and others would say about the foolish old
woman who allowed such a sacrifice, turn
the wavering scales again, and bring judg-
ment and prudence to the rescue.

The affair shall go no further, I say ve-
hemently to myself. I will call her back
and take her home, or to Europe, anywhere
out of Royal Allen's mercenary clutches.
As I raise my voice in a desperate attempt
to out-scream the noise of girls and waves,
a higher wave than usual strikes me and
fills my mouth and eyes with salt water.
Half strangled by the bitter dew I begin to
cough, when, alas! something white and
glittering falls from my mouth, and
with a wild, despairing shriek, I see my
upper teeth shrink out of sight beneath the
treacherous waves, and I feel that the cli-

max of suffering is reached. I am lost in a
stupor of grief and dismay, and stare bland-
ly at the place where they went down, as
though expecting some mermaid to rise and
deliver the lost pearls to me.

What shall I do? Kate's desertion—even
Royal Allen's baseness—is forgotten in the
calamity that has occurred to me. No one
knows I wear false teeth, not even my niece
for I had several of them filled, that they
might not appear to white and perfect. How
can I face those giggling girls, and the
cause of all my misery—that handsome
scamp? I can't speak without them—I feel
ten years older as my mouth sinks into
dreadful caves and hollows, and I cannot go
home in such a toothless condition. Was
ever an unfortunate woman in such a plight
before? Deserted by my niece, shivering
with the cold so that my teeth would chatter
if I hadn't lost half of them, I stand vainly
gazing at the spot where I saw them disap-
pear, and just as vainly groping down in
the sand, when I turn my head and see Mr.
Allen coming toward me alone.

That is the last straw in my burden of
trouble, I have determined to tell him that
I cannot and will not endure his conduct
any longer, and bid him bring Kate to me,
when I suddenly remember my fatal loss,
and turn away to smother my indignation as
well as I can.

"Miss Kate sent me," he begins, when
my doleful face impresses him, I suppose,
and he hastily inquires if I am cold or tired
or need any assistance. He looks so se-
riously alarmed that I mumble out that I
have lost—something. "Just here?" I
ring, a bracelet? "I'll find it in a moment,"
he answers cheerily, and a ray of hope
comes back again to my half-distracted mind.
O, if I should find them, and keep my secret
I vow inwardly that I will think better of
him than I have done for an hour or so. He
certainly is handsome, I muse, and
kind and gentlemanly, as he brings hand-
ful after handful of wet sand to the surface,
laughing and tossing back his wet curls, and
looking like a young water-god almost.

To tell the truth, I don't blame Kate for her
fancy for him. If he were only as good as
he is handsome—but the "if" died away
from my lips, and I am sure he is the best
of men as I see my missing treasure lying
in his palm, and note the grave, courteous
look in his face as I awkwardly take them.

Any other man—especially a young one—
who had found so unexpectedly a cross old
woman's teeth would have said something
silly, or laughed at least. And when after
a moment with half-averted head I turn to
thank him, and see his vigorous strokes
twenty feet away, I own to myself that this
delicate, chivalrous conduct has won me
over to his side in spite of all the Mrs. El-
lises in the city. Indeed I know nothing
wrong of him, now that I have reflected,
save what a spiteful lady told me, and her
motive is clear when the picture of her
three solitary daughters recur to my mind.

It is in a reflective mood that I take my
self to my room and don my usual apparel,
leaving my dislike to Mr. Allen as complet-
ly behind me as I do the dripping heap of
blue on the floor.

And when Kate comes to me later, with a
rosier glow on her fair cheek than salt water
can give, and the tenderest light in her
blue eyes, and whispers: "Auntie, do try
and like Royal—Mr. Allen for my sake," I
utter a very decided "No," qualifying it
a little as her lip quivers and her eyes droop,
with, "but I intend to like him for his own."

Kate is too wise to ask why, but accepts
the sudden change of my opinion as grace-
fully as she does the gentleman himself a
day or two after.

A CHILD SAVED.—Some years ago, a
Pacific steamer took fire. The burning ves-
sel was headed for the shore, which was
not far distant. The only thought of the
passengers was self preservation. One man,
who was returning home from California
with a treasure of gold around him and was
preparing to leap into the water and swim to
the shore, when he was addressed by a little
girl:

"Sir, can you swim?" asked she.
"Yes, my child," responded the man.
"And won't you please, sir, save me?"
The request sent a thrill to his heart. He
knew he could not save the child and his
gold too. One or both must be lost. It was
a question to be decided in a moment—a
question which involved the saving of a life
or the loss of a savings of his life. It was
an instantaneous but mighty struggle. Yet
manhood, humanity, self-sacrifice con-
quered. He unbuckled his belt. He cast
his gold aside. He took the little child in
his arms and plunged into the water. A
child was saved, but the gold lost.

HERE IT IS, DOWN FINE.—Here is a car-
penter's jobbing shop. One man in the
shop is always busily at work during the
day—always industrious and attentive to
his duties. In the evening he goes court-
ing some nice girl—a good sensible body
who knows what is what. There are three
or four other men in the same shop who do
nothing of the sort. They loaf half of the
day, and their evenings are spent in bar-
rooms and loafing places about town. The
first young man soon starts out for himself,
and puts out on his "shingle." Then he mar-
ries the girl. Soon he is able to take his
wife out to ride of an evening. The three
or four men, his former companions, who
see him indulging in this little luxury, re-
tire to a neighboring saloon and pass a resolu-
tion that there is an "eternal struggle be-
tween labor and capital."

LONDON has two lady lawyers who do
a large business, yet are not allowed to plead
in court. An effort is in progress to secure
for them this privilege.

SEPARATED.—A few mornings since a man
crawled out of a coal shed on a wharf and
began yawning and rubbing his eyes like
one who had put in a heavy night.

A policeman lounged that way and asked:
"Sleep in that last night?"
"Yas, kinder," was the reply.
"I dunno exactly what I'm going to do.
I live out here about eight miles, but I've
separated from the old woman. Yes, sepa-
rated last night."

"What's the trouble?"
"Wall, we come in to see the circus."
"Ah! you did!"
"And that's where the separation took
place—right in front of the sacred hyenas
from Japan. You know they advertised an
electric light there?"
"Yes."

"Well, we'd never seen one. When we
went into the menagerie there stood the
elephant. Then came the camels. Then
we came to a darned old bear. Further on
were the lions and tigers and monkeys, but
no electric light. We walked three times
around that old tent without coming to his
cage, and I got mad. Says I to one of the
chaps over the rope: 'Whar in thunder
is the cage with the electric light in it?'

We want to see him or have or money
back!' The feller he grinned all over, and
lots of folks laughed right out, and my wife
she flew up and said I'd made a fool of
myself. 'How?' says I. 'Why, the electric
light is no animal at all,' said she, 'but it
has something to do with the clown.' We
had a big jaw right there. She saved
my hat in and I broke her parasol and then
we separated."

"And you won't make up?"
"Make up! Never! She can take the

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Ordinary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

COL. GRAMMER FOR SHERIFF.

Ever since the vacancy in the office of Sheriff of Middlesex County was occasioned by the death of the lamented Kimball, the name of Col. William T. Grammer, of Woburn, has been frequently mentioned as the successor to the office. But for the fact that the senior Deputy was called upon to perform an unenviable task, for which the appointment was given him, it is probable that the Col. would now be Sheriff Grammer by appointment of the Governor, which the people would be only too glad to ratify by an election. The friends of Col. Grammer, who are numbered in every town in the county, have not been idle, and the reports that come to us from all quarters bring gratifying intelligence. Col. Grammer is no stranger in Middlesex County, where his life has been spent, and his record is one of which he may well be proud. Born in 1822, and with only such education as the common school, supplemented by a short academic course could afford, he has worked his own way through life, as mechanic, manufacturer, and public officer. He has represented the Town in the Legislatures of '54, '55, '69 and '70, and served on the Board of Selectmen several years. He was a member of the board of Harbor Commissioners from 1872 to 1878. Early connecting himself with the militia, he has passed through all the grades of service to the command of one of the finest regiments—the Fifth—that our State can boast, and during the war he served with his regiment as captain, major, and colonel. Col. Grammer is a man of easy bearing and pleasant address, eminent for the dignity and grace with which he presided at public meetings, and his familiarity with public affairs will make it an easy matter to become familiar with the duties of the office to which there is every reason to believe he will be called. The caucuses are about to be held at which delegates for the County Convention will be chosen. There will be 214 delegates in a full convention, and our information from all parts of the County lead us to the conclusion that more than half that number will be friends of Col. Grammer. By a peculiar combination of circumstances, the principal element being the great personal popularity of Sheriff Kimball, there has been no real contest for the nomination since 1858. The election of Sheriff is triennial, and as the nomination of the Middlesex Republicans is as good as an election, the action of the caucuses will practically decide the question. Col. Grammer has frequently presided at the County Convention, and it is the hope of his friends that for the next three years he will preside at the County House, where he will wear the cockade of the Sheriff, as honorably as he has done the eagles of a Colonel.

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The open air meeting on the Common last Sunday evening, was conducted by Mr. Jonas P. Barrett, and was addressed by Messrs. Charles H. Colegate, of Somerville, and E. A. Lawrence, of Bradford. There will be another meeting at the same place to-morrow evening, which will be conducted by Deacon Samuel Cook.

NONAGENARIANS.—One of our physicians has three patients over 91 years of age, their united ages reaching as high as 278 years. The same doctor has four octogenarians on his lists. We are glad to add that he expects to get them all well.

Mr. Charles H. Morse, organist and teacher of Music in Wellesley College, has been engaged to preside at the new organ just completed for the Central Church, corner of Berkeley and Newbury streets.

"GET READY FOR SCHOOL."—The schools all over town commence on Monday, and the boys and girls rested and refreshed after the long vacation, will take up their studies with new enthusiasm.

Ditson & Co. offer a new singing book for use in singing schools. It is called "The Voice of Worship," and the name of the author—L. O. Emerson—is a guarantee that it is equal to any other published.

AN OLD LANDMARK FALLS.—Woodman Harris is at work this Friday morning chopping down the old elm that for ages has shaded the ground where now Spring and Center streets enter Franklin street.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The management of the Melrose Visitor gives notice that after the issue of Aug. 23, the name will be changed to Melrose Journal.

TAXES.—The Collector is distributing the tax bills, and any who are not taxed should apply. Women before Sept. 15, and men before Oct. 1.

POST MASTER.—Mr. William S. Whitford, a Woburn boy, has been appointed postmaster at Humboldt, Ga., where he has resided for some time.

"We mean well, but we don't know."—*Ad.*
The first proposition no one will believe, and the second no one will doubt.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society, met with Dr. Harlow, at the Central House, Wednesday evening.

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNORSHIP.

We are glad to see mentioned as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, the name of Col. J. A. Harwood, of Littleton. We believe the selection of Col. Harwood would be a most excellent one, giving character and strength to the nomination. He is no stranger to public affairs, and has filled every position to which he has been called, either of appointment or election, with dignity and grace. He was on the staff of Gov. Washburn, and also on the staff of Gov. Talbot when the latter succeeded to gubernatorial chair. He was in the Senate in 1875 and 1876, and for the last three years has been in the Executive Council.

He is well known as a business man, having created an industry which has carried the name of Harwood to all parts of the world. Personally, he is a very popular man, and at the Councilor Convention which first nominated him he achieved success over several strong competitors. He applies himself as carefully and as methodically to his official duties, as to those which arise in his business, and would make a lieutenant for Gov. Long, of whom the State might well be proud. Col. Harwood's friends will present his name to the Worcester convention, with strong prospects of success, and next year we hope that he will preside in the Chamber where for the last three years he has been a useful and honored Councilor.

RAILROAD PEDESTRIANS ARRESTED.—The habit of the workmen employed in the shops on the line of the Branch railroad, of walking up the track, and through the depot, has become such a nuisance to the officials and patrons of the road, that Supt. Parker is determined to put a stop to it. Some two weeks ago signs were posted prohibiting persons from walking on the track, and nearly all have heeded them, and taken to the street. But some, more wise than the rest, thought the company were doing what they had no right to do, and continued to walk on the track as usual. Last Saturday, John Connolly was arrested, and fined \$10 and costs by Judge Converse. Since then there has been no trouble. Mr. Pushee informs us that he has counted as many as 180 at one time coming up the track between Green street and the depot, and at times when trains were coming in, so that it was almost impossible for the engineer to see the switchman.

THE 39TH REUNION.—The survivors of the 39th Mass. Vols., held their annual reunion at Taunton, on Wednesday. About 150 were present. There were no invitations sent out, and hence no invited guests were present. The members formed in procession about 11 o'clock and marched to the Agricultural Park, where they partook of a clambake. The Taunton National Band was present, and the boys were very enthusiastic. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, James A. Hervey, Co. C; Vice President, Charles E. Carrier, Co. I; Secretary, Chas. H. Porter, Co. D; Treasurer, George A. Barker, Co. D; Executive Committee, John S. Beck, Co. C; G. Henry A. Seavers, Co. H; A. Thomas, Co. G. An invitation to hold their next reunion with Co. C, at Medford, was accepted. There were ten members of Co. K, from Woburn, present.

POLICE COURT.—Hugh McMorro, common drunkard, \$5 and costs. John Connolly, illegal walking on railroad, \$10 and costs. John Dolan, assault and battery, discharged for want of evidence. Owen O'Hara, assault and battery, \$10 and costs. James O'Brien, drunk, \$3 and costs. John Nason, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Moses D. Nason, assault and battery, \$10 and costs. Owen Faley, assault and battery, discharged for want of evidence. Dennis T. Murphy, of Canton, drunk, \$3 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine. Patrick Keating, drunk, \$5 and costs. Andrew McHugh, drunk, \$5 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine. Jas. McKenna, assault and battery, \$5 and costs. Alexander Boyd, drunk, \$3 and costs; committed to House of Correction for non-payment of fine.

BAND CONCERT.—The sixth concert of the series given this season by the Woburn Brass Band, took place Wednesday evening. An excellent programme was offered and the Band fully sustained their reputation gained in former concerts.

Next Wednesday evening the following programme will be given:—

PART I.		
1. March, Minute-man.	Collin.	
2. Polka, Cardinal.	Mallendaine.	
3. March, Schenckel Schmitt.	Perrier.	
4. Cornet Solo, Selma Polka.	Rever.	
5. Medley, O'How Delightful.	Cain.	
PART II.		
6. March, Kameke.	Palov.	
7. Horn Solo, Bombardier Polka.	Boisclau.	
8. Waltz.	Strasse.	
9. Schottische, Our Friends.	Cain.	
10. Grand Finale.	Haben.	

T. H. MARRINAN, Director.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.—To find relief for some disorder which has become almost chronic, is something which all can appreciate. W. W. Hill keeps a full line of Elastic Stockings for those who are afflicted with diseases which require the use of such articles. See his advertisement on first page.

THE FOOT RACE.—At Lexington Park, last Saturday, Maurice Golding, of Cambridge, ran five miles in 31 m. 33 s., against Patsy Burke, of Woburn, who ran the same distance in 33 m. 14 s. At the finish Golding led about a quarter of a mile.

ANNIVERSARY.—Highland Hose Co. will celebrate the sixth anniversary of their organization, at their house next Monday evening. Joyce's Band of Boston will furnish music.

Hammond's stock of Boys' Suits excel anything ever shown on his counters, which it is said he is selling very low for cash.

PICNIC.—The picnic last Saturday, at Hiawatha Grove, was not as fully attended as previous ones during the season.

SOLD OUT.—G. P. Simmons has sold out his fish market to Fred F. Lowell.

Read the article, "Tramping Thieves Trapped," in another column.

A CRUEL STORY.—A rumor was started Wednesday night, and travelled rapidly all day Thursday, and is still on its heartless way which gives great pain to the friends of a man who met a violent death on Monday. The story was that George White who was injured at Winchester, on Monday, just before he died confessed to the murder of Frank Davis. Mrs. White, who was with her husband from noon Wednesday until he died, says there is not a word of truth in it. That he made no mention of Frank Davis, and she does not think he knew him. That on the night of the murder he was at home, sick on a lounge, and could not have committed it. Mrs. White thinks this is a cruel story to tell at this time and it must have been started by some one who knows about it, and wants to fasten it on an innocent man. Ex-Chief Tidd says that White was never suspected of complicity with the murder. C. E. Taylor, who has employed White for a year past, says he was the best man to work he ever knew, and does not believe that he had anything to do with the murder. All who knew White seem to agree that he was not a man who would be involved in a murder case. Inquiry at the hospital corroborates Mrs. White's statement. The attendants say that White made no allusion to the Davis or any other murder, and "died with a clear conscience."

CHIEF STOLEN TEAM.—The team left with Chief Conn by the Glidden boys who were jailed for thieving, has at last been restored to its legitimate owner. Mr. C. J. Higgins, of Hallowell, Me., arrived in Woburn, Friday morning, and fully identified the horse and wagon as belonging to Alden Rice, of Farmington, Me., from whose barn it was stolen on the 28th day of July. The team was accordingly turned over to Mr. Higgins, who took it with him. A reward of \$25 was offered for the team by Mr. Rice. It was known that the Glidden boys stole the team, because they were seen in the town the day before the theft, on foot, and as they walked by a spoke factory, one of them picked up a defective spoke and used it for a cane. After the team was taken, that identical spoke was found in the barn where they took the team.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—Special meeting Tuesday evening. All present but Messrs. Anderson and Parker. Miss Elizabeth T. Bond, a graduate of Vassar College, and of the Woburn High School, was appointed teacher at the Cummings Grammar, Room 2, in place of Miss Wheeler, resigned. Miss Hattie Thompson resigned as teacher in the Central Grammar, and Miss Fannie D. Soles was appointed to fill vacancy. S. H. Patten was appointed janitor of the Cummings and Lawrence Schools. Permission was given Miss Minnie L. Fletcher, of Littleton, to attend the Woburn High School, at the usual rates for out-of-town scholars.

OFFICE PENCILS.—We have received from Geo. F. King a package of his excellent office pencils, which are acknowledged to be superior to any office pencil in the market. They have all the good points of a good pencil, and no desk outfit should be considered complete without them. For sale wholesale and retail at No. 29 Hawley St., Boston.

SELECTMEN.—At a special meeting Monday evening, Special Officer John Boyle was appointed a regular officer, salary \$60 a month. Insurance on some of the public buildings having expired, the matter was referred to C. A. Jones, Kinney and Converse.

DRY GOODS.—By reference to the advertisement of Copeland, Bower & Co., it will be seen that they are offering special bargains in several departments, and all who patronize them will no doubt be satisfied with their purchases.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—At East Bedford last Saturday a Mrs. White from Charlestown while climbing over a wall was attacked by a goat and fell and broke her hip.

CAPTURED.—Saro Chivaro, alias Larry O'Neil, the last of the gang who were concerned in the murder of Mr. J. F. Frye in Boston, was arrested by detectives in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Saturday.

PETTY THEFT.—A tin tank was stolen from the premises of Mrs. John Taylor, Bow street, on Thursday. Look out for the junk men.

Try the new brand of Coffee which H. F. Smith advertises in another column, and see if it is not just such an article as is claimed for it.

DIPHTHERIA.—Several cases of diphtheria have been reported to the Selectmen during the past week.

AT TAF'S.—The Assessors spent a delightful day at Taff's hostelry, on Thursday.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS MORE.—Read Fernald's advertisement in another column.

Prof. L. S. Burbank will lecture in Leominster, Sept. 24, at a fair held there.

"Mr. Long can wait another year," some of the papers say. "He was going to be second on the ticket if Governor Talbot had remained in the field, and it is no hardship for him to be the same with Mr. Pierce. This may all be. But in the name of all the saints in the calendar, why isn't this just as true of Mr. Pierce? There may be some persons so simple as to think it an argument for nominating Mr. Pierce that Mr. Long can wait. But the argument we are waiting for, but which nobody takes pains to advance, is that which shall show that Mr. Pierce will poll the most votes. That is the only cogent reason to be urged just now; but unfortunately it does not exist.—*Lowell Journal.*

W. C. T. UNION.—The members of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union are to go steadily on in the good cause, and to this end the Executive Committee have made arrangements to give a series of one hundred lectures in the State, during the three weeks prior to September 15. The object of these lectures is to arouse Christian and temperance men to the duty of securing the nomination of staunch, unfaltering, total-abstinence men as candidates for the Legislature, and to urge the women to the duty of registration before September 15, so as to be prepared for a movement to secure the temperance ballot for women.

East Woburn.

Business at the Saw Factory of Clemson & Co., East Woburn, has not been so good for years as it is at the present time.

SILVER WEDDING.—Last Friday evening a party of over sixty persons assembled at "The Evergreens," the residence of Hon. B. F. Whittemore, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his wedding. The house and grounds were finely illuminated, the former being surrounded with festoons of lanterns. Two original poems were read, one by Mrs. Burns, and the other by his younger daughter Grace, which was charmingly written and rendered, containing numerous pungent "hits" which all highly appreciated. The presents were numerous and valuable, including silver-ware, statuary, and books; among the silver gifts were twenty-five silver dollars. The happy party did not disperse till an early hour.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Officer Kerrigan says that the statement in last week's issue in regard to the junk pedler, was wrong in many particulars. He says he was not called upon for assistance, neither did any one come to his house for him, but that the pedler, not being familiar with the locality, went to Mr. Macfarlane's, who lives near by, and was there told that no officer lived there. The first he knew of the row was when he arose at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and saw the row from his window. He immediately went to the place, and found no occasion to make an arrest, as when he told Queenan and the pedler to go home, they did so without any trouble. He went to the place of his own accord, without any one calling upon him to go.

Row.—Sunday afternoon a disgraceful fight occurred on Washington street, near the railroad crossing. The combatants were Moses D. Nason and Owen Faley, and they were supported by a number of friends who were as eager to have a hand in the affray as either of the two above mentioned. John Nason, a brother of Moses, offered to bet two dollars that Owen could not whip his brother. This statement, with others of a like nature, aroused the ire of the other party, and the consequence was that both received some heavy blows, being quite bloody when arrested. During the fight John Nason assaulted James O'Brien, who was considerably intoxicated. Officer Kerrigan was quickly on the spot, and arresting the two Nasons and Faley, locked them up. Later, with the assistance of Officer Nason, O'Brien was arrested. The latter was crazy drunk, and it was feared that during the night he would do himself some injury, but he did not. Monday morning, the parties were brought before Judge Converse. John G. Maguire, Esq., appeared for Faley, who was discharged, the witnesses in his behalf claiming that Moses Nason was the first to commence the assault. Moses was fined \$10 and costs, John \$5 and costs for assault, and O'Brien \$3 and costs for being drunk.

Wilmington.

Mr. Thomas Real, of Cambridge, has taken up his residence at Dr. Hiller's Swiss cottage.

Mr. Frank Carter, our efficient teacher of the High School, has been re-engaged. He will occupy the John Eames homestead in the centre.

VACATION.—Mr. Charles E. Hudson is taking a two weeks vacation at his home in Vermont. Mr. Henry Buck has charge of the store during Mr. Hudson's absence.

DANCE.—The residents at Silver Lake had a dance at Ames' Hall, Saturday evening. Gowan's orchestra furnished the music. There was a large attendance and every one present had a very enjoyable time.

TAXES.—The new tax bills have been distributed by the Collector, Mr. Darius Buck. The rate of taxation is \$12 per \$1,000. Poll tax \$1.25. According to the vote passed at the last Town meeting, the interest on taxes unpaid after the first Monday in January, has been reduced to 6 per cent.

F. & M. CLUB.—Our town has been convulsed to its very centre respecting the selection of a speaker to deliver the address at the next annual fair. As before reported the Executive Committee had invited Mrs. Dr. France B. Hiller to deliver the opening address, but certain festive young bachelors and others took it into their heads that a woman's best and only place was in the kitchen, in the sewing room, at the wash tub, &c., &c., and declared war against the Committee who had the temerity to invite a lady speaker. The records of the previous meeting wherein the resolution of empowering the Executive Committee to appoint a speaker was contained were rigidly examined for the purpose of overthrowing the motion as passed. The discussion on this point turned out to be exceedingly lively; opinions ran high and the fun grew fast and furious. But the substantial men of this town stuck to the Executive Committee, supported the record of the Secretary, and the opposition party was overwhelmingly defeated. Mrs. Dr. Hiller will deliver the address according to invitation, and we are confident it will be well worth listening to. We are pleased to record the fact that in spite of high words and various opinions, the meeting dissolved peacefully and to the entire satisfaction of the community at large.

OUR MEAT BILLS.—The experience of a bright Newton lad in striving to earn an honest living by working in a provision dealer's shop is suggestive of the method by which butchers' bills are made to exceed the expectation of the customer. The boy was hired by a local market-man, and, before being set to work, received instructions as follows:—"When a rich man comes in and orders a steak or a roast, cut off a pound or two more than he orders, for he'll never know the difference, and it'll help to swell his bill; but when a poor person gets meat, always give him an ounce or two short. He won't notice it. Give the rich man more than he orders and a poor man a little less; that's the way to make trade, my boy." The lad was honest, and resigned on the spot; but one of the tricks of trade was exposed.—*Herald.*

A letter passed through the Charlestown post-office last week bearing the following address:—"Miss Emily A. Hill." After puzzling the brains of several of the carriers for several hours, it was deciphered as follows:—"Miss Emily A. Hill." Quite plain, after one knows what the name is.

Winchester.

415 cars of bark were received at Winchester, for the month ending Aug. 28.

We understand that Frank Nowell has challenged Patrick Burke, of Woburn, to a race of 100 yards.

BASE BALL.—The Winchester High School Niners played the Juniors of Medford last Saturday, on the Common, beating them by a score of 18 to 3.

EXCURSION TO LEXINGTON.—Denny Winn, with the Queen of Winchester, took a merry party of Winchester young folks over to the Massachusetts House, by invitation of the Lexington young people. They had a splendid time.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday James Daly who lives in a court leading off Cross street, lost his left hand by the explosion of a gun. He had borrowed the gun for the purpose of killing a skunk, and leaving it loaded in the house, the children got to it and used it as a plaything much to the distress of the mother. On the return of Daly from his work, his wife begged him to remove the charge, and he accordingly stepped to the door and discharged it. The barrel was burst open 19 inches, in an irregular line. Daly's hand was terribly lacerated, and he was burned with powder in the face. It is thought that the children had put some stones or sticks into the barrel which caused the explosion. It is a wonder that the children did not kill themselves. Daly went to the Mass. Gen. Hospital where his arm was amputated below the elbow.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Monday evening George White, driver of Taylor's four horse Woburn and Boston express team, was severely injured while crossing the track at the centre. The train by which he was struck was the ice train, drawn by the "Pawtucket," William Warnick, engineer, which usually reaches Winchester at half past eight, it being about twenty minutes of nine when it arrived Monday evening. The horses crossed the track, and the rear end of the team was struck by the engine, and shoved some feet, when the wheel catching, the wagon was overturned, White by some means, being thrown under. The wing caught him across the thighs, he laying on the ground face down. He was soon relieved from this position by willing friends who lifted the team and drew him out, when he was taken to his home in Woburn, in one of Winn's teams. Had the engineer known a team was so near, he could undoubtedly have brought his engine to a stand-still, as they were going very slow. White says he saw or heard nothing to show that a train was near and only realized his danger when the engine struck the team and he was thrown from his seat. The flag-man at the crossing, Mr. Martin Morse, states that he heard the engine bell ringing when it was near the bill boards, and that the train was moving slowly. He took his station by the side of the track nearest to Foster's store, and swung his green lantern, in the usual manner; soon heard the team driven by White approaching, and turned round still waving his lantern and shouting. The team not stopping he shouted louder and waved his lantern more vigorously, but all to no purpose, for the team came on to the track very near the flag-house, and the rear end struck by the tender (the engine was backing up), the headlight consisting of a single white lantern). The horses, he states, were coming quite fast, and he was obliged to run briskly to get out of their way, and avoid being run over by the horses; as it was he fell down. Mr. Morse is corroborated in his statement that he shouted and waved his lantern, by nearly every one who was in the square at the time. William Callahan, the night switchman above the crossing, says he was first attracted to the accident by the shouting of Morse, and soon heard the crash; then went down and assisted in removing the wounded man. Charles H. Converse, a switchman whose night it was off, and who lives side of the crossing where the accident occurred, says he was asleep on the lounge, and was awakened by shouting, and then, hearing the whistle of the engine for down brakes and the crash, he went out, and assisted in caring for the unfortunate man. The report that he said that he heard White say that there was no flagman or light to be seen, he wishes contradicted, as he heard no such thing said. He with others, came to Woburn with White, and left him at his home, on Church street. On his arrival in Woburn a partial examination showed his left thigh to be fractured, and probable fracture of the pelvis and rupture of the bladder. He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital later in the night, where a full examination showed the injuries to be as above stated. White lingered until quarter of six, Wednesday evening, when he died. He leaves a wife and two children. The body was carried to Woburn, and funeral services were held at his late residence on Church street, Friday afternoon. The remains were taken to Medford for interment.

It is the opinion of nearly every one who has occasion to cross at this place, that two men, doing their best, are inadequate to the work which is required of them in properly flagging this crossing, as they must be on the lookout for teams which are liable to be coming from four different directions. Then again, there is but one man on duty after quarter past seven every evening, just the time when more, rather than less, caution is needed. If gates should be put up, they would effectually bar all progress to the track while they were down, which would be the case when a train was coming either way. It is but justice to the flag men at this crossing—Messrs. Hunt and Morse—to say that while they have been employed they have been faithful in every respect to the duties which are assigned them by the railroad company. During the six years which Mr. Hunt has flagged this place, the accident to Mr. White was the first which has occurred.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have received a copy of the *Carriage Trade*, an 18-page pamphlet which is published in Amesbury, Mass., by J. B. Rodgers. It is designed to show to what extent the building of carriages is carried on in that town. Numerous cuts illustrate the different styles which are manufactured, and give the reader an idea of the facilities which Amesbury possesses for this kind of work.

Bedford.

A GALA DAY.—The usually quiet town of Bedford, celebrated its 150th birthday, last Wednesday. The actual anniversary of its separation from Concord and Billerica, is about a month later than this date but for several reasons it was deemed best to hold it at the time they did, which was the anniversary of the date on which the general court which incorporated the town was organized. The day proved one of the best for such an occasion, being cool and cloudy enough so that there was no inconvenience from heat. Weeks of earnest effort on the part of a very competent Committee had been spent in making the arrangements and a ride through the town on Tuesday, would have convinced any one that the people here were all alive to the occasion. Go where you would, on any of its many pleasant streets, and the profusion of flags and streamers, with numerous placards posted at various points giving items of interest regarding the past history of the ancient town, showed that nothing was to be left undone which would add to the pleasure of those who would be present on the morrow.

The oldest house in this village bore the following inscription:—"Opened as a tavern by Jeremiah Fitch, Jr., in 1773, and occupied as such until 1808." Captain Jonathan Wilson, who was killed in the Concord fight, drew up his company of minute-men before this house on the morning of April 19, 1875, and said to them: "We give you a cold breakfast boys, but we will give the British a hot supper." Near by in an orchard the following record was posted:—"In this orchard, one Blood, a notorious thief, was publicly and legally whipped about the beginning of this century." The old Stearns mansion which was built by Rev. Joseph Penniman in 1790, and which has been in the possession of the Stearns family since 1786, was beautifully decorated. The site of the first store, that of the First Church, and those of several residences whose history will ever be of interest to every citizen or native of the town, which have long since disappeared, were suitably marked. A new liberty pole, one hundred feet high has just been planted near the site of the old one, and from its top the Stars and Stripes are gaily floating.

The celebration was commenced by a sunrise salute of thirty-six guns fired by the Concord Battery, Capt. A. B. C. Dakin. The bell on the Congregational Church sent at its loudest peals at the same time, and at a very early hour the enthusiasm of the people showed that they had lost none of the energy inherited from an illustrious ancestry. A procession was formed under the Chief Marshalship of Calvin B. Rice and made up as follows:—

Natick Brass Band.
Concord Company, 6th Regiment, M. V. M.
Concord Artillery.
American Brass Band, of Boston.
Carriages conveying invited guests.
Bedford and Lexington Fire Companies.
School children in barges.
Citizens in carriages.
Trades of the town, farming tools, ancient and modern.
Citizens in carriages and on foot.

After a march through the principal streets the procession returned and entered the large tent erected a short distance from the Common. The platform was occupied by the invited guests, among whom were Gov. Thomas Talbot, Ex-Gov. A. H. Rice, Hon. Wm. A. Russell, Hon. E. R. Hoar, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a Bronson Alcott, Rev. H. J. Patrick, of West Newton, Rev. Henry Fitch Jenks, of Boston, Rev. J. F. Stearns, of Newark, N. J., Rev. Eben S. Stearns, D. D., Chancellor of the University of Nashville, Tennessee, Rev. Messrs. Hazen and Hussey, of Billerica, Rev. Mr. Batt, of Stoneham, and other distinguished gentlemen from abroad. The President of the day, Josiah A. Stearns, commenced with an address of welcome to all who came to participate in the celebration of this old historic town. The audience then sang an original ode, after which the orator of the day, Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D. D., gave an historical oration, in which he showed the untiring industry, unflinching faith in the final accomplishment of their long cherished hopes for the planting of a town which should be in every sense a true home for them and their descendants, which led the early pioneers to brave all dangers and found here a town which down through the long period of one hundred and fifty years, has a record of which any town might well be proud.

After the close of the oration some four hundred of the company repaired to the dinner provided by Tufts, of Boston, in a style which did credit to this well-known caterer, and after fully discussing the good things abundantly provided, Rev. John F. Gleason, the toast-master, provided a new enjoyment in the long list of good toasts which were happily responded to in turn by the distinguished guests present. In the evening music by the bands and fireworks closed the festivities of the day. Everything passed off well and the good old town will add to its record for the search of the future historian no more interesting pages than those which bear the story of the Sesqui-centennial Celebration.

RELATIONS BETWEEN PUBLISHERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers of newspapers should remember the peculiar relations existing between them and newspaper publishers. It is not a mere business relation; it is more. It is almost a personal friendship. On account of this friendship the most readers feel towards their favorite newspaper, and which in like degree is felt by publishers towards their readers, the enforcing of the collection of overdue subscriptions bills and the stopping of the sending the papers to delinquent subscribers are the most unpleasant and disagreeable parts of the business of printing a newspaper. To tell an old subscriber you will not send your paper to him is as disagreeable as to refuse to shake hands with an old friend. To send the subscription bill to a lawyer to collect is a serious mortification, to the publisher at least. Subscribers should remember these things. They should recollect that newspapers are printed not for friendship or fun, but to make money out of—for purely business purposes—and where the sum due from any one person may be only a few paltry dollars, yet when a like sum is due from thousands of subscribers it amounts to a sum of great importance.—*Cambridge Press.*

Communication.

MR. EDITOR:—I have great respect for men who disagree with me, if their opinion is backed up by good fair reasoning and logical argument. But quibblers I have no patience with. The editor of the *Advertiser* undertook, in articles of July 17th and 24th, to enlighten the public as to what their duty, and also that of the Selectmen of Woburn, is, in regard to the enforcement of the liquor law, in the course of which he makes the following statement: "It is just as much their" (the public) "business to see to the enforcement of the law" (liquor law) "as it is the duty of the Selectmen." Whereupon the writer took exception to the above quoted statement, and called the attention of the *Advertiser* to the liquor law itself, which says: "The Selectmen of Towns shall be required to prosecute to final judgment all violations of this section." And, by the way, the section quoted above includes all violations under the Act of 1875. And the writer further claimed (in answer to a question asked by the *Advertiser*, viz: "Are the Selectmen to abandon the other important town business to go around and hunt up evidence of the illegal sale of liquors," that looking up evidence of the illegal sale of liquors is as much a part of

TRAMPING THIEVES TRAPPED.

For several years past the notorious Glidden family have been operating in this vicinity and through the New England States, stealing everything they could lay hands on and disposing of their booty by trading, keeping the police in all the principle towns and cities on the lookout, but themselves so well accustomed to the methods employed to detect criminals as to successfully elude capture for a long time. There are four brothers, Daniel, the principal, Abraham, William Henry and Lyman; in addition, their step-father, Mr. Chas. H. Foss, their mother, Mrs. Foss, and the father of Mr. Foss, making a family of seven precious criminals. Mr. and Mrs. Foss have lived in Tremont Court, and the boys have lived around the country by petty stealing; until about a year and a half ago, nothing of any extent was charged to them in this city. At this time Daniel Glidden and Daniel Murphy entered a house that was being built near the cemetery, and breaking open a tool chest, stole all the tools belonging to Elmer Hutchins, a carpenter. Murphy was caught, and what tools he had were recovered. He was sentenced to jail. Glidden, who was working at the time in Methuen, learned that the officers suspected him, and he left the place. The officers went to his house and there recovered the remainder of the tools.

The next exploit of consequence, was last October, in Ballardvale. The brothers, Daniel, Abraham and William, entered several houses there, and took everything they could well appropriate, and brought the plunder to this city in a team which they had stolen some time previous. The robbery was reported, and Marshal Batchelder, knowing that this gang were operating in the vicinity, ordered the brothers arrested; Lyman was taken that evening; his brother Daniel was with him, but the officers not knowing him, and he declaring his name to be Connor, he was allowed to depart. The officers who arrested Lyman, learned at the same time that the stolen goods were in the house of Charles Foss in Tremont Court. A subsequent descent was made upon the house, and the goods recovered, and the following parties arrested: William Henry Glidden, Charles H. Foss and James Stott. The next day in court William was held in \$1,500, and is now serving a term in state prison. His father-in-law, Foss, was held in \$1,000 for receiving stolen goods. Stott was arranged, and Lyman was discharged. Foss's case is now pending. Daniel and Abraham then fled. The team which they used to bring the goods from Ballardvale, was returned to its owner in China, Me., by the Marshal, who identified it by the description; at the same time a cart and wagon, which was stolen from S. D. Starrett, near China, was returned. Previous to this they stole two harnesses in New Boston, N. H., and the Marshal has repeatedly written to that place, but only one has been claimed, the other still remaining in the station house. This robbery was committed by William and Daniel.

The night before the trial for the Ballardvale robbery, Daniel and Abraham broke into Harris's stable in Methuen, taking harnesses, robes and grain. They then proceeded north on their regular circuit. Suncook was next visited, where they stole a horse belonging to James Batchelder. They next went to Plaistow, stealing a wagon and harness to go with their horse. Their plan was to sleep in the woods by day time and travel in the night.

Their next move was near Bath, Me., where they traded horses and stole an express wagon. They then visited Litchfield and Bowdoin, each place being gone through with thoroughness, entering houses, stealing clothing, provisions, and making themselves at home. Richmond was called on and an express wagon and coat taken from the poor farm. They then returned, visiting some of the places where they had been before, stealing horses and wagons and trading. The first of the year found them in this vicinity, West Havenville; returning east, they traded both horses in Maine. The animals were recovered. They were pursued for horse stealing in Brunswick, and very narrowly escaped capture. Coming to this vicinity again they made calls around the country, and as they were operating quite extensively, it is not improbable that the robberies of A. R. Burrill and Thomas Bridges were performed by these persons.

The Marshal has kept his eye on them during their travels and while in this neighborhood, nearly accomplished their arrest three several times. A short time ago, Mr. Batchelder learned that two persons had been arrested in Woburn for breaking and entering, and stealing hens. Not having heard of this gang for some time, and knowing that to be one trait of their character, he surmised they were the ones he wanted and wrote for a description. It was returned with names Edward Barry and George Richardson, and a general description. He went to Cambridge, and Monday visited the jail in that place and found, as he had suspected, that the prisoners were Daniel and Abraham Glidden. Finding themselves well known to the Marshal they confessed and showed evidently that they wished the Marshal was well out of their way, but as soon as they have been tried in Lowell and that county gets through with them, Mr. Batchelder will bring enough charges against them to fill a good sized docket-book. Daniel is twenty-three and Abraham nineteen years of age.

So, at last, this desperate and dangerous gang has been broken up. If it had not been for the identification by Batchelder, probably these leaders would have served a short sentence and then been free to again commit other depredations. The City Marshal has been influential in recovering and returning to their owners, three horses, three wagons, four harnesses, clothing and property, the value of which will amount to several thousand dollars.—*Lawrence American.*

Major William H. Clemence died at the Merrimack House, Lowell, Friday afternoon, aged 62. He was City Marshal of Lowell six years, Brigade Major of the Third Brigade under Gen. Butler in the Rebellion, Chief of Police in New Orleans for a time, and Chief Detective of the Massachusetts force in 1878, under both Govs. Rice and Talbot.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—There is—and it cannot be honestly denied—a growing tendency to infringe on the sacredness of the Sabbath. Means are multiplying themselves insidiously and unobserved—many of them professedly innocent in aspect—which, in the apprehension of many, threaten the ultimate secularism of that holy day of rest. There ought to be some limitation put on such unassisted growth of desecration—some system of regulation, divested of the older times and of the too free license assumed in the new and present. The circumstances created by progress demand some modification of our old ritualistic ideas and Sabbath day privileges; but there is no justification whatever to be found in favor of any means which, as their manifest end, may result in depriving the weary, wearied with the labors of secular days, of the uninterrupted right to enjoy the rest of the Sabbath day, and the religious and instructive privileges it has presented since the beginning of time. It is this feature of the growing system of innovation which is to be specially guarded against. This common right of mankind must be jealously conserved; but how is the question. Where to reform, to restrict or limit, with a proper respect to popular feeling and the just and reasonable demands included in personal rights, embraces the difficulty. The agitation of the subject has begun in our columns, and its temperate and judicious continuance may help to solve the matter.—*Somerville Journal.*

A DIFFICULT TASK MADE EASY.—The "Home and Society" department of *Scribner* for September, contains a paper on "Domestic Nursing" by a trained nurse, from which we quote this practical piece of advice:

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him, the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on spread. Lastly, change the pillow-cases.

A WORD ABOUT SHADE TREES.—No more beautiful adornment to the streets of any city or town can be suggested than shade trees; and when the thoroughfares in any place are well supplied with them, they are in the estimation of the citizens, or at least those who have any regard for the pleasing features of the city or town where they reside, one of its most valuable possessions. Let a city be well supplied with handsome shade trees, and when strangers visit it they form the first object of observation, as we have evidence in the remarks made by those who pass a short time in Lynn. We well remember, how, when the city of Portland was destroyed by the fire flood, a few years since, one of the deepest regrets expressed was in consequence of the loss of its beautiful trees, a loss which would require many years to make good. Regarding shade trees in an aesthetic light, and looking upon their destruction as a serious public loss, how important it is that every possible means should be taken to preserve them from mutilation of any description. The matter of despoiling, digging up, or cutting down trees, or lopping off large limbs, for trivial causes, or to subserve some selfish aim, has been more or less discussed by many of our citizens, and it has been a cause of much regret that some of our noble elms, maples, and other varieties of fine shade trees have been needlessly cut down or disfigured. The work of despoilation has been almost reckless at times, and a little extra trouble would save many a beautiful tree.—*Lynn Reporter.*

NICELY CAUGHT.—A husband who, all the year round, takes no special pains to prove to his wife how abnormally virtuous he is, changes his tactics as soon as the summer sets fairly in, and it is decided that the dear creature's health demands that she shall visit some watering-place to recuperate. Always, of course, provided the self-sacrificing husband's business demands that he must remain in town. Then begins his annual letter-writing, in which he cannot sufficiently assure her how lonely he is without her, and how dull the house is in her absence. He can hardly bear to return home, so full is it of delightful associations of the dear absent ones; and he tosses on his lonely couch, courting sleep in vain, so hollow and purposeless is life while she is away. One of these wretched husbands, last week, received a visit from his wife. He was delighted. Confidences were exchanged, and, in the course of conversation, it appeared that he had not slept out of the house one night, notwithstanding his loneliness. The wife questioned him about the Bible, whereupon, he eagerly hastened to assure her that he read it every night before retiring. Then she inquired where it was, to which he responded it was in the usual place. When besought to bring it, he could not find it, and carelessly suggested it had been mislaid by the servants. Upon which, Mrs. wife went to the bed and withdrew the Bible from between the sheets, where she had placed it before she went out of town. Tableau.—*Cambridge Press.*

American honey in the comb has become a popular article of diet in England, and very large shipments are made. It is used on the Queen's table.

JUST LIKE A MAN.—Mrs. Cligho went down to the Sandwich Springs the other day with some friends, and after she had departed her husband looked around the house to see what he could do to busy himself. The front steps looked rather brown, and he pulled off his coat, hunted up paint and brush, and in an hour he had completed as nice a job of painting as any housewife would care to see. He had a right to chuckle over it, and to imagine how pleased his wife would be; but no one can tell what an hour may bring forth. Even before she had opened the gate on her return the wife got red in the face flourished her parasol around, and called out:

"You great big idiot! Won't you never learn anything?"

"Wh-what's the matter now?" he gasped.

"Matter! Why, I have invited a dozen people to come in this evening."

"Yes—well, can't they come?"

"Can they? Hasn't every blessed one of them got to come in at the side door and see that sitting-room carpet all full of holes, and the back hall all torn up? I'll die before I'll let 'em, and if you don't get soap-suds and a rag and take that paint off, I'll hire it done."

Mr. Cligho was just an hour and a half at the job, and when men passed and asked him what he was doing, he softly replied that he was using soap-suds to exterminate red ants.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—An unfortunate affair occurred Sunday last to a young man of this town. Mr. F. E. Colby, of Billerica, was passing through the barn-yard of Mr. Perrin, in the south part of the town, when he was savagely attacked by a fierce bull, which pinned him against the side of the barn. As the bull drew back for another lunge, Mr. Colby managed to dart into a doorway. He was badly gored in the thigh and much bruised about the head and side. Neighbors carried him to his home, and the services were called of our resident physician, Dr. Wm. A. Hubbard, who stopped the flow of blood and dressed the gaping wounds. It will probably be several weeks before Mr. Colby will be able to work; but he and his friends may well congratulate themselves on his almost miraculous escape from a horrible death.—*Lowell Journal.*

The following taken at one haul of an East Gloucester weir recently, shows the large variety of fish cruising along our shores: *Lophius piscatorius*, *poronotus triacanthus*, *gadus morhua*, *pomolobus ovestivus*, *pomolobus vernalis*, *pollachius corbonarius*, *cottus odococephalus*, *tautoglabrus adspersus*, *scorpaenopsis barbata* and *pseudopleuronectes americanus*.

The Rev. I. S. Kallach, the San Francisco sensation preacher, was shot Saturday morning and dangerously wounded by Charles De Young, one of the editors of the *Chronicle*. The affair created great excitement and for a time a serious riot was feared. At last accounts Kallach was alive, but his condition is regarded as critical.

PEDESTRIAN ARRIVALS.—Charles Rowell, the English pedestrian, arrived Thursday, in New York. Weston arrived the same day and received an enthusiastic reception. Both men will take part in the great six days walk at Madison Square which takes in September.

When a man sneaks into the house at midnight and tries to get into bed without waking up the family, every stair and floor-board creaks like a rusty swinging sign in a gale; but a burglar can go all over the same house as noiselessly as a floating zephyr.—*Norristown Herald.*

A fruit girl near the corner of State and Washington streets is a graduate of the Girls' high school, and is fitting herself to teach. She is not ashamed to help her poor old mother, but brings her books along, and studies as she gets the chance.—*Herald.*

Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 27th, by Rev. E. Mills, Mr. George W. Alden and Miss Della O'Hara, both of Fitchburg, Mass.

In Woburn, Aug. 23, by P. L. Converse, Esq., Mr. James P. Dickson and Miss Augusta L. Stowers.

In Winchester, at the residence of Mr. Wm. Cameron, Aug. 28, by Rev. George H. Cheney, Mr. Robert Duncan to Miss Joanna Monroe, both of Winchester.

PRESERVE YOUR EYES.

The most perfect lenses, perfectly adjusted, upon correct physiological principles, and warranted to provide satisfactory for near sight, far sight, weak sight, or eyes of unusual focus.

AT DODGE'S DRUG STORE.
105 Main Street, Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Aug. 27th, Robert Wood, son of Charles L. and Sarah B. Weston, aged 1 year, 8 months and 8 days.

In Woburn, Aug. 21, Henry Hamill, aged 44 years.

In Stoneham, Aug. 22, George E. son of J. F. and Ellen McMahon, aged 1 year, 4 months, 12 days.

In Woburn, Aug. 22, Hugh, son of Bartholomew and Susan Foley, aged 4 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 24, Ois P. son of Dr. Marcelus H. and Millie F. Allen, aged 3 months.

In Lexington, Aug. 25, James son of Robert J. and Mary A. Elliott, aged 13 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 26, Jane T. Wyman, aged 78 years, 5 months.

In Boston, at Mass. General Hospital, Aug. 27, George White, of Woburn, aged 28 years, 10 months.

In Woburn, Aug. 28, Peter McMurray, aged 33 years.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.
The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association, will be held in the rear-entrance of Lyceum Hall Building, in Woburn, on Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1879, at 7 o'clock, P. M., to choose officers for the Association for the ensuing year, and to perform such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

D. H. DELAND, Secretary.

Woburn, Aug. 22, 1879.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

Makes to order, all kinds of
CUSTOM HAND SEWED BOOTS.
MAKES LASTS
For Troublesome Joints.
Ankle Supporting Boots
For Children with Weak Ankles.
25 Bromfield Street,
ROOM 2, BOSTON.

We are now Opening Daily
New Fall Prints and Cambrics.
Good Prints 5 Cents a Yard.
CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Gautemala Coffee!
TRY IT!
A Superior quality of very excellent flavor and strength.
ONLY 30 Cts. A POUND.
Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street.

G. R. GAGE & Co.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
171 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

COAL
From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.
JOS. B. MCDONALD.

For Sale and To Let.

TO LET.—2 tenements on Bennett St., 1 house and small stable on Pleasant St. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET. 211 Main Street, Also, Tenements to Let. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

DOG FOUND, which the owner can have by paying charges. C. H. HARDING, 134 Depot, Woburn.

ONLY A FEW

Weeks More.

We beg leave to inform our friends and customers that our stock of goods must POSITIVELY be

Entirely Closed Out on or before Oct. 1st.

We shall offer special bargains in

Hosiery Underwear and Fancy Goods

the coming week, and we shall sell all our goods

Without Regard to Cost,

as they must be sold without fail. An early call will secure the best bargains now left.

JOHN P. FERNALD,
185 Main St., Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss. PROBATE COURT.

To the next of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of S. Henry Dow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, Intestate: You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

D. H. FLYER, Register.

MRS. PHINNEY
Will resume her Lessons
ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 15th,
At her residence,
Bennett Street, Woburn.

NOTICE!

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has purchased the stock of groceries of Mr. J. W. Gardner, and has added to the same a

LARGE STOCK

CHOICE GOODS,

and invites the attention of all

Cash Buyers

to a careful inspection of the same.

Our store here will be under the charge of Mr. F. A. KINGSBURY, who has been in our employ for a long time, and we have secured the services of Mr. A. ELLIS, who would be pleased to sell all his old customers, and the Public generally at his old stand.

OUR C. O. D.

Price List

will appear from time to time. We shall keep the best goods in the market, and offer them at the lowest prices for

CASH!
Respectfully,
GEO. H. BIDDLE.

Grant's Tour
AROUND THE WORLD.

A complete record of the Journey of General U. S. Grant, through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt, India, China and Japan, with a graphic description of the places visited, manners and customs of the countries, interesting incidents, enthusiastic relations by Empress, Kings, and the people of all climes, richly embellished with numerous artistic illustrations; also, a fine handsome steel engraved portrait of Gen. Grant. 280 pages, success to all who take hold; will positively sell all books.

Agents wanted to sell this, the cheapest, best, and most valuable book on the subject. 600 pages. Price \$2.50.

Address H. W. KELLE & CO.,
711 SANBORN STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

30 DAYS
Closing Out Sale
AT COST!

CUMMINGS',
150 Main Street, Woburn.

Bargains! Bargains!

We are offering special bargains at the present time,

A LOT OF COLORED HAMBURGS.

—A LOT OF—

Towels, all Linen, Knotted Fringe, at 25 Cts. each.

—A LOT OF—

RUSSIA CRASH, 10 Cts. PER YARD.

MEN'S BROWN DUCK OVERALLS, 25 CENTS.

BLACK CASHMERE, all wool, 46 inches wide,

62-1-2 Cents per Yard.

A FULL STOCK OF TABLE LINEN,

And many other goods worthy of an examination.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,
147 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

CANNED MEATS.

Wilson's Corned Beef, 32 Cents.
St. Louis Corned Beef, 32 "
Boston Corned Beef, 32 "
Boston Roast Beef, 32 "
Canned Tongue, 35 and 75 "
Boneless Turkey, 50 "
Canned Ham, 55 "

Huckin's Celebrated Sandwich Meats:
HAM, TONGUE, CHICKEN, AND TURKEY.

Full directions for making a perfect sandwich accompany every can. We also keep in stock a large assortment of Sardines, Boneless Herring, Sardines, Pickles, foreign and domestic, Olives, Pickled Lamb's Tongues, &c., especially adapted for Picnic, Lunch and Family use during the summer months.

Particular attention is called to the recent improvements in our store, which has been greatly enlarged and many features added, which combine comfort and convenience of our customers. With ample room for arrangement and display of our goods, we feel that we have met a general desire, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to call and inspect us in our present condition. We have placed among our goods many articles, foreign and domestic, and shall now, more than ever, strive to maintain the reputation we now enjoy.

SUGARS AT REFINER'S PRICES.
BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,
130 and 131 Main Street, Woburn.

FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.
Proprietors.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,
DEALERS IN

and CHOICE
Hay.
EASTERN PRESSED

No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Boston and Lowell Railroad.
On and after June 30, 1879, passenger trains will leave Boston for

Upper Railroads, 7.30 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5.35, 7 P. M.
Lowell, 7.40, 11.40, A. M., 1.15, 5.30, 4.45, 6.30, 6.15, 7.00, 11.15, P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.45, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15 P. M.
Winchester, 7.45, 10.15, 11.15, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.
Woburn, 7.45, 10.15, 11.15, A. M., 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.
Woburn CENTRE, 6.45, 7.45, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.30, 1.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.10, 5.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.
Worcester, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.10, 1.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.10, 5.45, 6.15, 11.15, P. M.
* Weekdays only. * Saturdays only. * Weekdays only. * Saturdays only.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Lowell, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.15, A. M., 12.15, 1.30, 2.30, 4.55, 5.30, 6.15, 9.15, 9.30, P. M.
Lawrence, 7.45, 11.40, A. M., 1.15, 5.30, P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 6.55, 7.05, 7.40, 7.55, 8.25, 9.10, 10.25, 11.45, A. M., 1.25, 1.57, 2.57, 4.05, 5.05, 5.45, 6.35, 6.57, 10.25, 10.25, P. M.
Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 10.00, A. M., 2.51, 5.39, 10.05, P. M.
Stoneham, 5.50, 6.50, 7.20, 8.10, 8.30, 10.05, A. M., 1.05, 4.50, 5.15, 10.05, P. M.
Lowell, 5.50, 6.15, 10.05, P. M.
Montvale, 6.02, 6.34, 7.02, 7.31, 8.23, 9.03, 10.17, 11.35, A. M., 1.17, 2.52, 4.02, 5.02, 5.25, 10.17, P. M.
Woburn, 7.10, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.20, P. M.
Montvale, 7.10, A. M., 12.10, 2.55, 4.45, 6.15, 6.30, 11.20, P. M.
Woburn CENTRE, 6.00, 7.00, 7.30, 8.20, 9.00, 10.15, 11.35, A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.20, 10.15, 10.15 P. M.
Winchester, 6.00, 6.35, 7.05, 7.40, 7.55, 8.25, 9.10, 10.25, 11.45, A. M., 1.25, 1.57, 2.57, 4.05, 5.05, 5.45, 6.35, 6.57, 10.25, 10.25, P. M.
* Weekdays only. * Saturdays only. * Weekdays only. * Saturdays only.

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Journal Club Column

This is the kind of boys they have in Dover. A resident who reached that place by a noon train the other day, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him.

"And is everybody well, Willie?" asked the father.

"The welliest kind," replied the boy.

"And nothing has happened?"

"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this time!"

A freak of a tornado at Reno, Nevada, is thus described: "Moorman Cutter started out with a half-gallon of whiskey, to take to his sick mother. He was found some hours afterward lying behind a fence on the hill. He said that he stepped around a corner to fix a cork in the jug, and while he was taking the measure of the orifice of the jug, a tremendous wind came down on him. It sucked the liquor clean out of the jug, blew it down his throat, and turned the jug inside out. He could remember nothing more."

The class in Natural History were being put through the facings, and to show their knowledge the pedagogues went a little aside from the text-book and asked where down came from. There was an awful pause for a few minutes, which was finally broken by a little four-foot-nothing with, "They get it in the ground." "In the ground! How's that?" "Why down in a coal mine, sir."

"My dear, what shall we name him?" "Why, huz, I've settled on Peter." "I never new a man by the simple name of Peter that could earn his salt." "Well then, call him Salt Peter."

If Noah had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.

"Have you the song, 'Saccharine Futurity,'" asked a girl of the music clerk. "We have," he answered, as with a pleasant smile he rolled up a copy of "The Sweet By-and-by."

An old gentleman who has been intolerably annoyed by the hideous noises made by a drove of donkeys, mildly asked:—"Do not those creatures ever die of softening of the brain?"

A strolling theatrical company was at the dinner table. A waiter approached one of the members and said, "Soup?" "No sir," said the person addressed, "I am one of the musicians."

"This bill is soiled," said a lady to a butcher's boy who had presented "this bill" for the fifth time. "Yes, marm," replied the lad, "boast thought he would grease it to make it go easy with you."

A little four-year-old girl at Englewood saw a man drive by in a sulky, and remarked: "O, mamma! look at the man sitting on a horse's tail and two wheels running 'long side of him.'"

"I never turn out for soundrels," said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up square before him to inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

A young lady, the other evening kissed in the dark, a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said, "It's not he, but it's nice."

A young man never feels so much at a loss what to do, as when he takes his girl to a picnic, a big ant crawls down her back and begins to bite her above the belt and she begins to screech for help.

"Father," said a wistful lass about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be conjugated."

"There have been numerous cases of death this year," he said seriously, "from a poisonous sediment that gathers in the freezers." But it would not do, for she said, "Oh, but what a sweet way to die."

"That's a relation of yours, isn't it?" said a man to his wife, at the same time pointing to a donkey. "Yes, by marriage," was her stinging reply.

A child remarked, after gazing earnestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?"

"You want a flogging—that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without," said the independent hopeful.

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No, Augustus, I won't," replied she; "I'm no gas meter."—*Woburn Globe.*

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head and he has wood enough for another."

The St. Albans Advertiser tells of a young man who wears kid gloves when he goes yachting. We suppose it is so he can bare a hand when called upon.

Throw a ripe watermelon out of a three story window, and presto change! it comes down squash.

There is a man in Cambridge who calls his dog Ralph Waldo Emerson, because it is a great thin cur.

You often hear of "kissing a girl for her mother," but you never hear of "kissing the mother for her daughter."

Let there be an end to the palpable falsehood that figures won't add to 2.

During the deluge Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife an ark angel.

Perspiration is about the only honest thing that emanates from a mean man.

An Oswego man calls his wife Poor Excuse because she's better than none.

The cry of the chiropodist—"I came, I saw, I corn-cured."

Joint affair—Rheumatism.

Cheese is milder than the word.

Miscellaneous.

GETTING MARRIED.—It is very unfortunate for many that a subject so practical and important as marriage is often spoken of as if it were a mere jocular incident in human life. The opportunity to fill young minds with just and pure ideas concerning it is partially lost, and from the habit of treating matrimony as a comedy it is sometimes turned into horrible tragedy.

Marriage has its social side. Persons rise or fall or are kept from rising or falling, in a great measure, by the companions for life whom they select. Mr. Small would never by himself have amounted to much, but he had the good fortune to marry a capable, educated, energetic girl, and the result is, the Small family stand among the foremost in the town.

Marriage has its prudential side. When the young people set out in disregard of the first principles of honest living, they lay the basis of many a bitter sorrow. When self-denial, forethought, and careful calculation are made at the beginning, and even over-mastering affection is made to bend to practical wisdom, they have laid a foundation for safe future prosperity. Tom Fawcett was desperately in love with Miss Greer, but he knew just how much it would take to "set them up" however modestly. He told her his ideas and plans; he got a savings bank book; she kept it for him; it was a salutary check on any little extravagances to which she might have been tempted. Mr. Fawcett is now a bank president, and Mrs. Fawcett keeps four domestics, and makes every one of them keep a savings' bank book.

Marriage has an intellectual side. A man with a handsome face and fine figure, but without brains or any wish for knowledge, makes it hard for a wife of average capacity to maintain the "looking-up" attitude. On the other hand, a refined and educated woman with an active mind lifts up a man who has inherent force, though, perhaps, without early advantages. A wise young fellow ought to say to himself:—When that hair is less thick and glossy, when that cheek is paler, when that eye has less lustre than now, will there still remain a mind that will stimulate and strengthen mine?

Marriage has a moral side. Harry Bell admired his "girl," but he did not respect her. There was nothing wrong about her, but he did not in his heart do homage to her principle. She dazzled others; she fascinated him, he was proud of her in society. But that was all. When he had his home and his wife in it he did not keep away the men whose looseness or coarseness would shock a good woman. Wit might be wicked, but she enjoyed it, if it was witty. So his tone was not kept up, but let down; and, unfortunately, the "boys" are bad and the girls are "not turning out well." It might have been very different if Mrs. Bell had set up a higher standard of goodness.

Marriage has a personal side. A little high temper, a little dull moroseness, a little jealousy of the tongue, a little—very little—jealousy of disposition, may be the ruin of two lives that ought to have been happy as one. Dear Edith was a lovely girl, but her girl friends knew she had a "temper of her own;" and unfortunately now that she—temper and all—is Charlie's he knows it likewise. He is most cautious in her company. A man who carries about a bag of gunpowder needs to avoid sparks. She might blow him up. On the other hand Dick Brown is, in many respects, a nice fellow, extremely precise in manner, but so jealous that his wife's own relations are watched, snubbed, and at length driven from his house by him, lest they should get the affections of his wife. He has in various ways, "cribbed, cabined and confined" her, till a sprightly, warm-hearted girl, with frank manners and an honest nature, is changed into a restrained, timid, hesitating woman. It is pitiable to see her sidelong glance at him, that she may find out whether unobserved, she may cordially receive an old friend of her childhood. Dick might scold her, sideways, all evening, if she show too much warmth.

These and many such matters are little thought of by too many young persons, and hence the "incompatibility," the "unpleasantness" and the quarrels, ending too often in separation. The union was formed under the influence of admiration, or self-love, or ambition, or sordid gain, and it was not happy. Ah! Mr. Lucie, you may buy gold too dear.

There are cases in which marriages not abstractly wise, are yet robbed of their evil in a good degree by prudent friends. A young girl becomes interested in some one; commits herself, and when he comes to ask the permission of her parents to address her, everyone knows that it is of no use to refuse. She will have him whether they like it or not. The parents are reflecting, self-contradictory persons. "Now," they say to one another, "this is not the wisest choice that poor Mattie has made; but she has made it, and we must make the best of it." So he is brought to the house; arrangements are prudently made for them; he is conciliated, influenced, guided. His respect and confidence are secured, so that instead of standing on his insulted dignity and defiantly using his power, he becomes anxious to win the esteem and affection of his wife's "folks;" so he is lifted up and saved. The relations of young married people can do much to make or mar them.

This is a curious felicity some have in the circumstances of their marriage, which gives them a good "send off." They do not surprise anyone when it is announced. People say it is just the thing. They do not doubt about the town telling everybody of the "catch," but they cement the friendships of many years by timely confidences which say, informally, "I wish you as one of my friends to know it." Their wedding is nice; there is no meanness, and no "spurge." "Her own minister," who has long known her, watched over her, who shares in her hopeful satisfaction, marries her, and his voice trembles a little as he says, "The Lord bless you!" He feels as if he is giving his own child into another's custody, and the bridegroom knows again from the very tones of the clergyman that he would be base and bad beyond expression if he held lightly that sacred trust. Quietly and naturally the young couple settle down into their new life, forgetting no civilities, taking on no airs,

and provoking no criticism. They are beginning as they mean to end. They will not be the "talk of the town;" they will never occupy the time of a divorce court.

How to mend matters is a hard problem; but rash, inconsiderate, selfish, wicked marriages are a sore evil of society. The making of such matches is a topic of talk which in itself demoralizes, and the breaking of them, later, with more or less of form, renews the malignant influence. When old Congressman Kitefyer married Miss Hopper, who was poor, showy, and ambitious to get to the capital, the talk about it corrupted the place. It was a bad play which everybody saw acted on the stage of actual life. He had no real love for anybody, except old Kitefyer, and she had no true love for him. And when, a year or two after, the "old fool" sent her home, and settled with her lawyers how much he should pay, the stench was over the place. Health officers are much needed to abate nuisances that pollute the air and send poison into the lungs; but who shall drive away the bad gasses and noxious smells that blight all delicacy, and poison the feelings of our people?—*Rev. John Hall, D. D., N. Y.*

THE AMUSEMENT REPORTER.—Yesterday afternoon a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half-pound cluster diamond pin, came into the *Chronicle* office, and asked if the amusement reporter was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, he grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking:—"Delighted to meet you, sir, really I am. I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno, and took a run up. But really I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't get aboard of anything else in the town."

"Ah," said the reporter, blushing in four colors. "I'm glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?"

"Well, here's my card," said the little man, handing out a piece of paste-board about four inches square. "You may have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Sloum, agent of the Sebastian Van Buren Vista circus and menagerie. This is by far the highest combination of gigantic circuses ever put upon the roads. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over four hundred thousand feet of canvas, only nine tents, and scarcely one thousand and five hundred animals, but we gradually absorbed all the small fry shows. They would go into bankruptcy along the route, and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on the earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay them double price, just to help the thing along. Money is of no account to him. He's travelling simply for pleasure, and a desire to see the great West."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter.

"Oh, he knows you—that is, by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over one hundred dollars. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull, he just looked at that phiz of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn five hundred people away at the door."

"How came him to get hold of my picture?"

"Oh, he begged it of Di Murska or Modjeska, or Clara Morris—I forget which. She hated him thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress ten thousand dollars once in Paris, to buy a new wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was never cancelled she couldn't very well refuse. But I just came to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to pump me, but I didn't propose to let a description of my show be mangled up by the scrub writers. Besides, Sebastian telegraphed me from New York, last night, not to let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of cages, containing wild beasts, twelve new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa, called the Jabberwock, which weighs three thousand pounds."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language, which has made you famous in two continents."

"How many columns do you want?"

"Oh, as many as you please."

"When will the show be here?"

"Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the animals that our progress across the country is slow."

"Just so. Well, our figures for big circuses like yours are one hundred and fifty dollars a column, cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected.

"Isn't that rather steep?" he asked.

"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal like the *New York Sun*, or even the *London Times*, but we issue such a mammoth edition that the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come up every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big Walter presses, lightning geared. Our expenses for steam alone, sir, is \$2,000 a day. We have more carriers than you could pack into your largest tent. Our eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of one thousand a day for the last two years. By simply cutting down the size of the paper an eighth of an inch our proprietor has saved enough money to build four school-houses worth \$40,000 each, and endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the State. He doesn't run the paper for money, but simply for his health and because he likes the country. Our mailing and folding machinery would remind you of the Ridson iron works."

"Is this the building?"

"Oh, no; this is simply a branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"

The circus agent groaned as if in agony and fled from the office.—*Virginia Chronicle.*

A NEW SECRET ORDER.—A day or two ago, a strapping young fellow from the back "deestricks," sold his lot of wood in Central Square, and then went over to "Joe's," and put up. It soon became known among the boys around the stable that he was desirous of joining some secret society. When questioned he allowed that such was the case, and the boys offered at once to initiate him into a new order, called "The Cavaliers of Coveo." He was told that it was twice as secret as Free Masonry, much nicer than Odd Fellowship, and the cost was only \$2. In case he had the toothache he could draw \$5 per week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive \$10 for every headache, and \$25 for a sore throat.

The young man thought that he had struck a big thing, and after eating a hearty dinner he was taken into the loft above the stable to be initiated. The boys poured cold water down his back, put flour in his hair, swore him to do many things if commanded, and rushed him round for an hour without a complaint from his lips. When they had finished he inquired:

"Now I'm one of the Cavaliers of Coveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered.

"Nothing more to learn, is there?"

"Nothing."

"Well, then, I'm going to lick the whole crowd," continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his \$2 initiation fee back and three more to boot, and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece. He didn't seem greatly disturbed in his mind as he drove out of the stable. On the contrary, his hat was slanted over, he had a five-cent cigar in his teeth, and he mildly said to one of the fellows:

"Say, boys, if you hear of any cavaliers asking for a 'Coveo' about my size, tell 'em I'll be in on the full moon to take the Royal Skyfogle degrees."

HABITUAL NOVEL READING.—We must caution the present generation, especially our young women, but not them alone, on the dangers of excessive and habitual novel reading. Bad stories, those that breathe a bad spirit, or those which present fascinating pictures of vice and sin, that hold the fancy more strongly than the moralizing that tries at the end to nullify the evil influences, should make a very moderate portion of our reading. The ready tendency is to read mainly for excitement, and the novel is the prevailing tipple of those of our young people who are not given to dram drinking. The quality that makes this tipple is most sought by the rank and file of novel writers and readers, and its delight is in the monstrous more than the beautiful, and its essence is not sense but sensation.

See and shun its bane before it is too late, and the incubation is a settled habit. The mischief enters into the whole of life, and robs the reason of its light and the conscience of its right. It debauches private life by putting sentiment in the place of principle, and substitutes impulse for fidelity. It takes away the foundation of personal and household happiness, and gives fancies and air castles in return for its fair promises and fond hopes.

BASHFUL MEN.—We never saw a bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush, and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to use for friends. There are fine touches in their characters which time will mellow and bring out; perceptions, delicate as the faintest tint in the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the stream-let.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated—that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they would not condescend to look upon a worthier man who feels for them a reverence so great that his every glance is worship. The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of conquests, or dares to talk of failings that exist in the imaginations alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eyes flash with anger to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; yet he who would die to defend them is least honored by the majority of the female sex. Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sits flattery, ready to pay court to blue eyes and black; he is never nonplussed—he never blushes. For a glance he is in rapture, for a simple word he would profess to lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother, desolates the shrines where domestic happiness is thrived; ruins the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes; and all under the mask of a polished gentleman. Ladies, a word in your ear. Have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth leads him to stand aloof while others stand around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them as many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance; for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.

THE REASON.—"No one would take for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman a day or two ago, to a young would-be dandy, who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" asked Joe, immediately. "Because they can't see your ears!"

"There's music in the heir," moaned the young husband as he reached for the paregoric bottle.

"Where have you been Charlie?"

"Helping a young lady hold down a sofa," was the reply.

They say the smell around some of the markets is perfectly official.

1851. 1879.

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29th VOLUME.

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Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

Situating on Utica St., Woburn.

By license of the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, the subscriber, Administrator of the estate of John Brannigan, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at Public Auction on the hereinafter described premises, on Saturday the thirtieth day of September, 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of land with the buildings thereon, belonging to the estate of said John Brannigan, and situated on the northerly side of Utica street in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows to-wit:—Southerly by said Utica street, there measuring about eighty feet, westerly by William L. Harlow, about one hundred and seventy-five feet, northerly by land formerly owned by Land. Richardson, about eighty feet and easterly by land late of Reuben Randall about one hundred and seventy-five feet, and containing fourteen thousand square feet more or less.

PETER BRANNIGAN, Administrator.

For further particulars inquire at No. 108 Main St., of John G. Maguire, Att'y. or Administrator.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in certain Mortgage Deed given by Samuel W. Russell to John M. Harlow, dated July 30, 1875, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Volume 148, Folio 47, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, containing about two and three-fourths acres, situated on Montvale Avenue (late Railroad street), Prospect and High streets, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the westerly corner of the premises, at the junction of said Montvale Avenue and said Prospect street; thence northerly on and by said land now or formerly of Curtis Greenwood; thence southerly by land last named, to land now or late of William H. Weldon; thence southwesterly by land last named to a corner; thence southerly still

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

NO. 36.

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the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
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Shop, Central Square, Woburn.
All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Journal.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

A Fable from the German of Schiller.

On his lofty throne, where he sat alone,
High up above mortal ken,
Great Jupiter cried, "Let earth I divide,
Among the children of men."

"Come each take a share, but of greed O beware,
When scanning the world so wide,
While each with a will, his measure shall fill,
Let love be the only guide."

"Mong the young and old, when the tale is told,
There's strife, confusion and din,
Each eager to take, and his fortune make,
With the prize that he shall win."

"The forest I claim, for there is my game,"
The eager huntsman cries,
The husbandman sees crops wave in the breeze,
And away to the field he hies."

"I call for the vine, for I must have wine,"
Is the abbot's meek request,
"For the commerce all," is the merchant's call,
All bow to his behest."

Then the monarch rose, full well he knows,
That all will honor the king,
For aye! too late, his fine estate,
On earth, he cannot find."

From a distant sphere, the poet draws near,
A lagard is he behind,
For aye! too late, his fine estate,
On earth, he cannot find."

With a sigh and a groan, at the foot of the throne,
The stricken poet lies,
"Thy dutiful son is now undone,
Thou hast left for him no prize."

"Why did you delay, in dream-land away?"
Said Jove, while the work was done,
If you had been wise, for you too a prize,
Might have been as easily won."

"Have mercy on me, thy glories to see,
Was my errand to the skies,
While the music I hear, of thy bright sphere,
Can I value an earthly prize?"

"What now can be done, for thy dutiful son,
With nothing on earth in view?
Will you share my home as oft as you come?
I'll open the door for you."

BERNIEA BRYANT.

Selected Story.

LEMON-FINGERS.

Five years ago I was a telegraph clerk at
Newstone Station. I had a week of day
duty and a week of night duty, alternately.
Christmas eve had come round, of all nights
in the year, and there I found myself cooped
up as usual in the little office; two great stair-
cases in front of me, a flaring gas-
light overhead, a well heated grate by my
side; not forgetting a three-volume novel to
assist me in while away the long dark
hours.

The night messages at Newstone were
never numerous. There were rarely any
for private people; they referred mostly to
the business of the railway company. That
evening I felt very low spirited. It went
against the grain to work on Christmas eve,
when everybody else seemed to be keeping
holiday and enjoying themselves. Carry
and I had been engaged about two years,
and for any prospect of marriage we might
be engaged twenty years longer. Mr. Lan-
caster, Carry's father, was a tradesman in a
good way of business, and naturally refused
to let his daughter marry a fellow who was
getting only £70 a year. He several times
advised Carry to give me up, but as she
would not do that, he contented himself
with forbidding me the house, trusting to
time and distance—for they lived several
miles from Newstone—to aid his case.

I knew that Mr. Lancaster always invited
a number of young people to his house on
Christmas eve, and I pictured them there,
dancing. Carry flitting about in her white
muslin dress with the very ribbon about her
waist that I had given her only a month be-
fore. Would any thought of my miserable
self cross her mind as she moved among the
gay company? Perhaps my detested rival,
Binks, the draper, might be even dancing
with her, and pressing her waist with his arm
at that very moment. Thoughts not calmly
to be borne; so away I went on the platform
for a change of scene.

A clear, starlight night, with a keen
breeze that whistled shrill and dry through
the telegraph wires above my head, and
brought to my ears the faint sounds, made
soft and sweet by distance, of the Christmas
waits. Lanterns, flitting like fires of flame
among the wagons in the station yard; hoarse,
uncouth shouts of men, and wild
shrieks from distracted locomotives, that
seemed madly tearing up and down, merely
to keep themselves in a glow on such a bit-
ter night, and not because they had anything to
do. So into the office again, with numb
fingers, glad of such a haven.

The long dark hours sped slowly; each
hour clinked out by the valorous little clock
in the corner. Midnight came and went.
I o'clock, 2 o'clock, 3 o'clock. I had grown
tired of the charming heroine and had again
become weakly dependent on the subject of
Binks, when I was aroused by the quick
tinkle of the electric bell. A private mes-
sage.

"Mr. Korf, Ironville, to Mr. Darke, 39
High street, Newstone."
"Lemon fingers starts by the mail to-
night. Ali Crene. Take care of the black
dwarf."

I was accustomed to queer messages, but
that was the oddest I had seen. I spelled it
over twice to see that I had got it down cor-
rectly, then copied it out on one of the
printed forms, signed it, entered at the foot
the time I had received it—3.45—and placed it
in an envelope.

No. 39 High street was the residence of
Mr. Breen, the tailor, and was only five
minutes walk from the station. Mr. Breen

generally had apartments to let, and Mr.
Darke was probably a lodger. Having
locked the office, I proceeded on a rapid
trot toward Mr. Breen's. I concluded that
Mr. Darke was a showman and that some-
body was sending him a dwarf—perhaps a
giant also—but certainly a dwarf, to put in
his caravan. There was a light in the sec-
ond floor of No. 39. Was Mr. Darke wait-
ing, expectant of a message? It looked like
it.

I gave a loud knock and stepped back to
note the effect. The light in the second
floor was not moved, but the window was
opened, and a head popped out, and a gruff
voice demanded:
"Who's there?"

"Does Mr. Darke live here?"
"Why do you want to know?"
"I've got a telegraphic message for him."
"Ugh! All right. Wait a minute."
A very gruff voice certainly. Next mo-
ment the door was opened, and as far as the
chain would admit, and a great muscular
hand was thrust out.

"Hand it here," said Mr. Darke.
Accordingly I placed the note in his hand.
"Wait a bit, till I see whether any answer
is required."

In a minute or two the window was again
opened. "No answer," and the casement
was slammed down. With the exception of
voice, I had no more idea of Mr. Darke
when I left No. 39 than I had when I went.
I had merely seen the outline of his head
when he looked out of the window. Whether
he was a young man or an old man, a fair
man or a dark man, I was equally at a loss
to know.

Ironville is thirty-five miles from New-
stone. The mail-train runs the distance in
rather under an hour, and reaches the latter
place at 5.30 o'clock. As the clock pointed
to 5.30 I set off for a stroll up the platform,
determined that if any dwarf, or giant, or
other strange monster arrived by the train,
he should not depart unseen. I half expected
to find Mr. Darke waiting for the train,
but he was not to be seen. True to the time,
the train crawled slowly into the station; and
in another moment the platform was flooded
with those strangely attired individuals,
whose business or pleasure induces them to
travel by night. No dwarf, nor giant, nor
other strange monster. Only one passenger
for Newstone, all the others booked through,
as was evident from their frantic struggles
to find their seats the moment the bell
clashed out its warning note. And this one
passenger. A slim gentleman, stylishly
dressed. Young, without whiskers, but with
a long, fair mustache, which he was fond of
stroking with his exquisitely gloved thumb
and finger. He alighted jauntily from a
first class carriage, smiled amiably on the
porter, who touched his cap, took up his
small black portmanteau, gave one hurried,
anxious glance round, broke into a smile
again, swaggered slowly down the platform,
and, pushing open the heavy folding doors,
emerged into the street. Some swell from
London came to spend Christmas with his
friends, I said to myself. But where can he
be going to at this time of the morning?
None of the inns will be open for above an
hour.

Without waiting to consider whether it
was any business of mine, I pushed through
the folding doors after the traveller. He
was walking slowly across the little square
in front of the station, looking from side to
side, as if not knowing which road to take.
Suddenly a dark figure glided out from be-
hind some projection, and advanced towards
him. I could hear the murmur of a few
words. Then the stranger took the port-
manteau from the traveller's hand, and they
went on together at a rapid pace into the
town. All this I saw by the light of the sta-
tion lamps. When the two figures got be-
yond their influence, and passed out of view
in the denser darkness beyond, impelled by
a vague feeling of curiosity, I drew my coat
closer around me, and set off after them at
a stealthy pace, taking the darker side of the
square as I went. I had not far to follow.
They passed into High street and stopped
opposite No. 39. A moment more and they
were both inside the house and the door was
shut; another moment and I saw the light
shining from Mr. Darke's room in the second
floor.

Having no expectation of seeing anything
more I turned back to the office, and there,
bending over a jovial fire, fell gradually into
a doze, in which Mr. Darke, the traveller,
Carry, a black dwarf, and Binks the draper,
were all mingled in a fantastic drama, re-
volving endlessly in my wearied brain.
What had the telegraphic message to do with
the handsome stranger? I sleepily kept
asking myself at intervals of a few minutes,
but without troubling myself to find an an-
swer. Suddenly a new light burst upon me.
I started up, thoroughly awake, and tearing
open the dispatch book read over again the
first part of the message—"Lemon-fingers
starts by the mail." Well, what has that to
do with the handsome stranger? Why, this,
doesn't the traveller wear a pair of tightly-
fitting lemon-colored gloves? and wasn't the
outside seam of the first finger of the right
hand glove burst open? This I had noticed
as he stroked his mustache. But, even sup-
posing the traveller to be the lemon-finger
of the message, what about the black dwarf?
There was no black dwarf. He was alone.
Alone? Yes, but had he not with him a
small black portmanteau, of which he seemed
to take particular care, refusing to let the
porter so much as take it out of the carriage
for him? A theory, ingenious, but improb-
able, I remarked to myself as I put out the
gas and drew up the blind to admit the
struggling day.

My duty was over at 8 o'clock. The Lon-
don train was about to start as I went up
the platform on my way home. Passing a
group of people standing near a carriage

door, I was suddenly startled by a deep,
gruff voice exclaiming to some one, "We
shall be off in half a minute more." "I
would pick that voice from a thousand as
Mr. Darke's!" I exclaimed under my
breath as I glanced quickly round. The
group had dispersed, except two persons, a
man and a woman, who were preparing to take
their places in the train. The person whom
I took for Mr. Darke was a bulky, middle-
aged man, dressed in a good suit of black
clothes. He had black eyebrows; his
whiskers were black, meeting full and bushy
under the chin; his face was pale and marked
by the small-pox, and his eyes were black,
bold and cunning; altogether a fierce fellow,
whom it would be unwise to enrage. His
companion's face I could not see, it being
concealed by a thick veil; but judging from
her figure she could not be much above 20
years old. She was well, but rather con-
spicuously attired; having over her silk
dress a voluminous scarlet shawl, comfort-
able-looking enough, certainly, on a cold
Christmas morning. But see! As I live,
she has got on the very pair of lemon-
colored gloves that were worn by the young
dandy who arrived by the night mail, the
same pair of gloves without a doubt, having
the outside seam of the first finger of the
right hand a little torn. There, too, is the
identical little black portmanteau, carefully
carried this time by Mr. Darke himself.
What can it all mean?

Under ordinary circumstances I should
have gone to bed and slept till 2 or 3 o'clock
in the afternoon, but on Christmas day such
a proceeding was not to be thought of. So,
having breakfasted, I put on my Sunday suit
and left for home, with the intention of tak-
ing a long stroll in the country. Before set-
ting out I went to the station to see if I
could not induce a certain friend to accom-
pany me, when whom should I meet on the
platform but Mr. Choop, the chief constable
of Newstone.

Mr. Choop is a small, wiry, active-looking
man, with a sauntering and negligent air, as
if he were in want of something to do. Mr.
Choop has a smiling, open countenance, he
wears his hat very much on the back of his
head and generally displays an ample amount
of shirt bosom, seeming in his quiet way to
invite the confidence of every one. But tell
him something that interests him, excite
him, bring him out of the passive into the
active mood, and you will see his eyes be-
come keen and piercing, his features sharpen
and his teeth glister. He looks at such a
moment as dangerous and full of mischief as
a tiger-cat crouching for a spring. Mr.
Choop is a distant relative of mine by mar-
riage, and was aware of my affections. He
was in the passive mood when I encountered
him on the platform, and looked the most
amiable and artless of men.

"How are you this morning?" he said, as
we shook hands. "And how is Carry?
Have you and the old man made matters up
yet?"

I shook my head disconsolately.
"Well, faint heart, you know," he added
with a smile. "What brings me down here?
Business, to be sure. The fact is," mysteri-
ously taking me by the button, "there was a
daring burglary committed last night at
Ironville, and property a large amount was
stolen. From information I received half
an hour ago by telegraph, I have reason to
believe that one of the accomplices, having
in his possession a considerable part of the
stolen property, arrived here this morning
by the early mail train. A slender young
man, fashionably dressed, light mustache,
wearing a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves,
and carrying a small black portmanteau."

"Mr. Darke's friend, by Jupiter!"
"Eh, what do you mean?" asked Choop,
sharply, with his eager ferret-like look, that
changed him at once into another man.
Three minutes sufficed to put him in posses-
sion of all I knew. Mr. Choop gave an al-
most imperceptible jerk with his thumb, and
a tall, ungainly-looking man, having the ap-
pearance of a farm laborer in his best clothes
lounge up, and I recognized Timothy, Mr.
Choop's confidential subordinate.

Mr. Choop sent Timothy off to No. 39 to
make certain inquiries; then went himself
to the booking office to ask the clerk whether
he remembered to what station Mr. Darke
and his companion were booked. The clerk
booked so many passengers by that train
that he could not positively remember; but
he thinks through to London. Mr. Choop
then desired me to accompany him to the
telegraph office. The nine o'clock train had
hardly got half-way to London yet. By con-
sulting a time-table Mr. Choop found out on
what part of the line the train ought to be;
so, at his request, I telegraphed to the sta-
tion at which it would next stop, giving a
brief description of Mr. Darke and his com-
panion, desiring the train to be searched on
its arrival, and the individuals in question
to be detained. In a quarter of an hour we
received a reply: "The train has been
searched, but no individuals answering the
description given by you were in it."

"Telegraph to each station where the
train has stopped," said Mr. Choop, "till
you discover at which one of them the man
and woman got out."

So I telegraphed four stations without
success, but the fifth answered:
"Yes, the individuals you mention reached
here by the 8 o'clock A. M. train."
"I'll have you yet, Jimmy Riley," ex-
claimed Mr. Choop with a grim smile.
"Fred, if you would like to see a bit of fun
and would like to go with Timothy and me,
you are welcome."

As the clock struck 12 we found ourselves
at Fulwood station—Mr. Choop, Timothy
and myself. After making a few inquiries
of the station-master, Mr. Choop sent Tim-
othy in one direction, while he and I took
another. Mr. Choop put cautious questions
to several individuals, but without gaining

any positive information. Neither was Tim-
othy—when we met him—able to furnish any
satisfactory intelligence. Mr. Choop con-
sidered for a few moments. "It must be as
I suspected all along," he said at last; "we
shall find them at the Ten Tramps. Step
out, lads; best leg foremost."

We left the village at a rapid pace, and
still keeping on the high road, got into a
barren moorland country. Fields, hedge-
rows and trees were gradually left behind,
until at length we were shut in on every
side by swelling hillocks or moor, which
swept away as far as the eye could reach,
and bound the horizon with their sinuous,
graceful lines. Following the guidance of
Mr. Choop we quitted the high road after a
time, and came to a halt under the lee of a
higher hill than common. Mr. Choop, tak-
ing off his hat, clambered up the hill and
took a stealthy survey over its summit. He
then beckoned me to follow. Peeping over,
I found that we were on the summit of a
ridge of country, from which the road swept
down into a small valley, in the middle of
which, and close to a high road, stood a
small square house.

"The Ten Tramps. I dare wager that Jim
Riley and wife are in that house," said Mr.
Choop. "It's a notorious gathering-place
for all the rogues in the street."

Mr. Choop descended, and he and Tim-
othy held secret council some four minutes.
Then Timothy opened a small bundle—
brought all the way from Newstone—and
proceeded with much gravity to induce him-
self into a wagoner's blue smock frock, plen-
tifully braided and buttoned after the fash-
ion in which wagoners delight. He next
turned up the bottoms of the fustian trou-
sers, so as to bring into more prominent view
his laced-up boots; then he gave his hat a
push back, and his hair a push forward, and
set off at a swinging pace in the direction of
the Ten Tramps, whistling "The Plough-
boy" as he went. Mr. Choop and I passed
the next half-hour together, smoking cigars
and discussing various matters, with a glance
over the hillock every three minutes in the
direction of the inn.

near the water's edge, for though not dangerous by any means, it would not have been pleasant to have received a bath so far away from home. For a short distance up the Flume, one walks over a flat, continuous piece of stone perhaps twenty-five feet wide; farther up, this rocky bed stops, and the water takes up the whole space between the cliffs, which rise perpendicularly on either side; a plank walk lies from here to the boulder, which is as far as many tourists care to go; some, however, more courageous than others, clamber over slippery, slimy rocks on to the bridge, which has been constructed over the boulder. Here all the adventurous ones leave their cards, or carve their names. Those remaining below meanwhile, have the unpleasant sensation of feeling that, as they stand under the boulder, which is an enormous rock apparently hanging by a thread between the cliffs, as it has to fall sometime it may take a fancy to fall on you. Our day at the Flume was most delightful but on account of a shower—one of the many which rise suddenly in the Franconia Notch—we arrived home thoroughly drenched and were immediately dosed with ginger and such hot things to prevent the possibility of a cold.

Meanwhile amusements at the house "waxed fast and furious." Having many fine croquet players, especially among the gentlemen, from morning till night, if one but took pains to notice, the croquet-ground is permitted no rest by these untiring persons. In consequence of this and a spell of pleasant weather, the grass long since became *non est*, but over the ground on searching, one might find occasionally a dried spear of something which perhaps in the dim past might have been grass, but at the present time has lost its identity. Still the gentlemen persist in playing, though they slide and slip on the smooth, dry ground, and still they scowl at their balls because they cannot help rolling round when they have no grass to rest against. But the young gentlemen coldly turned their backs on croquet—why is it most of them regard it with such contempt?—when lawn-tennis made its appearance, and now for a good part of the day they may be seen, raquets in hand standing patiently, nay, willingly in the hot sun, serving or receiving as the case may be, regarded meanwhile by an admiring audience which has entirely forsaken the croquet "balconies." "How absurd," some one exclaims, as the gentleman who is receiving "fans the air" with his racket but misses the ball. "Try it yourself," he replies; and the criminal having tried it himself and ignominiously failed, both at receiving and serving, humbly admits "the game is much harder than it looks to be," and silence once more settles on the audience.

About a week later than our trip to the Flume, a party of twelve ladies and gentlemen started about seven in the morning, to ride to the "New Falls." In order to reach the Falls themselves, one has to accomplish a long, laborious, and very difficult climb of four miles, no path having been made as yet, as the place has been but recently discovered; but if one reaches them, one is fully repaid for the trouble he has taken to see this beautiful sheet of water. The height of the falls is not known exactly as yet, but they are probably in the neighborhood of one hundred feet in height. It is hoped in time a path will be made for the accommodation of those tourists desiring to see the Falls, for there are many who wish to see them but do not care to undertake so hard a climb.

For a few days after the trip to the Falls, the weather was cold and rainy and the guests were obliged to amuse themselves as best they could indoors. It was no hard task. Several ladies and gentlemen had commenced reading German together, and one had but to run up two flights of stairs and they might be seen huddled together in the hall by a front window, wholly engrossed in their intellectual pursuits, so that should one ask, "May I come to?" the only reply one could get would be "Nein, nein." Sometimes the effect of study lasted some time, and on their return to the parlor one gentleman especially, would persist in talking German to people who knew nothing about it, and in singing German songs. The rest of the guests not thirsting for knowledge to such an extent, embroidered, knitted, danced, sang through our book of college songs, played games, promenaded the piazza, and read.

At the end of the third day of rain, we had a most glorious sunset, and at the suggestion made by some wise person that the view from Mt. Washington was almost always the best after such a rain as we had just had, we immediately began to make up a party for the next day, to visit the mountain and return in the evening. A list having been made out our party was found to number thirty or so, including only the young people of the house; the numbers of the rooms were written beside the names as we were obliged to be called long before the rest of the guests were awake. The next morning at six o'clock, several stages started from the house crowded with noisy young people, who had succeeded in rousing the greater part of the house by clattering up and down stairs, talking, laughing, and thumping with their alpenstocks, and now the windows of the house were thrown open, and sleepy, good-natured faces looked out to see us off. Our morning was a most glorious one. The sun had been up but a short while, but his full, golden face smiled at us pleasantly as we merrily rolled on over the steep mountain roads. Down through Franconia village we drove, "frightening people out of their wits," till turning to our left we took the road to Bethlehem. On reaching Bethlehem we found the street alive with teams, all tending toward Bethlehem Station where a train stood waiting to carry us to Fabyan's. On arriving at the hotel we were obliged to wait for our train that was to take us to the foot of the mountain. The observation cars having arrived, our party immediately secured one for itself, and we started off in gay spirits. We were the only large party that went up that day, and how we did pity the poor mortals in the other cars, separated into groups of twos and threes, and having no acquaintance with the rest. Arrived at the base the four trains in waiting were immediately fitted and ready to start. If any person now lives who wonders still if the Mt.-Washington Railway is really safe, we hasten to assure him that it is as safe as anything on this earth can be; no one can

say it is perfectly safe, for accidents happen where they are least expected; but "who hesitates is lost," and so let those who are hesitating do so no longer, for inasmuch as they are wholly safe nowhere, they are foolishly missing a most delightful treat by not ascending this mountain. The track is laid similarly to an ordinary railroad; but between the two outside rails is another, hollowed out and having at right angles to its sides, bars of iron, perhaps six inches wide, we did not stop to measure them, and about four inches apart. Into these notches the cog-wheels of the engine fits, so as the train creeps slowly up the side of the mountain the wheel catches into each space and prevents the train from slipping back. Besides this there are innumerable breaks and contrivances, which, should any one thing give out, would cause immediately to stop.

The scenery as one ascends higher and higher grows very beautiful, the air becomes keen and bracing, and one's spirits rise proportionally. The seats are arranged in such a manner that after one is started they are very comfortable, though before one begins the ascent the sensation is rather odd as they are tipped slightly back. On reaching the Tip Top house our party quickly left the train and hurried off to get the view before dinner, in case some cloud should fall and obscure the scenery later. The day was quite mild for the summit, and we were able to keep our seats on the rocks without fear of the wind's hurling us over some precipice. We sat there for some time quietly drinking in the beauty of the place. No one cared to talk. We were surrounded on all sides by mountain peaks; only the mountain peaks, for we could see but little else directly around us, though stretching far away on all sides were valleys and hills to a distance of a hundred miles or so, where everything disappeared in a blur of earth and sky. It seemed as if we were on the highest wave in the midst of a vast ocean, and that the next moment the huge mountains, changed to waves would, one after another, roll higher and higher and finally cover us. The sensation was grand and impressive.

Very soon we began to feel that the keen crisp air had made us appreciate the idea of dinner, and we accordingly found our way again to the Tip Top House. Before returning to the train I made the signal station a visit, and Mr. Jewett, one of the men who remain on the mountain through the winter, was kind enough to show me his rooms and tell me something of his life during the cold season. One room, which they use as a kitchen during the winter, of moderate size contained a large cooking-stove in one corner and a common sized stove in another, and yet in winter with a large fire in each, in a part of the room not near either stove the thermometer is below zero. The men are provided with considerable reading matter during the winter, but nevertheless it is very dreary and lonely.

Before our return to the base we gathered some rocks to remember the summit by. It is a strange fact that the rocks may be as easily broken as candy of ordinary solidity. Having secured our specimens we boarded the train and were soon on the way down. We held our breaths in dismay as we looked from the windows and saw the steep descent we were making. On either side were deep ravines, and the ground was many feet beneath us, as the train crept down over the trestle-works, while here a bend in the road and there another hid all before us most effectually. We were received on our return to the Goodnow House most affectionately by the "old folks," for they do like us if we are sometimes noisy, and they assured us they had missed us during the day.

And now for fear of tiring you, Mr. Editor, I am going to stop, but beg leave before doing so to tell my readers some of the "Rules of the Hotel," composed not by the proprietor of the house but by the guests themselves several summers ago; and if any of them wish to have a thoroughly good time in the summer of 1880, we most heartily recommend them to come to the Goodnow House.

1. New comers must wear their names on their backs for the first twenty-four hours.
2. People promenading the piazza after 10 P. M., must wear India rubbers.
3. Any person bringing more than two trunks and a hand-bag, can only have a cot.
4. Nine persons with one trunk must pay their board in advance.
5. Showers of paper and other debris from windows above, will be received with enthusiasm by persons on the piazza.
6. Gentlemen and ladies wearing their hair on pins are not allowed to appear at the table with hats.
7. Persons coming late to breakfast are expected to be perfectly serene, if the food is cold.
8. Gentlemen invited by ladies to walk, are at perfect liberty to decline. N. B.—This rule works both ways.
9. Ladies are requested not to stand in the door-ways, and thus compel gentlemen to go out through the windows.
10. Any person occupying a chair on the piazza, is expected to bring in two on his return to the house.
11. Persons engaged in the game of croquet are expected to be as amiable as their dispositions will allow. Such persons are also expected to wear dresses of suitable and convenient length.
12. Making faces at these rules, or otherwise defacing them is strictly prohibited.

And now I will say finally and lastly, that if any of my readers have become interested in us and our doings, and would like to hear of some more of our good times, such as our character, Mrs. Jarley's wax work, our visit to the colored Jubilee singers and their visit to us, the fair and theatricals at Littleton, our trips up Mt. Lafayette and Cannon, etc., etc., if they will but write to me I shall be most happy to accommodate them.

ANNA F. SAWYER.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray is out in a card, in which he charges his creditors with undue haste; he says he went to San Francisco openly and on business, and did not seek to cover up his tracks; he expresses the belief that his estate, if properly settled, would much more than pay all claims against him; he proposes to pay all just claims against him if his health is spared, and concludes by expressing sorrow at the slanderous reports spread about him, and hints mysteriously at the course he intends to pursue.

Charles Demond, former Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, was arrested on Thursday, for embezzling the funds of the society.

Married.

In Woburn, Aug. 29, by Rev. W. J. Pomfret, Mr. George T. Hall and Miss Lucy M. Knowlton, both of Woburn.
In Woburn, Sept. 2, by Rev. E. Mills, Mr. Edgar S. Ellis and Miss Ella Deloria, both of Woburn.
In Burlington, Aug. 31, at the house of Deacon John Warton, by Rev. Charles Anderson, Mr. Frank H. Marion, of Burlington, and Miss Clara T. Thompson, of Stoughton.
In Woburn, Sept. 3, by Rev. M. D. Murphy, Mr. Warner B. Parker and Mary Elizabeth Bradley, both of Woburn.

PRESERVE YOUR EYES.

The most perfect lenses, perfectly adjusted, upon correct physiological principles, and warranted to prove satisfactory for near sight, far sight, weak sight, or eyes of unequal focus.

At DODGE'S DRUG STORE.
165 Main Street, Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Lexington, Aug. 29, John Tobin, aged 62 years.
In Woburn, Sept. 2, Elizabeth M. Mahoney, daughter of John Fuller, of Woburn, aged 32 years.
In Winchester, Aug. 31, J. Henry Houston, aged 24 years, 8 months and 27 days.
In Woburn, Aug. 30, Edward W. son of Eben W. and Ellen J. Nichols, aged 15 years and 3 months.
In Glenbrook, Cal., Aug. 30, George L. Baker, formerly of Winchester, aged 24 years and 5 months.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

Miss C. G. Elkins wishes to thank her patrons in Woburn for past favors, and announce to them that she will not be able to fill any further engagements.
C. G. ELKINS.

Sept. 4, 1879.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republicans of Woburn are invited to meet at their Headquarters, No. 189 Main street, Woburn, on Saturday evening, Sept. 6th, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Senatorial, County, Councilor, and State Conventions. Also to choose a Town Committee for the ensuing year, and transact any other business that may properly come before the caucus.

By order of the Republican Town Committee,
W. F. DAVIS, Secretary.
Woburn, Sept. 2, 1879.

WM. H. RICHARDSON'S
HYGIENIC BOOTS,
Hand-sewed, made to measure, at
25 Bromfield St., Room 2, BOSTON.

We have constantly on hand and for sale, Ladies' Double Sole Goat Button Boots, Ladies' Calfskin Boots without buttons, Ladies' Woolen Cloth Boots for cold feet or rheumatism. Children's Ankle-Supporting Boots, Patent Counters.
All kinds of Gent's Boots made to order.
Our work is all Hand-Sewed.

WM. H. RICHARDSON,
Please Call, 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

For Sale and To Let.

TO LET—A house and small stable on Pleasant Street. M. C. BEAN.

ROOMS TO LET, 211 Main Street, Also, Tenements to Let. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

STOVES stored for the Season by C. M. Strout, Agent.

Lost, Found, Wanted.

WANTED—A situation as wet nurse by a lady with good reference. Address MRS. MARY HAMMILL, Woburn Fourth Office.

FOUND on the premises of C. W. Dorr, one small Pig, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges.

MISS EMMA A. PUTNAM,
TEACHER of the PLIVO.
RESIDENCE:
PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.

F. H. LEWIS
Will resume teaching
MONDAY, Sept. 15,
At his new music rooms,
COR. MONTVALE AVENUE AND MAIN ST.

ONLY
A FEW
Weeks More.

Our C. O. D.
Price List

Entirely Closed Out
on or before
Oct. 1st.

We shall offer special bargains in
Hosiery Underwear
and Fancy Goods

Without Regard to Cost,
as they must be sold without fail.

An early call will secure the
best bargains now left.

JOHN P. FERNALD,
185 Main St., Woburn.

ICE. ICE.
The subscribers have just stored over
3000 TONS OF ICE

of a very superior quality, from the waters of Horn Pond, especially for Woburn and Winchester trade. No pains will be spared to give

ENTIRE SATISFACTION.
R. PICKERING & CO.,
Ice Houses cor. of Beacon and Sturgis Sts.,
24 WOBURN,
Office, 2 Wade Block, over Savings Bank.

A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$3 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

BULLHEADS, Cards, Circulars, Note and Letter Heads, and every variety of printing neatly and promptly executed at this office.

We are now Opening Daily

New Fall Prints and Cambrics.
Good Prints 5 Cents a Yard.

CHARLES A. SMITH & SON,

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Guatemala Coffee!
TRY IT!

A Superior quality of very excellent flavor and strength.

ONLY 30 Cts. A POUND.

Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main Street.

NEW FALL STYLES
At G. R. Gage & Co.'s.

Garments made in an Artistic manner.

Call and Examine the Congress Chest Shield Undershirt.

Town of Wilmington
TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of Real Estate, situated in the Town of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the Taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1877, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered at public auction for sale, at the Selectmen's Room, in the Town House, in said Wilmington, on Monday the sixth day of October, 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said Taxes, together with the costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

WILLIAM HEARN—House and about 6 acres of land on the westerly side of the Andover road, bounded northerly by land of Orneli Eames, east by said road, south by Ipswich River, and Lubber Brook, west by said Lubber Brook.

Also about 201 acres of land, called Eames lot, on the southerly side of the North Reading road, bounded northerly by said road, easterly by land formerly of James O'Donnel, southerly by land formerly of Gammel and land of George T. Eames, westerly by land of Caleb Eames' heirs.

Also about 35 acres of land, called Harnden lot, on the westerly side of the Andover road, bounded northerly by land of Joshua Buffum and J. B. Morris and a town road, easterly by said Andover road, south by land of Joshua Gowing, Jr., and land of Rufus Carter, westerly by land formerly of Henry Carter, and land of said Morris.

Also about 12 acres of land, called Foster lot, on the westerly side of the Woburn road, bounded northerly by land formerly of Thomas Farrell, and easterly by land of Isaac Damon, and said road, southerly by land of Rufus Carter, and land of George Baldwin, westerly by land of said Carter and land of George Winn's heirs.

Also, about 12 acres of land, called Winn lot, easterly by land of Jonathan Gowing, southerly by other land of said Beard, southerly by land of Joseph L. Phillips, westerly by land of Rufus Carter and Henry Sheldon.

Also the "Manning Lot," containing about 371 acres, bounded northerly by land formerly owned by John Harnden, easterly and southerly by land of Sylvester Carter, westerly by land formerly owned by William Pringle.

EDWARD P. PIERCE—House and other buildings and about 61 acres of land, bounded northerly by land formerly of Charles Avery and land of George Winn's heirs, easterly by said land, southerly by land of Joseph Bell's heirs, and westerly by a Town road.

Also about 4 acres of meadow land, bounded northerly by land of Rufus Carter, easterly by land of Lorenzo Butters, southerly by Bell Brook, westerly by land of Solon Johnson.

Also about 41 acres of land, called Bell lot, bounded northerly by land of Joseph Bell's heirs, easterly by a Town road, southerly and westerly by land of Joseph Bell's heirs.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 1 to 12 inclusive, on the west side of Young street, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 77 to 80 inclusive, on the east side of Young street, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 81 to 84 inclusive, on the west side of Young street, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 21 to 22 inclusive, on the north side of Sheldon Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 23 to 31 inclusive, on the north side of Sheldon Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 11 acres and being lots No. 130 to 150, inclusive, on the south side of Sheldon Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 151 to 152 inclusive, on the south side of Sheldon Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 93 to 98 inclusive, on the west side of Parker street, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 7.16 acres of land, being lots No. 2 to 12 inclusive, on the north side of Plymouth Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 11 acres of land, being lots No. 19 to 22 inclusive, on the north side of Plymouth Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

OWNERS UNKNOWN—About 1 acre of land, being lots No. 34 to 47 inclusive, on the south side of Plymouth Avenue, as shown on M. C. Mengis' plan of lots, said plan recorded in Middlesex North District Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans No. 3, Plan 42.

Tax for 1877. \$1.10.
DAKINS BUCK,
Collector of Taxes.

30 DAYS
Closing Out Sale
AT COST!

Special Bargains!

CUMMINGS,
150 Main Street, Woburn.

Bargains! Bargains!

A LOT OF COLORED HAMBURGS.

Towels, all Linen, Knotted Fringe, at 25 Cts. each.

RUSSIA CRASH, 10 Cts. PER YARD.

MEN'S BROWN DUCK OVERALLS, 25 CENTS.

BLACK CASHMERE, all wool, 46 inches wide, 62 1-2 Cents per Yard.

A FULL STOCK OF TABLE LINEN,

And many other goods worthy of an examination.

COPELAND, BOWSER & Co.,
147 Main Street, Woburn.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

CANNED MEATS.

Wilson's Corned Beef,	32 Cents.
St. Louis Corned Beef,	32 "
Boston Corned Beef,	32 "
Boston Tongue Beef,	32 "
Canned Tongue,	35 and 75 "
Boneless Turkey,	50 "
Canned Ham,	55 "

Huckin's Celebrated Sandwich Meats:
HAM, TONGUE, CHICKEN, AND TURKEY.

Full directions for making a perfect sandwich accompany every can. We also keep in stock a large assortment of Sardines, Boned Herring, Sardines, Pickles, foreign and domestic, Olives, Pickled Lamb's Tongues, &c., especially adapted for Picnics, Lunch and Family use during the summer months.

Particular attention is called to the recent improvements in our store, which has been greatly enlarged and adapted to the convenience of our customers. With ample room for arrangement and display of our goods, we feel that we have met a general desire, and a cordial invitation is extended to all to call and inspect us in our present condition. We have placed among our goods many articles, foreign and domestic, and shall now, more than ever, strive to maintain the reputation we now enjoy.

SUGARS AT REFINER'S PRICES.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,

130 and 131 Main Street, Woburn.

FULLERTON BROS., Formerly with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD & Co.,
DEALERS IN

Lumber and CHOICE
EASTERN PRESSED
No. 111 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

COAL
From \$5.00 to \$6.50 Per Ton.

JOS. B. McDONALD.

THE JOHNSON REVOLVING BOOK-CASE
An Elegant Holiday Present.

For Lawyers, Teachers,
Clergymen, Merchants,
Physicians, Students,
Editors, and all who
read books.

It is made of iron, beautifully ornamented. It is strong, durable, convenient, handsome, and the most compact book-case in the world, as it holds more books for its size than any other device. It is miniature in size, maximum in capacity, and the cheapest Revolving Book-Case made. It can never warp, shrink, crack, nor get out of order. Send for circular, with over 300 illustrations of Educational and useful articles.

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SCHOOL FURNISHERS, and dealers in everything in the Book and Stationery line.
Headquarters for all School Supplies.
142 & 144 Grand St., New York.

MANURE and SPENT TAN
for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn, Mass.

DO NOT BEGIN YOUR SINGING CLASSES
BEFORE EXAMINING L. O. EMERSON'S NEW BOOK:
THE VOICE OF WORSHIP.

While containing a large and valuable collection of Church Music in the form of Tunes and Anthems, it is perfectly fitted for the Singing School and Convention by the large number of Songs, Duets, Trios, &c., and its well made Elementary Course.

Price \$3.00 per dozen. Specimen copies mailed for \$1.

Send for circular and catalogue, with full list of standard Singing School Books.

The new 50c edition of Pinafore, (complete) sells weekly all the news, and plenty of good ditty (50c) are in constant demand.

Emerson's Vocal Method by L. O. Emerson, \$1.00 is a valuable new book for Voice Training, containing all the essentials of study, plenty of exercises, and plain explanations, and costing much less than the larger works on the same subject.

SUBSCRIBE NOW for the MUSICAL RECORD and receive weekly all the news, and plenty of good ditty, for \$2.00 per year.

Is PAPER, WHITE ROSES, a charming new Sunday School Song Book.

OLIVER DITSON & CO. Boston.

Journal Club Column

A little fellow in Norwich, Connecticut, rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused "The Origin of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration for a few minutes, and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady, in her usual candid way. "Well," said the grandson, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done!"

"But, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that potatoes contain water, sugar and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

"Is this the place?" she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square foot-seven, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, madam, but I don't know how to swim."

The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of sentiment. Walter Scott read one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and breathed. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear; I must mend that hole in it."

A country woman stopped some ten minutes in front of a store in Springfield to gaze at a patent fly-trap in operation, which was pretty well filled, and after studying the placard, 82, intently, moved on, after piping out, to the great amusement of the bystanders: "Tow dollars! I wouldn't give ten cents for all the flies in Springfield."

A Yankee who had just lost his wife was found by a neighbor emptying a bowl of soup as large as a hand-basin. "Why, my goodness, Elanathan," said the gossip, "is that all you care for your wife?" "Well," said the Yankee, "I've been cryin' all the mornin', and arter I've finished my soup, I'll cry another spell. That's fair any how."

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, a pirate, or a song-and-dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my ideath in life were theathered on being a clown." "Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.

The most absent minded man was not the man who hunted for his pipe when he had it between his teeth, nor the one who threw his hat out of the window and tried to hang his cigar on a peg; no, but the man who put his umbrella to bed and went and stood up behind the door.

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty as he adjusted his eyeglass, "sea bathing has grown unpopular, because, you see, aw, the vulgah herd took to the watah, and it has become very much soiled."

"Jeanne, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

"How many children have you?" asked a friend of an old acquaintance. "Well, I have five, but they were eating cucumbers when I left, and they may be doubled up now."

"Melancholy sight, Mr. Spicer," said a prohibitory friend, as an individual heavily loaded with beer lurched against him. "Yes," said the interrogated, "he's more'n full."

Mr. George Rodeo, of San Francisco, got drunk and proceeded to bathe in the public fountain. They arrested him, not wanting any tight-rope exhibition in the street.

The young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the gratification of her ambition would only make her a barmaid.

"I have a love-letter," said the servant girl to her mistress. "Will ye read it to me? And here is some cotton; wad ye stuff in yer ears while ye read it?"

A Boston school-boy being asked what Rhode Island is celebrated for, replied: "It is the only one of the New England States that is the smallest."

The boy who has a great love for swimming and a nervous mother, is one of the most unhappy beings on the face of the earth.

A sea voyage is a good remedy for hard times. A few hours from shore and it will seem to you that everything is coming up.

The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." The idea is not new, however. A handkerchief pulled from a man's pocket is generally followed by a blow.

It is a peculiar feature of the butter-market that a bad article outranks a good one.

The little girl looks forward to the time when she can "do up" her hair like a lady as a period of true hair-pinness.

Kerosine oil will fuddle as well as whiskey. Anyhow it makes a locomotive's head light.

In the race for matrimony it isn't always the girl that covers the most laps that wins.

Bloomer—A woman who pants for notoriety.

Engineers have to whistle for their pay.

We never heard of a man so mean that a fly wouldn't become attached to him.

Continued from first page.

featured woman, bearing her misfortune with a haughty indifference that excited Timothy's admiration.

The landlord, kicking at his cellar-door, and calling to be let out long before this, was released by Timothy; and very bland he looked when he beheld how his guests had suddenly come to grief. By Mr. Choop's orders he brought out his horse and a light cart; and we drove back through the darkening afternoon to Fulwood.

Through Mr. Choop's indefatigable exertions, the whole gang of burglars was speedily captured. One of them turned Queen's evidence, and it then came out that Mr. Riley was the planner only of the burglaries in which they had been engaged for some time back, it being his duty to pick out the premises to be robbed, to make plans of them, and arrange the details of the attack, leaving to the others the merely mechanical part of the business, and receiving a certain share of the proceeds for his part of the labor.

Three days after Christmas day I received a note from Mr. Lancaster, asking me to go over to Ironville, as he wished particularly to see me. He received me in his grave, quiet way, looked me through and through, from under his bushy gray eyebrows, motioned me to a seat and then spoke:

"I received yesterday morning, from Mr. Choop, an account of certain events relative to the recent burglary on my premises."

"The burglary on your premises, sir?"

"Yes. Were you not aware of it?"

"I was, of course, aware that a burglary had been committed, but was not aware that you were the sufferer."

"Such, however, is the case," replied Mr. Lancaster. "Mr. Choop informs me that it was through you he first obtained the clue which enabled him to track and capture part of the gang and recover a portion of the stolen property, and that he was much indebted to your courage and activity in the capture of Riley. Now, I am not an ungrateful man; you have had a liking for my daughter, which I believe is returned by her; but you are not in a position to marry. I will tell you what I will do for you. I will take you as an assistant in my shop at a moderate salary, and if I find that you bring into your new trade that amount of intelligence and activity which I am told you possess, I will advance you accordingly; and providing you and Carry remain of the same mind another year, I will object to your marriage. Let me have your decision in the morning. You will find Carry in the parlor."

I need hardly say that both Carry and I are very glad to see Mr. Choop whenever he favors us with a call in our new home, and brings of news of Lemon-fingers, who, now that Mr. Riley is working out his penal servitude, is doing well as a licensed hawker in the hosiery and Nottingham line.

A "HAPPY FAMILY."—The other evening about 9 o'clock a policeman found a family of five persons and two old trunks under a shed near the foot of Second street, waiting to go up the river on a wood barge which wouldn't leave until the next forenoon. The man had both hands pressed to his face, the woman was wiping her eyes on a handkerchief and all the children were snuffling.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired the officer as he halted among them. "Oh, nothing much," answered the man. "I've got the jumpin' tooth-ache, but it allu slacks up on me about midnight."

"What ails your wife?"

"Oh, she kinder tired out and nervous, and as soon as she gets a good rest for her back again the wood-pile she'll go to sleep and forget all about it. She's all right, she is."

"But the children are crying," continued the officer.

"Yaas, kinder crying," replied the man, "but that's nothing. That boy Augustus Cesar he wants a stick of gum, but he'll soon chaw himself to sleep on a silver."

The next one, Charles Henry, he's howlin' 'cause I won't buy him a rockin'-horse, but soon I get time to spank him he'll curl under and go to dreamin' of angels. That gal, Minerva, has got her mouth made up for fried-cakes and milk, but I'll give her a bit of pork and bread from the trunk and she'll never know the difference. We are kinder sprawled out here, and we seem to be kinder afflicted, but we are a reg'lar happy family."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Does it pay to advertise? The Clear Lake Mirror, Iowa, thinks it pays for the following reasons: "Last week one of our citizens being desirous of purchasing some articles of furniture not kept in our furniture stores, came into our office and wanted to see our Charles City exchanges. We of course handed them over and after some little time he said: 'I thought there was a big furniture store in Charles City.' We said there was, to which he replied: 'I see no advertisement in either paper, except a little one of an inch in length, and if there is nothing there worth advertising about, it is no use of my going, so I will stop at Mason City.' If the furniture men of Charles City had good advertisements in their papers, they would have caught a good customer and sold a large bill of high-priced furniture. Comment is unnecessary."

A "FAT TAKE."—The editor of the Charleston, W. Va., *Leader*, in one of his happy moments of his life, heralds to the reading community his joy over one of those wing-falls which is liable to occur in good family.

A 9 lb. Boy Born, Worth At least \$10,000.00.

To the editor Of the leader, Tuesday, 22d inst. Mother and child are Doing very well, and the Father as well as could Reasonably be expected.

A "fat take," brethren—shake.

Every printer is familiar with the expression, "a fat take," and will freely accord the editor a "shake."

Miscellaneous.

SHE HEARD THE WRONG SPEAKER.—It was nearly sundown yesterday, as wearily she walked into the house, settled herself on the sofa, and began swinging her palm-leaf to cool her heated brow. "Well, I got well paid for going to the green. I'd no idea that Dr. Bacon was ever out among the Indians."

"Well," said her husband, "he never was to any extent, I guess."

"Well, he said so, anyway. I should think he ought to know something about it."

"Why, Miranda! you must be mistaken. Dr. Bacon has lived in New Haven for ever, almost."

"I guess I heard what he said, and wasn't it interesting though. Why, when he was a boy he ran away from home in the dead of night, stole one of his father's horses, and before sunrise he was a hundred miles away and joined the Cheyennes. That's what he said, and I'll believe him before I will you."

"Now, now, you must have heard with your elbows; Dr. Bacon never stole his father's horse. Why, bless your soul, he's a minister. He isn't a horse thief."

"And he lived with the Indians eight years, until they found the whites, and then he went back home and found his father and mother scalped on the cabin floor, and he on his bended knees, with his bowie knife uplifted, vowed that he would kill Indians the rest of his natural life."

"Oh, fudge, you are off the track. The whole story is impossible. Why, I know something about the doctor myself; he—"

"And he has kept the vow, and has got forty scalps in his trunk at the hotel that he took with his own hand. Why, I'd no idea he has such interesting experiences."

"Where was Dr. Bacon when he told all this?"

"Why, right on the sidewalk, and there was a big crowd listening to him almost breathless; he was real eloquent."

"Oh, I see," said Jeremiah, as a sudden light flashed across his mind. "You were listening to the wrong man. That man was a silver polish peddler, telling a big yarn to call the people together. Dr. Bacon was speaking over on the stand in the centre of the green."

"What, that white-haired man that was out there? He didn't have so much of a crowd as this man, so I thought of course it wasn't of much account, and I didn't go on the green at all."

INITIALS ON FRUIT.—Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No? Well, if you wish to have that pleasure this is the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very biggest and best specimen of them all. Next cut out from thin tissue paper the initials of your little brother or little sister or your chief crony, with round specks for the dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then place these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon its stem.

As soon as the fruit is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name or initials now show plainly. After that, bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and say presently aloud:

"Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?"

You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

A SWAN STORY.—The Boston *Journal* is authority for the following story about a swan, the location being Milford, Mass.:—Three years ago a young child of T. L. Ellsworth was buried in Pine Grove Cemetery, and a rocking horse placed beside the grave. The lot is one of the most conspicuous in the cemetery, and is located near a miniature lake, in which several white swans disported.

Soon after the interment, one of the swans mounted the Ellsworth lot and has ever since kept a constant watch over the grave of the child, scarcely leaving the mound, even to eat. Any one who attempts a near approach is greeted with the bird's shrill cries and preparations for an attack, which is made if the grave or rocking-horse is touched, and the bird invariably drives off strangers. The swan's mate endeavored for some time to induce her companion to return to the lake, but without success, and eventually died of grief. Hundreds of people have visited the cemetery to witness the singular conduct of this self-mounted sentinel.

MACHINERY HALL.—The large Machinery Hall of the Philadelphia Exhibition has been torn away. It was bought by a speculative firm for twenty-four thousand dollars, and they will multiply their money. The stone was used to build extensive oil works at Point Breeze. The rougher lumber was worked into oil sheds at Communipaw, and the immense quantity of yellow pine and other valuable woods was sold to a railroad car company. Sixteen thousand pounds of cast and wrought iron were sold to a foundry, and seventy thousand panes of glass were as good as new for paper. The tin roofing realized nearly the entire purchase money. The speculators gave the two cupolas to the Philadelphia Old Ladies' Home for summer houses.

People who are fond of punching holes in United States coin are perhaps not aware of the fact that such amusement is against the law of the land. The penalty for so doing is two years imprisonment and \$2,000 fine for every offence.

Men of intense convictions are often unjust, because they do not give due weight to the considerations which sway their opponents; and they often give unnecessary offence by using aggression where persuasion would do just as well.

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a girl in meeting. "Cheap enough!" says another of the fraternity; "we once hugged a girl in meeting, and it has cost us a thousand dollars a year ever since."

EXTRAORDINARY VERSATILITY OF WESTERN "DUSTERS."—A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of forty-five entered a Woodward avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman said:

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son, yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment closely.

"Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?"

"I did ma'am, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good fly-blanket when it was not otherwise needed?"

"I did."

"That it could be used as a boat-sail, a stretcher, a straw bed and a good bed-spread?"

"Yes ma'am, I did."

"And that many people used them as table-covers?"

"I did."

"And that they would last for years and then make an excellent rag carpet for the house?"

"I did."

"And you only charged a dollar?"

"Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a little afraid he stole the garment. I'm glad it's all right."

"It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease."

"Land save us!" she gasped, as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so 'fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT IS PUT INTO LETTER BOXES.—The carriers who collect the mail from the street boxes sometimes find queer deposits therein. Loose silver coins and loose postage stamp are among the principal discoveries, while a carrier the other day brought in a bank book containing \$85 in bills, which he had taken from a lamp-post box. The most remarkable instance of absent-mindedness in this direction was the case, not long since, of a young man who daily carries two leather bags—one for mail and the other for money, etc. He deliberately, in a fit of abstraction, walked up to a box in the Boston Post Office, and emptied the contents of one bag, containing several bank books and bills and checks, amounting to thousands of dollars, into the mail box, and did not discover his blunder until he went into the bank and handed the receiving teller a bunch of letters.

The young man's face, it is said, grew so pale as to frighten every one who saw him rushing through the streets, eyes distended and heart thumping loudly in his wretched bosom. He was made a happier and a wiser man on receiving at the business office the bank books and the money, in place of which he gladly tendered his bundle of mail matter.—*Herald.*

What the Lowell *Mail* says of that city is equally true of Lawrence, and if you do not believe it, ask any of our druggists or tobacconists. The filthy practice of "snuff dipping," which was once exclusively confined to the "poor whites" of the South, is indulged in to a greater extent than would be believed by the lower class of females in this city. In walking through streets where this class of people live, one may see on warm evenings groups sitting in the doorway or at windows, with a paper of snuff at hand and with a rag saturated therewith, vigorously rubbing their gums, as if their life depended on the operation. The practice is confined to women, but girls twelve and fourteen years old, and under, are guilty of it.

A SAGACIOUS CAT.—A lady residing on Cambridge street is the owner of a very intelligent cat. Recently she suggested to her son in the presence of the cat that latter's two kittens should be drowned, whereupon the animals suddenly disappeared, and the boy was unable to find them. Two days later the cat brought a mouse into the kitchen, and laid it at her mistress's feet. "Now, puss," said the woman, "if you'll take that mouse out of the way and will keep your kittens from under my feet, you may bring them back to the house." Puss trudged away with the mouse, went to a hole under the front steps, and soon came towards the kitchen, the two kittens behind her.—*Cambridge Press.*

ALWAYS BEAR IT IN MIND.—Always remember, no one can debate you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice, these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failing the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line of your judgment and conscience have marked out far you. They cannot by all their efforts take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in a point of fact, unharmed.

"There," said the shopman, pointing to a beautiful epergne, "there's a fine center-piece." "Cent apiece!" gasped old Mrs. Bagster, who stood near, "cent apiece? You may wrap up two of them for me if you please, Mr. Smith."—adding sotto voce, "I'd no idee them things was so cheap."

The following laconic epitaph carved on a Spanish tombstone, should be remembered: "I was well, I tried to feel better, took physic, and here I am."

"Will you always trust me, dear?" he asked, looking into her large blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a saleswoman at an up-town shirt-store, and she said to him: "Business is business, and you'll have to pay cash every time."

How can the sea run when it's tied?

1851. 1879.

THE

Woburn

JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a new-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

JOHN L. PARKER, PUBLISHER,

204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

All kinds of Printing, of every description, the best to be obtained in Woburn, at the

JOURNAL

STEAM

BOOK AND JOB

Printing Office

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

NO. 204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the next Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of S. Henry Dow, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, Intestate:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Edward E. Thompson, of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and he is hereby called to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed at Lowell, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BARNES, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

YOU can buy Pure and Good WINES AND LIQUORS, in any desired quantity, packed and sent anywhere, by rail or express, at the old prices of

C. A. RICHARDS & CO., 15 and 22 Kilby street, Boston.

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Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities. Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Railroad Freight Yard.

H. S. CONVERSE,

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DEALERS IN Eastern, Western and Canada, Long and Short

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The Largest and Most Successful Commercial School in America.

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As thorough and complete training is given in this school to those who desire to enter the mercantile pursuits as a profession, in Technical Schools to those who choose a given.

Fugate received at any time, if there are vacancies. For circulars of terms, address the Principal,

H. E. HIBBARD, 608 Washington St.

WILLIAM WINN, - - Auctioneer.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

Sited on Utica St., Woburn.

By license of the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, the subscriber, Administrator of the estate of John Braumann, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, will sell at Public Auction on the hereinafter described premises, on Saturday the thirteenth day of September, 1879, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the following described parcel of land with the buildings thereon, belonging to the estate of said John Braumann, and situated on the northerly side of Utica street in Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows: to wit—Southerly by said Utica street, there measuring about eighty feet; westerly by land late of Luther Hill about one hundred seventy-five feet, northerly by land formerly owned by William Richardson, about eighty feet and easterly by land late of Reuben Kamsdell about one hundred and seventy-five feet, and containing fourteen thousand square feet, more or less.

For further particulars, inquire of No. 168 Main St., of John G. Maguire, Atty., or Administrator.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Samuel W. Russell to John M. Harlowe, dated July 20, 1878, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Mass., Libro 1485, Folio 477, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday the sixteenth day of September, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

NO. 37.

Musical.

MISS EMMA A. PUTNAM,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO.

RESIDENCE:

PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.

F. H. LEWIS

Will resume teaching
MONDAY, Sept. 15,
At his new music rooms,
COR. MONTVALE AVENUE AND MAIN ST.

Miss A. J. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE.

Will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to
suit the times. For particulars call at her residence,
No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

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ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
MACHINISTS,

And Manufacturers of
Leather Machinery,
GLASSING, STONING,
Polishing and Pebling Jacks, etc.
Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings
Tanneries and Currying Shops fitted up at short
notice.

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WOBURN, MASS.

All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
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(Successor to Porter & Young.)

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Steam and Gas Fitter.

MANUFACTURER OF

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Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafting
Pulleys, Gearing, &c. Special attention given to
fitting up Tanneries and Currying Shops.

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Business Cards.

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CENTRAL HOUSE,

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Is one of the most popular resorts out of Boston for
Sleighting or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the country, and all the facilities for
carriage parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.

LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.

Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

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160 Main Street, Woburn.

Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack & Boarding

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212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

TIMOTHY ANDREWS.

BOOTS and SHOES REPAIRED.

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Having had many years experience as a Practical
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

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The best in every style made and finished in the
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per dozen. Cabinet Cards, \$3.00 per dozen. First
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of all kinds sold on small Monthly Installments
Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
for new ones.

Elastic Stockings

FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them put off their use until ulcers form, when had they been worn in time, such decidedly unpleasant results would have been avoided.
A few days ago a letter came to a man who has suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them.
Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room for months.
Directions for self measurement if desired, or any information given with pleasure by

WILLIAM W. HILL, Druggist,

Opposite the Common.

149

WOBURN.

Professional Cards.

JOHN C. MCGUIRE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

168 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

Office Hours from 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M.

George H. Conn,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NO. 159 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.

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Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

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FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

of Liverpool, England.

I have this been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham.

All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended
to.

GEO. H. CONN,

159 Main St., Woburn.

July 1, 1879.

COAL!

I make a specialty of supplying parties who team
their coal. All who wish to purchase low, for
CASH, can get bargains at my yard.
Coal delivered and housed at the lowest prices.
The

"Stirling Shamokin,"

"GIRARD,"

and "Lykens Valley,"

coals, are in themselves a guarantee of their quality.
I shall keep a good stock of these coals, also of all
the first class coals in the market. Orders by mail
promptly filled.

GEO. S. DELANO,

MEDFORD CENTRE, MASS.

J. M. ELLIS & Co.,

Concrete Paving & Roofing.

Work guaranteed for 10 years.

STONE MASONS AND CONTRACTORS.

Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.

Office: Basement of Post-Office, Woburn.

A. B. COFFIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.

Entrance from Court Street and 33 School Street

REMOVAL.

DR. R. R. HARMON,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Has removed to

110 MAIN STREET, opp. the Depot.

Particular attention paid to Surgery.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

191 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

A specialty of treating Cancers, Tumors, Wens,
Scalds, Burns, Rheumatism, &c.

ICE CREAM.

Orders left before noon at W. W. Hill's Drug
Store, or at W. F. Estabrook's Bakery, will be
FILLED THE SAME DAY.

H. PATTEN,

MANUFACTURER OF ICE CREAM

East St., 3d house from High St. Ice cream wagon
runs every afternoon and evening.

Auctioneers.

WILLIAM WINN,

AUCTIONEER,

BURLINGTON, - - MASS.

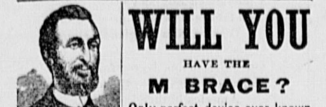
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Of-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,

AUCTIONEER,

Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.

Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street Woburn, will be promptly attended to.



WILL YOU
HAVE THE
M BRACE?

Only perfect device ever known
For supporting pantaloons.
No Rubber. No Springs.

Lined by everybody.
Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.25

Orders by mail should be
accompanied by measure
from right front button over
right shoulder to left back
button.

FOR SALE BY

A. GRANT,

Where all the leading novelties in Gentlemen's wear
are made to order. Spring Overcoats are a good thing
to have on hand. If you want a Nobby Business
Suit or a nice fitting Dress Suit, Grant's is the place
where you get suited every time.

A. GRANT,

169 Main Street, Woburn.

Merchant Tailor

169 Main Street, Woburn.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

A complete record of the journey of General U. S.
Grant, through England, Ireland, Scotland, France,
Spain, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzer-
land, Russia, Egypt, India, China, and Japan, with
a graphic description of the places visited, manners
and customs of the countries, interesting incidents,
enthusiastic orations by Emperors, Kings, and the
people of all climes, richly embellished with num-
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all who take hold; will positively out sell all books
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only authentic and profusely illustrated book on the subject, 500
pages. Price \$2.50.

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WOBURN

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DINING SALOON,

144 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

ICE CREAM

BY THE QUANTITY OR SINGLE PLATE.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

C. H. GOODING.

TO \$2000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20
a day in your own locality. No
risk. Women do as well as men.
Many make more than
amount stated above. No one
can fail to make money fast. Any
one can do the work. You can
make from 50 cents to \$2 an hour by devoting your
evenings and spare time to the business. It costs
nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money
making ever offered before. Business pleasant and
strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all
about the best paying business before the public,
send us your address, and we will send you full par-
ticulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5.00
also free; you can then make up your mind for your-
self. Address: GEORGE STINSON & CO., Port-
land, Maine.

W. F. ESTABROOK,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Bread, Cake, Pastry,

AND

FANCY CRACKERS

OF ALL KINDS.

219 Main Street, Woburn.

M. ELLIS & Co.,

BUILDING MOVERS.

Office Basement of Post Office,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

M. ELLIS. JOSEPH COLE.

MEN'S CAFE SHOES,

\$2.50 to \$3.50, hand made.

LADIES' NEWPORTS,

\$2.50 to \$3.00.

All work warranted. 28 Repairing neatly done.

JOSEPH LEATH, 241 Main St., Woburn.

DR. JESSE A. VILES,

Veterinary Surgeon,

25 WESTFORD STREET, LOWELL.

Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt
attention. Refer to well known horsemen in Lowell.
Also to A. Eaton & Co., North Woburn.

Carpenters.

J. Horace Dean & Co.,

Carpenters and Builders,

Shop, Central Square, Woburn.

All orders for Building or Job Work, promptly at-
tended to.

Original Poetry.

THE USELESS MAN.

BY GEO. A. DORR.

The useless man! God pity the wretch,
Who day by day lives on,
And maketh the world no better,
By doing that he has done;

When the sample had been made up,
Of this useless class of men,
Would that nature had kindly smothered
The only pattern then.

It matters not what place a man
In life may occupy,
There's much of good that he can do,
Be his station low or high;

And if he lets his chances slip,
He shames God's great plan,
And has failed to do his duty,
And is a useless man.

He seems to think the world was made
To own his lonely pleasure,
And shares as it was his right;
His neighbor's hard earned treasure;

It matters little which,
If he is poor he will not work,
And does no good if rich.

If he is rich, his wealth is used
Some selfish end to gain,
And not a grain is given to ease
The burdened hearts of pain;

He has no care for any thing,
Save pleasure for himself,
Therefore I say it matters not
How soon he's on the shelf.

If he is poor he will not try
To live by honest labors,
But sneaks around and tries to sponge
A living from his neighbors;

What is there more contemptible,
In all the earthly plan,
Than this one thing I'm writing of,
The present useless man.

If he is blessed with worldly wealth,
For self alone he lives,
And for a work of charity,
No penny would he give;

In many forms this useless man,
Comes on the stage of life,
Sometimes he lives a bachelor,
Sometimes he has a wife.

But in each form he's still the same,
The meanest thing on earth,
And it only takes a cipher,
To estimate his worth;

He reads his neighbors papers
Beside his neighbors lights,
A neighbors fire must warm his shins,
On dreary winter nights.

And he must know they do not want
His carcass in the way,
But he can't afford to take offence
At any thing they say;

And while they only tolerate,
They shun him when they can,
And pray for nature to abate,
This parody on man.

When such a man as this should die,
I'd write one paragraph,
And carve it on a hemlock board,
To be his epitaph;

A hemlock board? I'll take that back,
I'd cut it deep in stone,
That future ages all might read
These words while passing on.

"Here lies a man who always lived
A useless life on earth,
Who never done a noble deed,
Since the hour of his birth;

He was indebted to all the world
For every single breath,
Therefore the world is richer,
Because he sleeps in death.

"He stole his living from the world,
Nor made the least return,
But if exists that fabled land,
Where fires forever burn,
And if some sports were warmer made,
By those who drew the plan—
And you should look in one of them,
You'd find this useless man."

E. W., 1879.

Selected Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSING DEED.

CHAPTER I.

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—
Lost, a parchment document, being an in-
strument of mortgage, dated the 17th day of
February, 1845, and made between Henry
Fortress of the first part, Ralph Howard and
Frederick Pollock of the second part, Wil-
liam Henry Austin and Emily Austin, his
wife, of the third part, and Thomas Burt
and Sidney Forrest Dystart of the fourth
part. Whoever shall bring the same to the
office of Messrs. Sharpe & Floyd, solicitors,
of No. 99 Bedford row, shall receive the
above reward.

"No, Mr. Morpeth, I am sorry to say,
no news whatever."

The speaker was Mr. Sharpe, the senior
partner of the firm of Sharpe & Floyd, whose
advertisements, as above, had ap-
peared at intervals in all the leading news-
papers during nearly six months prior to
the date of our story. Mr. Sharpe was
seated in his special sanctum, to which none
but the more important clients of the firm
were admitted. On the opposite side of the
table sat a middle-aged gentleman, whose
look of eager anxiety and nervous haste
was in striking contrast to the placid self-
possession of his solicitor. Mr. Morpeth's
impatience scarcely gave him time to re-
move his hat or gloves before he broke out
with the anxious question, "Well, Mr.
Sharpe, any news of the missing deed?"
"But, good heavens! my dear sir, in an-
other fortnight the cause comes in for hear-
ing! What on earth is to be done?"

"We can apply for an adjournment, if
you like; but, of course, it is only putting
off the evil day. You know my opinion
about the matter."

"That deed is no longer in existence?"
"I can't—won't believe it. At any rate, let
us make another trial. I would willingly
give a thousand if it could only be re-
covered."

"Quite hopeless, my dear sir. You have
already increased the reward from £100 to
£300. If the deed was still in existence the
holder would have been only too glad to re-
store it for a fifth part of such a reward.
You may make up your mind that it has
been destroyed, either purposely or ac-
cidentally; I cannot say which, and I don't
like to conjecture; but in any case you may
rest assured that the reason it is not pro-
duced is, that it is beyond production; in
fact, that it no longer exists."

"It is all very well for you to talk in that
philosophical manner; but how on earth are
we to prove our case without it?"

"It will be up-hill work, I grant; but as
our leader, Mr. Brass, told you in consulta-
tion last week, the case is by no means hope-
less. The deed being lost, and no copy in
existence, parole evidence will be admissible.
The difficulty is, that it is no use mincing
the matter) the evidence in question will be
exclusively that of interested parties; and,
considering the very large amount that is at
stake, that is a point the other side will nat-
urally make the most of."

"No doubt they will; that is just what
drives me frantic, and you talk of it as
calmly as if you were discussing the tele-
phone, or the last new planet. I know and
you know, that my cause is just and right.
To think that I and my poor wife, the very
soul

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
At No. 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription, \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.
Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special notices, 15 cents a line. Religious notices, 10 cents a line. Obituary notices, 10 cents a line.
The figures printed with the subscriber's name on this paper, show to what place the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1879.

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WOMEN VOTERS!

Do not fail to be assessed before Sept. 15.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT.—We give below a copy of an old advertisement, of a "Hotel in Woburn." If our information is correct, the house referred to, stood where the house of Hon. Horace Conner now stands. The Ichabod Parker referred to was the maternal grandfather of Judge Converse.

HOTEL IN WOBURN.

THOMAS MURPHY from Concord, has taken that pleasant and commodious house, lately owned by Ichabod Parker, in Woburn, half a mile north of the Meeting House, and only 9 miles from Charlestown Bridge.—Where he intends to be constantly prepared for accommodating his former customers, travelers, and all who may please to call on him, in a style, if possible to suit their taste; being always provided with the best of Wines, Spirit, Cigars, &c.—Having taken much pains to beautify his garden, prepare walks, bowling alleys, &c., and there being a large Fish Pond near, and variety of game in the neighbouring woods and fields; the place affords many charms to gentlemen fond of exercise and sport.

He has a large Hall, and can accommodate Companies for Balls, Fire Clubs, Canal Parties, &c., at the shortest notice. The Canal (at this season) affords a romantic and charming ride, and only 9 miles from Charlestown Bridge.—Where he intends to be constantly prepared for accommodating his former customers, travelers, and all who may please to call on him, in a style, if possible to suit their taste; being always provided with the best of Wines, Spirit, Cigars, &c.—Having taken much pains to beautify his garden, prepare walks, bowling alleys, &c., and there being a large Fish Pond near, and variety of game in the neighbouring woods and fields; the place affords many charms to gentlemen fond of exercise and sport.

The distance from Boston is just far enough to ride without stopping, and is the direct route to Billerica, Amherst, &c., as we can go by the Lowell and Portland Road. Boarders accommodated on liberal terms.

Woburn, May 26th, 1835.

Probably every one has some time in his life read that charming book "Webster's Unabridged," in which the author displays a wonderful knowledge of words, although the plot of the story seems rather disconnected. Of the 114,000 words described in this work, it is not surprising that the ordinary reader should forget some, but one of our exchanges is not to be named in that class, for if he is not a linguistic glossologist we mistake our man. Here are a few of his common words:—Incapacitate, apostrophe, itch, indagation, detrudre, superadventurous, verecundity, entokenked, deuterocopy. Here are ten words, two of which appear in an incantation of an opponent, and the others in a "boom" for the new district attorney. We fancy he must be interested in the sale of dictionaries.

We are indebted to Major H. C. Hall, who has resided in Woburn the past year, having been engaged in the construction of the Mystic Valley Railroad,—for copies of the reports of re-unions of the First Maine Cavalry. This organization was one of the best in the Army of the Potomac, and the Major must have made a good record, for at the last re-union he was introduced in the following flattering terms:—"And I call upon one of our most gallant efficient officers, who shared all the dangers, as well as the glories, of our four year's service, and who contributed so largely to the grand success of which gave the First Maine Cavalry immortal fame—Major H. C. Hall."

TO BE SHUT OFF.—The water will be shut off from the whole town on Sunday, to give an opportunity to repair a break in the main pipe at the corner of Pond and Main streets. This is one of the disadvantages of a single main pipe, and the town ought at once to pay a second one, so that in emergencies like the present, the citizens need not find themselves entirely without water.

RETIREMENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Charles D. Howard, of the Peabody Press, for so many years identified with journalism in this town, has concluded "for various reasons," to "step one side." Mr. Howard has made the Press a first class paper, and wherever his inclinations may lead him in the future he will take with him the kind wishes of his contemporaries.

The Soldiers Monument at Gloucester was dedicated on Thursday. Mr. Thomas H. Hill, of Commander Adams's staff was present. Rev. J. F. Lovering's address is spoken of as the most eloquent effort of his life.

At the Republican caucus in Medford last Wednesday evening, printed ballots were used and Long delegates were chosen by a vote of 57 to 41. Grammar delegates to the County Convention were chosen.

MUSIC.—Miss Emma A. Putnam offers her services to the public as a teacher of the piano-forte. Miss Putnam is an excellent teacher, and all who intend taking lessons cannot do better than by going to her.

At the present time Lt. Gov. Long has secured more delegates than Mr. Pierce, and the probabilities are that the former will have a majority of the delegates before the assembling of the convention.

Y. M. C. A.—The Young Men's Christian Association has secured the Chapel of the Independent Baptist Society, No. 218 Main St., and held their first meeting there on Monday evening.

S. S. CONCERT.—At the Sunday School Concert at the Congregational Church, Sunday evening, Mr. Moses H. Sargent will give an address. Meeting will commence at 7 o'clock.

At the Republican State Convention next Tuesday there will be 1210 delegates.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Woburn held a caucus at their headquarters, on Saturday evening. John L. Parker was chosen chairman, and William F. Davis, secretary. A committee, consisting of J. G. Pollard, E. E. Thompson, B. Hinckley, N. J. Simonds, Charles Spear, was appointed to prepare a list of delegates to the different conventions, and they reported as follows:—

State.—W. T. Grammer, J. G. Pollard, J. M. Harlow, M. M. Tidd, Wm. F. Davis. County.—E. F. Wier, B. Hinckley, J. W. Johnson, P. G. Hanson, John L. Parker. Councillor.—E. E. Thompson, N. J. Simonds, Horace Collamore, James Barry, G. M. Buchanan.

Senatorial.—F. A. Flint, Huntington Porter, J. W. Ellard, Leonard Fowle, Albert P. Barrett. Their report was accepted and adopted. The old Town Committee was re-elected, as follows:—J. G. Pollard, W. F. Davis, J. W. Johnson, P. G. Hanson, E. W. Gray. Brief speeches were made by Hon. J. G. Pollard, Col. Grammer, and Capt. Wier. No instructions were given, but it is understood that the State delegation is for Lt. Gov. Long for Governor, and the County delegation for Col. Grammer for Sheriff.

HUNTING FOR A MURDERER.—Charles E. Elwell, who was assaulted in Boston, on Friday, by Thomas H. McKay, died of his injuries Saturday evening. McKay had been employed as a lumper by Hart & Co., in Boston, and the police learned that he had been seen on John Shinkwin's team Saturday evening, and it was presumed he came to Woburn, where it is said he has relatives. Capt. Ford, of Station Three, with Officers Parsons, Wood, and Howard started for Woburn about midnight, and on their arrival, aided by Chief of Police Conn, and Officers Walsh and Boyle, commenced a systematic search for the murderer. They visited several houses where it was thought their man could be found, and continued their quest until daylight, but with no success. Ford and Parsons returned to Boston by the 6 o'clock train, and Wood and Howard with Conn and Welch visited Winchester, Lexington and Arlington, in hopes of getting on his trail. Detective Wood was very sure he was on the right track when he came to Woburn, and very reluctantly gave it up.

BAND CONCERT.—On account of the sudden illness of the director of the Band, Mr. T. H. Marrian, on Wednesday evening, the published programme was not performed. Next Wednesday evening the ninth concert of the series will be given, and the following programme presented:—

PART I.		
1. March. Victory.	Beyer.	
2. Concert. A Day in Boston.	Claus.	
3. Saxophone Solo. Heart Bowed Down.	Wiegand.	
4. Medley Polka. Anvil.	Riviere.	
5. Galop. Le Reveil Du Lion.		
PART II.		
6. March. Beyer's Best.	Beyer.	
7. Selection. The Puritan's Daughter.	Balfie.	
8. Polka Redowa.	Misere.	
9. Waltz.	Claus.	
10. Grand Finale.	Reeves.	

HOUSEBREAKING.—Saturday night, the house of C. W. Fifield, on Pond street, was broken into. The thieves entered by the kitchen door, the key of which had been left in the lock. Entering Mr. Fifield's sleeping-room they took his wallet from his pants, containing \$23.08, and went away without disturbing any thing else. They then entered the next house occupied by W. R. Stevens, by a cellar window, and from the room of a boarder took his watch and two or three dollars in money.

FOOT RACES.—The ten mile foot race between John Weafer, of Woburn, and James Conway, of Stoneham, was won by the former, by a quarter of a mile, much to the disappointment of a large crowd that had supposed Conway could win easily. The race was started at 5:53:18 P. M., and closed at 6:56:15 P. M. Weafer's time was 1 hour, 2 minutes, 57 seconds, as follows:—

1st mile.	2nd mile.	3rd mile.	4th mile.	5th mile.	6th mile.	7th mile.	8th mile.	9th mile.	10th mile.
1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00	1:00

The average time per mile, 6 minutes, 17.7 seconds.

Next Saturday evening Patrick Burke, of Woburn, will run five miles with Jerry Shay, of Winchester, on the Lexington track, for \$25 a side.

Arrangements are being made for a 25 miles race in Lyceum Hall, and as some of the fleet footed amateurs object to running for money, an appropriate prize, to indicate the championship of Woburn, will be offered.

ACCIDENTS.—William Matthews at work at Kinney's, split one of his fingers on Monday with a trimming knife.

Thomas V. Sullivan, Jr., had the forefinger of the left hand cut off at the first joint in a machine at Russell's Shop, Thursday.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Warren B. Parker, who has lately commenced housekeeping on his own account, on Broad street, was visited Thursday evening by members of the L. W. Perham Hose Co., and presented with a marble top table, which was "just what they wanted."

LOWELL CATTLE SHOW.—The 34th annual exhibition of the Middlesex North Agricultural Society, will be held at Lowell, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23 and 24.

25TH ANNIVERSARY.—The 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Republican party will be celebrated at Worcester, next Monday evening.

Albert Thompson, of Woburn, contributes a genre picture and two landscapes to the Cincinnati exhibition which opens this week.

NEW OFFICE.—Dr. Ephraim Cutter is now located at 94 Tremont street, Boston, and will attend to all who may desire his services.

REPUBLICAN DELEGATES.—The following is a list of the cities and towns in Middlesex, and the delegates to which each is entitled at the Republican conventions:—

Acton,	2	Maynard,	2
Arlington,	2	Medford,	2
Ashby,	2	Melrose,	2
Bedford,	2	Natick,	2
Bellingham,	2	Newton (14)	14
Billerica,	2	North Reading,	2
Buxborough,	1	Pepperell,	2
Burlington,	1	Randolph,	2
Cambridge (23)	23	Shelburne,	2
Ware (1)	1	Shirley,	2
Ware (2)	2	Somerville (14)	14
Ware (3)	3	Ware (1)	1
Ware (4)	4	Ware (2)	2
Ware (5)	5	Ware (3)	3
Ware (6)	6	Ware (4)	4
Ware (7)	7	Ware (5)	5
Ware (8)	8	Ware (6)	6
Ware (9)	9	Ware (7)	7
Ware (10)	10	Ware (8)	8
Ware (11)	11	Ware (9)	9
Ware (12)	12	Ware (10)	10
Ware (13)	13	Ware (11)	11
Ware (14)	14	Ware (12)	12
Ware (15)	15	Ware (13)	13
Ware (16)	16	Ware (14)	14
Ware (17)	17	Ware (15)	15
Ware (18)	18	Ware (16)	16
Ware (19)	19	Ware (17)	17
Ware (20)	20	Ware (18)	18
Ware (21)	21	Ware (19)	19
Ware (22)	22	Ware (20)	20
Ware (23)	23	Ware (21)	21
Ware (24)	24	Ware (22)	22
Ware (25)	25	Ware (23)	23
Ware (26)	26	Ware (24)	24
Ware (27)	27	Ware (25)	25
Ware (28)	28	Ware (26)	26
Ware (29)	29	Ware (27)	27
Ware (30)	30	Ware (28)	28
Ware (31)	31	Ware (29)	29
Ware (32)	32	Ware (30)	30
Ware (33)	33	Ware (31)	31
Ware (34)	34	Ware (32)	32
Ware (35)	35	Ware (33)	33
Ware (36)	36	Ware (34)	34
Ware (37)	37	Ware (35)	35
Ware (38)	38	Ware (36)	36
Ware (39)	39	Ware (37)	37
Ware (40)	40	Ware (38)	38
Ware (41)	41	Ware (39)	39
Ware (42)	42	Ware (40)	40
Ware (43)	43	Ware (41)	41
Ware (44)	44	Ware (42)	42
Ware (45)	45	Ware (43)	43
Ware (46)	46	Ware (44)	44
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Ware (48)	48	Ware (46)	46
Ware (49)	49	Ware (47)	47
Ware (50)	50	Ware (48)	48
Ware (51)	51	Ware (49)	49
Ware (52)	52	Ware (50)	50
Ware (53)	53	Ware (51)	51
Ware (54)	54	Ware (52)	52
Ware (55)	55	Ware (53)	53
Ware (56)	56	Ware (54)	54
Ware (57)	57	Ware (55)	55
Ware (58)	58	Ware (56)	56
Ware (59)	59	Ware (57)	57
Ware (60)	60	Ware (58)	58
Ware (61)	61	Ware (59)	59
Ware (62)	62	Ware (60)	60
Ware (63)	63	Ware (61)	61
Ware (64)	64	Ware (62)	62
Ware (65)	65	Ware (63)	63
Ware (66)	66	Ware (64)	64
Ware (67)	67	Ware (65)	65
Ware (68)	68	Ware (66)	66
Ware (69)	69	Ware (67)	67
Ware (70)	70	Ware (68)	68
Ware (71)	71	Ware (69)	69
Ware (72)	72	Ware (70)	70
Ware (73)	73	Ware (71)	71
Ware (74)	74	Ware (72)	72
Ware (75)	75	Ware (73)	73
Ware (76)	76	Ware (74)	74
Ware (77)	77	Ware (75)	75
Ware (78)	78	Ware (76)	76
Ware (79)	79	Ware (77)	77
Ware (80)	80	Ware (78)	78
Ware (81)	81	Ware (79)	79
Ware (82)	82	Ware (80)	80
Ware (83)	83	Ware (81)	81
Ware (84)	84	Ware (82)	82
Ware (85)	85	Ware (83)	83
Ware (86)	86	Ware (84)	84
Ware (87)	87	Ware (85)	85
Ware (88)	88	Ware (86)	86
Ware (89)	89	Ware (87)	87
Ware (90)	90	Ware (88)	88
Ware (91)	91	Ware (89)	89
Ware (92)	92	Ware (90)	90
Ware (93)	93	Ware (91)	91
Ware (94)	94	Ware (92)	92
Ware (95)	95	Ware (93)	93
Ware (96)	96	Ware (94)	94
Ware (97)	97	Ware (95)	95
Ware (98)	98	Ware (96)	96
Ware (99)	99	Ware (97)	97
Ware (100)	100	Ware (98)	98

The Democratic Town Committee which consists of G. W. Norris, T. H. Hill, S. F. Trull, S. D. Samson, James Maguire, P. M. Varland, and Thomas Salmon, held a meeting Wednesday, and by a vote of four to two, Mr. Salmon being absent, decided to adjourn until next Thursday evening, without providing for any caucus.

The Butler Democrats held their State Convention next Wednesday, and the Independent Democrats hold theirs next Thursday, while the National Democratic hold theirs on Oct. 7th. This action of the Committee looks like an effort to prevent the Butler Democrats of Woburn from having a representation at their Conventions next week. The minority of the Committee, Messrs. Trull and Hill, have protested against the action of the majority, and it is probable that a caucus will be called by them, and delegates sent. The Independent Butler men will also select delegates to their convention. The Butler vote of Woburn last year was 928, and the Abbott vote was 46. The minority claim that the 928 are entitled to a representation in the convention of next Wednesday.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—At the regular convocation of Hugh de Payens Commandery K. T. Melrose, held Sept. 10th, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:—Sir Knight E. B. Fairchild, E. Commander; Sir Knight John Viall, Generalissimo; Sir Knight N. J. Simonds, Capt. General; Sir Knight Rev. Charles A. Skinner, Prelate; Sir Knight John P. Loring, Senior Warden; Sir Knight Rudolph Kramer, Junior Warden; Sir Knight Daniel Norton, Jr., Treasurer; Sir Knight Daniel D. Devereux, Recorder; Sir Knight W. H. Dole, Standard Bearer; Sir Knight Dexter Pratt, Sword Bearer; Sir Knight R. Hodgson, Warder.

POLICE COURT.—John Kelley, drunk, \$8 and costs, committed. John R. Burke, drunk, \$3 and costs. Thomas Cavanaugh, assault and battery, case placed on file, costs paid. John Sheehan, drunk, \$3 and costs, committed. Patrick McNally, drunk, \$3 and costs. Joseph McCafferty, drunk, \$3 and costs. Robert Marlock, concealing mortgaged property, found over in the sum of \$200 for appearance at Superior Court. John McGovern, refusing to assist an officer, discharged. John H. Connolly, assault and battery, discharged on payment of costs.

GREENBACK CAUCUS.—A caucus of the Greenback voters of Woburn was held on Wednesday evening, at their headquarters. Patrick McHugh was chairman, and David Cronin secretary. The following delegates were chosen to the State Convention which is held in Boston on Friday, the 12th:—George S. Butters, James McDonald, John Shinkwin, Frank McManus, William M. Miller, Patrick McHugh, James Sheehan, Henry C. Castenson, Martin Moran, David Cronin, James McKilrick.

BURGLARY ON SALEM STREET.—Wednesday night the house of Mr. O. F. Bryant, on Salem street, near Beach, was entered by burglars. They obtained entrance by a rear window, and going to Mr. Bryant's sleeping room, took his gold watch and \$12 in money from his pockets, and escaped. This robbery was quite similar to the one on Pond street, the thieves confining their stealing to cash and watches.

The house of J. A. Ham, which is next to Deacon Bryant's, was also entered the same night, but the robbers only took some eatables, and departed.

The New York Democratic State Convention on Thursday, nominated Lucius Robinson for Governor, whereupon Tammany bolted and nominated John Kelley. This ensures the election of the Republican candidate, and is regarded as a defeat of Tilden's hopes.

CLOTHING CHEAP FOR CASH.—Mr. C. M. Munroe has purchased the stock of the Woburn Clothing Store and offers good bargains in clothing, hats, caps, &c., at low figures. See his advertisement in another column.

HYGIENIC BOOTS.—Wm. H. Richardson advertises the above articles. They are his own manufacture, and are the best thing of the kind to be found in the market. Read his advertisement in another column.

Dr. J. E. Abbott, well known in Woburn as an excellent veterinary surgeon, will be at the Central House Stables every Friday afternoon. Remember his consultations are free.

OPEN AIR MEETING.—The last of the open air meetings will be held Sunday evening. Capt. J. Henry Symonds will preside, and Moses H. Sargent, of Newton, will speak.

Why not compromise matters by making up a Long-Pierce ticket? There's the magic of victory in the name. The long purse generally wins.—Somerville Journal.

Elder Chick of Maryland will preach at the Independent Baptist Church to-morrow, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Delegates to Rep. County Convention.

Thirty-one towns and wards of cities in Middlesex have chosen 97 delegates to the Republican County Convention. There are 41 more towns and wards to hear from. Lowell, Malden, and Townsboro, entitled to 35 delegates, have held caucuses for State delegates only, and will meet again to select County delegates. Probably the remaining 80 delegates will be chosen before the next issue.

Ashland.—G. T. Higley, Webster Brooks. Ayer.—C. C. Bennett, Edward Lawton.

Cambridge, Ward 1.—Isaac S. Morse, George G. Wright, Joseph R. Richards, John Kinnear, Jabez A. Fox.

Cambridge, Ward 2.—Dwight M. Turner, T. W. Smith, Charles R. Patch, Tra Taylor, Benjamin Hazel, R. R. Tilton.

Cambridge, Ward 3.—Andrew Jones, Robert W. McVinch, J. C. Burdakin.

Cambridge, Ward 4.—L. M. Greeley, E. R. McPherson, R. T. Tobin, E. T. Nichols, William Wilson, W. H. Dodge.

Cambridge, Ward 5.—John M. Tyler, George W. Park, Thomas F. Fergusson.

Lexington.—Albert W. Bryant, Leonard A. Saville.

Medford.—J. Henry Norcross, Charles D. Archibald, J. Gilman Waite, J. P. Richardson, A. B. Reed.

Maynard.—Hiram Curtis, S. B. Shattuck. Natick.—A. B. Pierce, Joseph Wilde, J. R. Adams, Nathaniel Bartlett, Harrison Harwood.

Newton, Ward 1.—John M. Fiske, J. S. Potter.

Newton, Ward 2.—E. W. Pierce, J. A. Conkey.

Newton, Ward 3.—Edward Fleming, N. T. Allen.

Newton, Ward 4.—E. T. Bass, G. L. Clark.

Newton, Ward 5.—W. S. Cargill, G. H. Williams.

Newton, Ward 6.—E. H. Mason, Dwight Chester.

Newton, Ward 7.—J. H. Hills, A. S. March. Reading.—A. N. D. Stoddley, D. C. Temple, George A. Parker.

Somerville, Ward 1.—D. F. Crane, H. Haskins, John H. Butler, C. G. Pope.

Somerville, Ward 2.—R. M. Clark, M. P. Elliott, F. L. Temple, G. W. Ireland.

Somerville, Ward 3.—W. H. Hodgkins, H. A. Angier, A. C. Winning.

Somerville, Ward 4.—J. A. Cummings, John Harrington, Charles E. Joyce.

Stoneham.—O. Gilmore, G. W. Cromack, Lyman Dike, Henry Oliver.

Sudbury.—Thomas P. Hurlburt, Geo.

Journal Club Column

A BRIBING AFFAIR.—His loving mother said, "If you take some of the castor-oil, I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much," he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful; just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:—"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoofly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no oil," he said, as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor-oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking round for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to; and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat."

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no oil."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes; I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but I'll take a hundred-dollar pony to trot that castor-oil down my throat."

A small, ragged boy entered an oyster house in Salem, Mass., and asked:—"Will you sell me an oyster for a cent? I want it for my sick mother."

"What is the matter with your mother?" asked the man, as he proceeded to fill a can with oysters, thinking he would help to relieve a case of suffering.

"She's got a black eye," was the reply.

The benevolence rapidly faded from the mind of the oyster man as he put one oyster in a paper bag.

"Well, my little boy," said a clergyman, patting a little boy on the head, "what do you expect to be when you grow up?"

"Dunno," answered the boy bashfully.

"What would you like to be, then?" continued the pastor, expecting to hear the youngster say that he would like to be President of the United States. But the boy's ambition soared higher than that, for he blurted out, "I'd like to be a walker, an' wax Weston."

The tourist who went fishing in a New Hampshire trout brook and brought home a beautiful string of fish wants his friends to quit nagging at him, and lies awake nights planning revenge on the fellow who sold him those mackerel for brook trout.

An Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon one Sunday to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first, he astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Next!"

"You got up before breakfast, I see," said Mr. Fresh to a customer who had dropped in for some beefsteaks. "No, I got up after it," said the customer. Then they both laughed and when they got through they smiled.

Some wicked man asserts that it was a great mistake that potato bugs weren't introduced into the Garden of Eden, since their presence there would have kept Adam and Eve so busy that they wouldn't have had time to go foraging around for pippins.

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow with seven girls, all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," said the poor lady.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mrs. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly).—"All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

A boy was leading a poor old horse through the street the other day, when a gentleman asked him why he didn't get on horseback and ride. "Horseback," replied the boy, "it chafes me to lead him."

"Are you building air-castles in Spain, Mr. Jones?" said a landlady to a boarder, who was thoughtfully regarding his coffee-cup. "No, madam; only looking over my grounds in Java," replied Jones.

Two Irishmen travelling on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad track came to a mile-post, when one of them said:—"Tread aisy, Pat; here lies a man 108 years old; his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

A five-year old youngster, seeing a drunken fellow, said:—"Mother, did God make that man?" "Yes," she replied. "I wouldn't have done it!" was the answer.

Counsel (to witness).—"You're a nice sort of fellow, you are!"

Witness.—"I'd say the same thing of you, sir, only I'm on my oath."

The foundation for the meanest man is laid when a small boy turns the worm hole in an apple for his companion to bite from.

A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister the other day that he was a six-button kid.

Mary had a little lamb, with which she used to tussle; she yanked the wool all off its back and crammed it in her bustle.

To change window-glass to tin: leave the window open when it rains, and it will beat in.

The dentist makes almost as much per acher as the farmer.

It is a long trip tea takes from China to china.

Continued from first page.

garded as out of date and useless, had been swept into a corner for the dust-man. The deed in question had, by some accident, got among them; and Mrs. Morphy observing that it was parchment, and being a careful housekeeper, picked it up and laid it aside for the purpose for which she afterwards used it.

These particulars were communicated to Tom while Bessie brushed his hat and generally got him ready (for excitement had made him quite helpless) to go off to Mr. Sharpe's private house at once to claim the reward. Everybody appeared to have a vague kind of impression that it was all a dream, and that they had better secure the reward before they woke up. With the deed carefully wrapped in paper and in the breast pocket of his carefully-buttoned coat Tom hurried to Mr. Sharpe's, and hot and panting, began to tell his story. No sooner, however, had Mr. Sharpe comprehended the main fact that the deed was found, and assured himself of its identity, than he stopped Tom short in his narrative.

"That will do for the present," said he; "you shall tell me the rest as we go to Mr. Morpeth's."

A hansom was called and the pair were quickly at Mr. Morpeth's house.

"Is your master in?" inquired Mr. Sharpe.

"Yes, sir," said the footman, "but he is just sitting down to dinner."

"I must see him notwithstanding," said Mr. Sharpe. "Kindly take him my card; tell him my business is urgent."

The man complied, and a moment later Mr. Morpeth threw open the dining-room door.

"Walk in, Mr. Sharpe. Ah, you have good news! I see it in your face. The deed is found!"

"Yes, sir; I'm happy to say it is, and I congratulate you with all my heart; and you too, my dear Mrs. Morpeth," addressing a fair-faced, gentle-looking lady, who was seated at the head of the table.

"It is really found at last, is it?" said she. "Oh, what a relief! Then there will be no need for me to appear in that dreadful court?"

"Not the slightest need; indeed, I may almost say that the finding of the deed puts an end to the suit. The plaintiffs haven't a leg to stand upon."

"But where, when, how was it found?" inquired Mr. Morpeth.

"Here is the fortunate finder. He had better tell his own story," said Mr. Sharpe, "for as soon as I realized the deed was actually found I brought him here at once, and I scarcely know the particulars myself."

Tom told his story and produced the deed, receiving the heartiest commendation for his intelligence and acuteness.

"Excuse me one moment," said Mr. Morpeth; and leaving the room, he returned with a check still wet, requesting Messrs. Coutts & Co., to pay Thomas Halliday or order the sum of five hundred pounds.

"And now, my friends, he said, "sit down and join us at dinner, which you have so agreeably interrupted. For my own part, I feel more inclined to enjoy my dinner than I have for a twelve months past, though I am afraid the soup has got cold. Sit down, Sharpe. Will you sit there Mr. Halliday, and make yourself at home?"

Tom blushed and stammered, "I thank you kindly, sir; but if you remember, I've partaken of tea and shrimps already, sir. And if you'll kindly excuse me, I think there's some one might feel hurt; I mean—the truth is—my young lady is waiting for me, and—and I feel so proud and happy with this piece of paper that I shan't believe its real until I've shown it to Bessie, God bless her!"

"Amen, my lad; and if you or she need a friend you'll find one in me."

"And in me, too," said Mrs. Morpeth. "And tell your Bessie I shall come and make her acquaintance very soon."

Tom and Bessie were married a few months later, Mr. and Mrs. Morpeth both insisting on being present at the ceremony. They had made a great pet of Bessie, and gave substantial aid to the young couple in commencing housekeeping, quite apart from the £500 earned by Tom in connection with the missing deed. Uncle Keckwidge gave the bride away, and has gradually become quite reconciled to Tom, whom he regards as a man of unlimited wealth, acquired (such is still his firm conviction) by his having found and restored to its lawful owner, a one-eyed terrier, answering to the name of Bob.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERB.—Never send an article for publication without giving the editor your name, for by name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answers thee rap sneereth in his sleeve, and loatheth thee.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down type, or the boys will love as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's cases, or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayest understand.

A fellow in a cattle show, where he made himself conspicuous by his bluster, cried out: "Call these prize cattle! Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised! My father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts." "No doubt of it," said a by-stander, "and the noisier."

Printer's ink is an excellent moth preventative; so wrap up articles in newspapers when to be laid away.

Colorado has a mine called "The Printer's Devil," owned by four reporters.

Miscellaneous.

A FROLIC THAT WAS NOT FUNNY.

George Emery is my nephew. He isn't exactly the kind of boy I would like for my nephew; yet he is not a bad fellow. His mother calls him her "precious boy;" "A noble fellow with just a little naughtiness," but I hear that some people do not think so well of him.

Reports have reached us that he does not behave in school as a little gentleman ought to. The truth is, George is more fond of fun than study; and, worse yet, he has no reverence—that is, he has no respect for those who are older and wiser than himself. That, my children, is a very bad lack. If you have no reverence in your characters, you are very poor, though your fathers may be worth millions of dollars.

How I know that George has no reverence is because one day I heard him say to a white-haired old gentleman, who asked him to come to a place,—"Follow your nose, old fellow, and you'll get there." His mother insisted he must have said "Follow the road," but I heard very distinctly, and George did not deny saying "old fellow," though he tried to get around the "nose."

This shook my faith in George, and I resolved to inquire into the stories I had heard about his conduct in school. I am sorry to say I learned that he threw spit-balls at his schoolmates, and pinned papers on their coats, and marked their backs with chalk, and tipped them when they passed him; and talked aloud in a low growling way, to disturb the school; and that his teacher had been so tormented by him she had not even scolded and punished him, but had threatened to expel him.

I asked George about these things. "It was all just so," he said; "but school was so dull, and he wanted some fun. He didn't care a fig," he said, "for Miss Adams," (his teacher).

"But you ought to care to please her," I said. "She is trying to do a great deal for you."

"I know I ought to; but I don't, and I can't and I won't."

I will tell you confidently, reader, that though George was twelve years old, he did know his multiplication table, he read badly, and his spelling was about as bad as spelling can be. In a note he wrote me he spelled "cister," and any "eny," boat he spelled "bote," says "sex," and sugar "shuger."

So I said to him: "George, the reason you spell so badly and can't learn the multiplication-table is because in school you study mischief, instead of your lessons."

"I tell you, aunt," said he, "I hate books. I hate good scholars. I like a fellow who isn't afraid to do a funny thing."

But one day something happened; something funny, which George did not enjoy. Miss Adams was called out from the school-room; and before leaving she said:—"I wish George Emery to take my place on the platform and keep order till I return."

George slunk down into his seat as far as he could, and wished there was a hole in the floor to let him through. He felt the eyes of all the school turned upon him. He heard the low snickering of his mates, and he knew they were all thinking: "The worst boy in school would make a pretty monitor!" But he began to feel that he was a coward, and that they would all call him one if he did not go; so he pulled himself out of his seat and walked swaggeringly to the platform and took the teacher's chair, trying to look as if he was master of the situation.

Miss Adams whispered a word to him and left the room. The girls bent their heads over their books, determined to be just as quiet and studious as if their teacher were present; but the boys had no such intention. In a moment spittails began to fly across the room and even at George's head; and there was low laughter all through the room among the boys. Then they talked aloud and whistled, and the spit-balls grew faster and thicker.

Poor George! He felt as if he would go through the floor. First he thought he would take no notice of the disturbance; but the noise grew louder. Then he thought he would leave the room, but that would be cowardly—he was ashamed to do that. Then he thought he would beg them to be quiet, but he remembered how many times Miss Adams had begged him to behave himself, when he was playing these same tricks, and he knew they would laugh at him. He felt that moment that it was, after all, a mean thing, and not a funny one, to insult a teacher by behaving badly, and he wished he had never done so.

The noise grew louder and louder. The laughing and talking and whistling and groaning seemed to increase like a dreadful storm. A spit-ball struck George's forehead, and a voice called out:—"Say, old boy, how do you like it? It's fun, isn't it?"

George wished he could wring the neck of every boy in the room. His face grew red and his eyes glowed like fire. He felt sick. At last he stood up before them and said:—"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? I should think you might behave yourselves, when your teacher has trusted to your honor."

All the boys laughed, and called out:—"Och! you! Yes, you're a nice one to preach to us! Now you know how it feels!" and half a dozen other insulting sentences.

It suddenly occurred to him they were paying him off for his bad conduct in school. It did not soften his anger to know this, and I really believe he would have sprung at one or two of the ring-leaders if just then Miss Adams entered. She looked excited and somewhat ashamed.

Poor George could not say a word; but his red face and angry look told the whole story.

"Boys," said Miss Adams, "it has not been very kind in you to distress George, when he was filling my place."

"We thought 'twould be good for him," whispered a bold fellow on the front seat.

George went to his seat and put his head down upon his desk and secretly brushed some hot tears away from his eyes.

That was six weeks ago, and never since has George behaved badly in school. It was a dreadful experience for him; but it took some of the mischief out of him. He is on the best of terms with his teacher, who told me about this incident; and he has already learned as far as the nine's in multiplication-table.—The Independent.

WILL THE COMING BOY EAT BREAD.—It does not look much like it now. At present he feeds chiefly on pies of different kinds—usually preferring mince—doughnuts, frosted cake, candy, a variety of sweetmeats—coconut cakes being a favorite—ice cream and blue maize. If he is somewhat robust, and inclined to athletic sports, such as boating, walking matches, base ball, &c., &c., he eats thin slices of neat's tongue, cold fowl and corned beef—if it is extra nice. It wasn't so in old times. Then, when a boy went into the house after something to eat, the bill of fare was very simple. He didn't often get late to school on account of time spent in making selections. The bill of fare oscillating between Indian cake and brown bread. He could take his choice—that is, if there was no Indian cake he could have his choice of brown bread, or he could wait a day or two. He had his choice. There was not much simultaneousness in his diet; simplicity was his chief feature. Accordingly, the boy who was waiting outside didn't have to wait long for his comrade to make his appearance with a piece of Indian cake five or six inches square, or a top crust of brown bread measuring fifty square inches. A boy would soon change the geometrical proportions of one of these pieces, by the rule of reduction descending. Two boys would reduce it in proportionate ratio, and make no inquiries about butter. When one of these boys sat down to a meal he knew just what to expect; he knew where to strike in. If he made any mistake it was in not striking in soon enough, as there was not always sufficient to go round. All this is changed. Now, when a boy sits down to the table, he scans the domestic horizon, and, if he is an expert, he takes in the situation at a glance. It requires some practice to do this, but with a little experience he soon reaches a state of high art. No matter how complex the menu, the part which is to go upon his plate is in his mind's eye before anything is passed round. Bread, and such common articles, are generally excluded. He will sometimes take a little soda cracker or a wine biscuit, as a preliminary, and then ranges among the higher styles of comfits and dainties. Under this arrangement, his diet is largely of sugar, with a little of something else mixed in to hold the sugar together. By-and-by he has no appetite for breakfast, and his mother wonders "what ails William." Then he begins to have pains inside and out, in back and stomach, in arms and legs, and soon after may be seen in the druggist's shop, inquiring about phosphates. This costs more than bran, so it's better. He won't eat bread when he can get phosphates; not he.—Cor. of Lynn Reporter.

A VERY FUNNY THING.—During an excursion from this city to Niagara Falls, says the Pittsburgh Telegraph, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard of it. The Kennard House at that city was crowded with guests when an eccentric and witty druggist of Smithfield street appeared late at night and demanded a bed. The clerk said there were only two vacant beds in the house, one wherein was quartered a Pittsburgh morning newspaper man, and the other in a room wherein was a Pittsburgh evening newspaper man, who were with the excursion.

"To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk—so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in."

The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chance with the evening newspaper journalist, as they excelled the morning men in more ways than one and he would doubtless be so drunk that he would lie dormant quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon fast asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about twelve o'clock, and thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself, unconsciously, in the druggist's clothes, and sallied out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered, as he treated all present:

"Funniest thing I ever heard of. When I went to bed last night I only had twenty-five cents to my name, and now I've got over a hundred dollars (showing a crumpled roll of bills), and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.

BEATING THE BOAT.—The other day one of the ferry boat captains found aboard his craft a cadaverous-looking chap who had beaten his way to and fro so often that patience had ceased to be a virtue. When it was found that he had no ticket the captain roared out:

"What did I tell you the last time I passed you over?"

"You said you'd throw me into the river next time I tried to beat my way across," was the calm reply.

"And now—" yelled the captain, as he started to pull off his coat.

"And now you won't. You are a good-natured man and I don't want you to get into trouble on my account. I will go overboard on my own hook."

He stepped to the gangway and made a dive before anyone could prevent. The boat was stopped, life-preservers thrown out, and after hard work, the man was hauled aboard. The captain seized him, braced him against the cabin, and shaking his fist under the boat's nose, exclaimed:

"Look-a-here, you miserable, sinful man, I've been put to ten dollars trouble trying to collect your five-cent fare! After this it is understood that you are always to ride free, and if you offer to pay fare I'll lick you.—Detroit Free Press.

FACES ABOUT THE HUMAN BODY.—Every adult man has 1,400 square feet of lungs, or, rather, the mucous membrane lining the air cells of his lungs, if spread upon a smooth, plane surface, would cover an extent of 1,400 square feet. About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration. A man breathes eighteen times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogheads of air per hour. The weight of the heart is from eight to twelve ounces. It beats 100,000 times in 24 hours. The stomach daily produces about nine pounds of gastric juice for the digestion of the food; its capacity is about five pints. An amount of blood equal to the whole quantity of the body passes through the heart every minute.

Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

1851.

1879.

THE Woburn JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

NO. 38.

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Journal Club Column

THE PIN.

Only a pin, yet it is easily lost;
On the tufted floor in the light of day;
And it shone so brightly and so bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fenshish grin;
He stooped for awhile with look intent
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when fizz-bang pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell; though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy, and man, and chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

We have the following, upon the authority of one of the parties: The late Samuel Bowles was one day talking with a noted divine of the Connecticut Valley, when he asked the parson if he delivered a new sermon every Sunday. The parson said that he must plead guilty to going to the "barrel" occasionally. Bowles then asked how many sermons he had in his barrel. The parson replied, "Eight hundred." "Well," said Bowles, "I will have that put in the next arithmetic, 'Eight hundred sermons make one barrel,'—but, by the way, parson, should it be put in the table of long or dry measure?"

A lady, not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs and, in due course of time, a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

An Irishman discharged an over-loaded gun at a rabbit. Having been knocked senseless, as he recovered and rose from the ground and saw the mumble rabbit making off over the hill exclaimed, "Faith and if y'd been at my end of the gun, you wouldn't be scampering about in that way, sure."

As a party of ladies and gentlemen were climbing to the top of a high church tower one hot day a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, persipal," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

Says the Boston Advertiser:—A certain young lady who was a little behind-hand in her summer out-fit surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it to her she said because she had no little hat-yet.

If there is one thing that will disgust a man with woodcock hunting, it is to mount an old stump, while intently scanning the horizon in search of game, to awaken to the stern reality that a colony of red ants has taken possession of his trouser-legs.

"What are you doing there with that basin of water! Don't you know you'll wet your clean waist?" said his mother. "That's all right," said six-year-old, as he threw a lucifer into the water, "I'm only watching a swimming match."

A farmer who wished to enter some of his live stock at an agricultural exhibition, in the innocence of his heart, but with more truth in his words than he dreamed of, wrote to the committee, saying, "Enter me for one jackass."

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies set adrift on the ocean, to see what course they should steer. A lady in the room replied: "That's easy told; they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure."

Charles— "Clara, did poor Carlo have a pink ribbon when you lost him?" Clara— "Yes, yes, the poor little dear; have you seen him?" Charles— "No not exactly, but there is a piece of pink ribbon in the sausage!"

A physician's little daughter, called upon for a toast, gave: "The health of papa and mamma and all the world." But she suddenly corrected the sentiment. "Not all the world, for then papa would have no patients."

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.

At the close of the sermon, the minister became impressive. Raising his voice he said:—"Judgment!" and a small boy near the vestibule shouted:—"Out on first!"

Dignity becomes a man, but when your hat and a gentle zephyr have about a rod the start of you, dignity becomes of as little account as a last year's calendar.

A lame Somerville man was seen drinking cool water from a well, and being asked why he had no cane, replied, "I left Mystic at home."

We suppose that when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin-nickle of her happiness.

A Fourth street girl says she doesn't like archery, because she can have only one string to her bow. She isn't a flirt.

A Miss Wheat in Indiana, was thrashed the other day by a man whose West-heart she had ceased to be.

The old goat tried to butt a circular saw, and the subsequent proceedings were but a trifle to what the buck saw.

An advertisement in a California paper is signed "B. Beans." His front name is perhaps "Baked."

A young lady has written a book called "My Lovers." It begins, of course at Chap. I.

A man who declared himself to be intoxicated with music was considered alright.

Song of the belles—Be flirtuous and you will be happy.

Tramps say there's arrest for the weary.

What the wild waves say: "Let us spray."

Continued from first page.

It now seemed as if the light had gone out of the world.

But if it was hard for Captain Baker to remain at home before this tragedy had overtaken him, it was still harder now. Everything reminded him of his lost son, and of the blasted hopes which had centered around him. Although ten years seemed to have been added to his age, and a slight uncertainty seemed to some to have altered the firm tread of his massive frame, yet to the outside world he preserved a steady, almost cheerful demeanor. But the sea drew him again with a strange, irresistible influence, with the clamour of a witch.

"I can't live this way, mother; I must take another voyage, even if I don't never come back here again."

Not only did Mrs. Baker not hinder his going, but she decided to go with him; whatever be the fate before him, she would share it, and great as was her sorrow, she knew that his was in some sort increased by the shadow of self-accusing remorse, a self-blame not wholly unnatural for a calamity which it was out of his power to prevent. Leaving their daughter and Lucy May in their house with a maiden aunt who had been invited to make her home there during absence, the faithful pair, at an age when most people are laying aside the burdens of life, sailed once more on the rough, treacherous ocean which so emphatically symbolized the troublous life of man. The gossips of the Cape, with a knowing shake of the head and pursed-up lips, acknowledged to a presentiment that he would never return, that this was destined too truly to be his last voyage, notwithstanding that he asserted with a grim smile that he was heading for the Cape of Good Hope this time, which was true enough; for, as if to renew the days of early manhood, Captain Baker now took command of the "Dhulep Singh" for Calcutta, the port to which his voyages were made.

The voyage out was unattended by any unusual incidents. The ship reached the Hooghly in safety, and, having discharged her cargo and reloaded, she started for home. If the outward voyage had often seemed monotonously melancholy to the old sailor and his wife, oppressed by the weight of their loss and the blasting of their hopes, the homeward voyage was more hopeless, for they felt, if they did not shape their thoughts in words, that the blank dreariness of their home on their return to it would tend to re-open the heart-wounds but partially healed. Gradually the "Dhulep Singh" ploughed her way across the Indian Ocean toward the Cape of Good Hope. She had escaped the violent gales which accompany the change of monsoons, and was running before a very fresh but favorable and seemingly steady breeze on the quarter, and it was hoped that she would weather the Cape and take the southeast trades without meeting any heavy gales. But it was otherwise ordained. Having taken his afternoon nap, Captain Baker got and took a look at the barometer. The result was unsatisfactory and he rubbed his eyes and gave another glance at the mercury, which only confirmed his first observation. He went on deck without delay.

A great change was impending. Terrific gloom was overspreading the heavens, reaching up from the horizon across the zenith in ragged, livid streaks like the arms of demons stretching out to clutch their victims. The sea under this pall rolled black and ominous, boding no good, while ever and anon the dark curtain of mist which was rapidly approaching from the southwest was rent by appalling flashes of lightning, now white bolts riving the skies in twain, now in vivid sheets which circled the whole offing and rimmed the sea with a ring of fire. The distant but ceaseless roll of thunder, every moment growing louder, was of a character to impress the stoutest heart with awe and apprehension.

The officer of the deck had already begun to take precautions to meet the storm, and most of the watch were aloft furling the light sails; but Captain Baker, who was better acquainted with the weather of those seas than the mate, saw that not a moment was to be lost while the ship still had whole topsails and courses set.

"Come down from there!" he roared to the men aloft; "don't wait to furl the top-gallant sails!" then, turning to the mate, he bade him call the watch below. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the ship was taken aback by a fierce squall right in her teeth. The tremendous pressure on the topsails made it useless to let go the hal-yards or start the sheets, and driven stern foremost, the ship began to bury her stern under the combers; the water boiled over like a sluice, rushing forward into the cabin and the waist; she was apparently beyond human control, and in another minute would have gone down, as lightning, thunder, darkness, wind and rain burst with a sublime, confused, and irresistible roar and fury over the devoted ship. But at that supreme moment the crew, by almost superhuman effort, succeeded in lowering the spanker and bracing the forestay. The noble ship, writhing and resting for life, fell off in the trough of the sea, lying over almost on her beam-ends, while the sails were blown out of the bolt-ropes and flew off to the leeward like scraps of vapor. For the time she was saved, but how long could she live in that position was the question, especially if the storm settled down into a continuous hurricane. By skillful management they finally got the ship pay-off before the wind, scudding with a rag of canvas in the fore-rigging. By the next morning the "Dhulep Singh" had run out of the vortex of the cyclone, and they were able to heave to, although a sea absolutely mountainous rolled up from the south pole in a manner that sometimes threatened to engulf the ship.

The sun set that day in a clear offing, festooned with the pageantry of crimson and golden clouds, and the wind having shifted and greatly moderated, they were able to make sail. Two days after the Cape of Good Hope was sighted, like a gray cloud against the pale green of the horizon sky. The weather was fine, the ship jogging along under royals, and the crew engaged in repairing such damages as had occurred to the rigging in the late storm. Two of the men squatted on the deck in the gangway, were mending a topsail; Mrs. Baker was seated by the companion-way sewing and chatting with the captain, who, spy-glass in hand, scanned the offing from time to time. Ne-

tune, their white Newfoundland dog, was standing on the taffrail snuffing the land, and gazing at the sea with an expression truly human. It sometimes does seem as if, with their other gifts, some dogs may be permitted to claim a certain dim, far-off sense of the poetic feeling. It was, in a word, one of those average days between the repose of a calm and the excitement of a storm such as come in the life of a ship as in the life of man.

"To-day is our John's birthday. Had you thought of it, Abijah? He would have been twenty-eight years old," said Mrs. Baker.

"Yes, mother, it was the first thing I thought of when I woke up."

"Well, one thing is sure—he's where he will have no more hurricanes to fight." Although she had been heroically calm through the recent storm, it had naturally made a lasting impression upon her, and, being the least bit superstitious, like most people, or call it belief in Providence if you prefer, she sincerely believed it was for some purpose she had been "spared," when others were overwhelmed by the winds and waves never more to see their homes.

"I suppose that's so; we don't know much about it; still, I'd be glad to see him back again, and I don't believe but what, to please his old parents and his poor girl mourning for him on the Cape, he'd be willing to come back for a while."

"You know the Bible says, 'He shall come back no more to me, but I shall go to him,'" repeated the good lady in a low tone. "I wish I had your faith, mother, not because believing a thing makes it any more true, but that one feels better and takes life easier."

Thus the pair gossiped to themselves in the commonplace characteristic of those whose life-work is action rather than speech. After a while one of the men aloft reported a sail in sight.

"Where away?"

"On the lee-beam; looks like a wreck, sir."

Everybody immediately sprang to his feet and scanned the offing, but, as the strange sail was not visible from the deck, Captain Baker went aloft with his glass, and discovered it to be a ship apparently in a sinking condition, her fore and main masts gone by the board, and a flag of distress in the mizen-rigging; she had evidently been dismantled by the late hurricane.

"Square the main yard!" was the order that now rang through the ship, and she was then kept away for the wreck, which very soon became visible from the deck. As they drew nearer they could see that she was settling fast, and that the crew (her boats having been carried away) were rapidly constructing a raft alongside. The "Dhulep Singh" was hove-to a short distance from the wreck, which proved to be the "Rothsay," tea-clipper, of London, and a boat was lowered and sent off to her.

The "Rothsay" was almost down to her scuppers, wallowing helplessly in the sea, and her end was fast approaching. Help had come to her crew just as she was about to go down under them and leave them adrift on the waste of ocean; nor was it safe for the boat to linger alongside, lest it should be sucked down by the whirling vortex caused by the death-throes of the foundering ship, liable to occur at any moment. A number of the "Rothsay's" crew had been washed off in the hurricane, and one, who had been maimed by falling spars, was already lying on the raft, and was gently transferred to the boat, which then shoved off. When it was midway between the two ships the "Rothsay," lurching convulsively, buried her bow in a sea, and the waves closed over her as she went down, locked in their embrace till the sea gave up her dead. There is no more solemn or impressive sight in this world than the sinking of a ship at sea. When a man dies the body continues for a while to give the semblance of reality, and only by degrees wastes away to nothingness. When a house burns down, it is only gradually, and the ashes remain. When an earthquake fells a city, the fragments are still there. But when one moment we see the strong and mighty fabric of a ship actually before us, and the next can discern absolutely not a vestige or sign or semblance or shadow of it existing, we come very near to forming a conception of what annihilation is, if there be any such thing.

The "Rothsay" having disappeared, the attention of all on board the "Dhulep Singh" was directed to the returning boat, and the haggard faces of those who had been so opportunely rescued from a watery grave were eagerly scanned. But when it arrived alongside, and the features of the wounded man became distinctly visible, Mrs. Baker, shuddering as if with cold, pale as death, and with tongue almost paralyzed with overpowering emotion clutched her husband's arm: "Abijah, don't he look like our Johnnie?" "Elizabeth, what—you don't mean to say—My God, it can't be!—and yet—if only the dead could come to life, I should say it was our John."

Thus gasping and staggering, rather than walking, Captain Baker took two or three steps forward, and gazed into the eyes of the maimed seaman, who at the instant looked up. As he caught the gaze of the captain, a change came over his sunken features; reaching forward his arms and exclaiming, "Father!" he fell back apparently dead; it was this circumstance which aided to prevent the parents from yielding to the emotion caused by the violence of the shock received from this most extraordinary event. Descending into the boat, the captain found that his son was only in a syncope, resulting from excitement and physical exhaustion. With the greatest tenderness and sympathy, in which everyone of the crew joined—and it may be said to their credit that more than one of them drew his rough hat across his eyes—John Baker was hoisted out of the boat and carried into the cabin, where the usual remedies applied in such cases soon restored him to consciousness.

John Baker's story is soon told; hair-breadth as was his escape, it is at any rate no more remarkable than the adventures which are encountered by most seafaring men some time during the course of their adventurous lives. On the night of the collision he was on deck; the schooner was lying-to, and as she was directly in the track of inward-bound vessels, anxiety was felt, and a sharp lookout maintained. He discovered the bark at the same instant that the schooner was perceived. Conscious of a

glance that a collision was unavoidable, he at once took thought for his personal safety. As is common on our fishing schooners, there was a nest of dories amidships. He made a dive at this and lifted the upper one out of its bed just as the two vessels came together, and held fast to by the painter. By great good luck it floated when the schooner went down, and he contrived to get into it. It glided over the seas before the wind, its very lightness giving it buoyancy, and helping to keep it clear of the combers. But it was only by the greatest management—may not one also add by the aid of Providence?—that dory crew of one man lived till morning. He was then sighted by a ship out-ward bound; she altered her course, and flung a rope to him as she swept by; he caught it and was saved. The vessel was bound to China, and the captain was loath to put back to land him, but promised to transfer him to some homeward-bound vessel if convenient. No such opportunity seemed to occur; either the sea was too high to launch a boat when they met such a ship, or they did not care to lose a fair wind; something always prevented. In the meantime John was given a berth in the fore-cabin, and worked his passage. At Shanghai he secured the place of second mate: in the "Rothsay," and started for home via England. The "Rothsay" was overtaken by the hurricane described above, and hove on her beam-ends; her captain was washed overboard with several of the crew; it was then found necessary to cut away the masts to right her, and John had his leg broken in two places by a falling spar. After the ship righted it was discovered that she had started a butt, caused by the pounding of a mast-head before the wrecked stuff was cleared away, and the water gained rapidly on the pumps.

John had suffered greatly from the severe accident which had been aggravated by exposure and lack of surgical aid. And, although the tender care of his mother and the glad face of his father did much to relieve his pain, it was decided to put into Cape Town to procure the medical advice he so much needed. At the Cape of Good Hope they remained several days, and then under propitious auspices hoisted the top-sails once more for home. Past St. Helena's rocky isle, across the line, and the Gulf Stream, the "Dhulep Singh" sped as if impelled by the consciousness of the glad tidings she bore to the forlorn heart on the Cape, gasping with despair along the far-off verge of ocean for the sail of one who would never return to cheer her life again.

It was a glad moment for all on board when the bare, yellow sand-hills of Cape Cod and the Highland Lighthouse hove in sight. "My country!" exclaimed Captain Baker, with exultation, as he proudly gazed on the rising shores of his native land, while Neptune, wagging his bushy tail with becoming dignity, evidently regarded the scene with similar sentiments, and hailed every passing vessel with a sonorous, good-natured bark.

A question which often arises in life is whether the happiness that succeeds adversity and sorrow is dearly purchased at that rate. Probably, if we had the choosing of our destiny, we should shrink from such a valuation of good fortune. But Providence which lays down the laws for man, has otherwise ordained, and decrees that as in art so in life the strongest efforts of light shall be gained by a deep, contrasting shade; that repose shall come as a relief from toil and pain; that rapture shall be rapture because it is the revulsion from overpowering anguish of soul. Hard is the law, terrible the price we pay for what happiness we have in life, but the only philosophy that is of any practical value here below, and that is to accept the inevitable.

This train of thought received a practical exemplification when Captain Baker, with his good wife and son, arrived at home on a certain evening some years ago. The wedding which followed before many weeks needs little comment; it was one of unusual solemnity and happiness; and the chubby, blue-eyed, dimpled-checked little girl, who appeared in due season thereafter, was regarded with peculiar feelings. It was a warm welcome indeed which she received from grandmother Baker, who at one time had given up all prospect of ever seeing this little grand-daughter.

"Ah, little one, you little know how near you came to never having a father!" said Captain Baker, as for the first time he gazed entranced on his first grandchild.

"One may truly say that she was brought to us out of the depths," said Mr. Plimpton, the minister; "out of the depths of the sea, out of the depths of despair, she comes to us bearing consolation and the smile of God reflected on her brow."

He wanted to arrive.—He had no dirty handkerchief around his neck, no linen duster on, no fan in his hand, none of the ordinary marks of a tourist; only a weary look, a tired, unsatisfied expression of face. He crept up slowly to the counter of the Planter's Hotel, and slowly wrote his name on the register.

"Will you have supper?" said the handsome and obliging clerk.

"No, no supper," said the weary man.

"Would you like to go to your room now?" further queried the handsome and obliging clerk.

"No, no room—want no room," said the weary man, who was beginning to breathe easier.

Here was a poser. A guest of a hotel who wanted nothing to eat and wanted no room.

"Well, what can we do for you?" asked the handsome and obliging clerk in a desperate attempt to solve the problem.

"Nothing, sir, positively nothing," said the weary man. And then growing confidential, he exclaimed, "I notice every day that the papers publish hotel arrivals, I have been travelling for years, for many years in all States, but I have never arrived. May be you do not know what it is to be going all your life and never get to a place. Somehow I think I shall feel better if I arrive, and I want to see in the papers that I have arrived, so that I can be certain of it. I must arrive or die."

The weary man was allowed to arrive and to depart, and he went out into the weary world as if a great load was off his mind, a happier and a more arrived man.

Not a miss—A pretty young widow.

CHILDS & LANE

116 Tremont Street, Boston.

Anticipating the large advance which has taken place in every grade of

CARPETINGS,

We placed our orders very early in the season at prices much below current rates, and are thus enabled to offer to our customers a splendid line of goods at very low prices. In addition to a full stock of TAPESTRY, THREE PLY, EXTRA SUPERFINE, and low priced INGRAIN CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTH, RUGS, and MATS, we call especial attention to a new make of BODY BRUSSELS, which for quality, style, and finish has never been surpassed. Many of the patterns are private to us, and will be confined to our retail trade.

CHILDS & LANE.

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FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, COFFIN WAREHOUSE, MONTVALE AVE., NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST., Woburn.

CASKETS AND COFFINS of various Styles and prices. Robes in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC RITES, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead, furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns. Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages furnished.

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EASTERN, WESTERN, and Northern LUMBER,

BUILDING MATERIAL

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Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities. Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Railroad Freight Yard.

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Office, 104 Main Street, Opposite the Depot.

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CENTRAL MARKET

151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

Keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

Beef, Pork and Mutton,

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a

Meat and Vegetable Market.

New and Second-hand CARRIAGES

In great variety and at Low Prices.

Lightweight, Single and Double, Heavy and Light and the best Horses for the money in the World.

Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c., at low prices for good goods.

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1851.

1879.

THE

Woburn

JOURNAL.

29th VOLUME.

The Journal is essentially a news-paper, and first of all it will continue to give

ALL THE WOBURN NEWS,

together with that of surrounding towns, as it has been demonstrated that the people desire to have and will sustain, a paper which is a journal of the news about affairs in which they have a personal interest.

THE STORIES

which are given each week constitute a feature of the paper and have always met with favor.

The Journal will continue to be a live newspaper treating of

LIVING ISSUES

with an independent pen, giving its readers the best selections from

CURRENT LITERATURE

in the shape of stories, original and selected, sketches, paragraphs, &c., together with all the news, and discussions of current topics. The above has made and will maintain it as the

Popular Newspaper of the Town

and this fact should assure the business men that it is the best

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

they can possibly have. There is no better way to reach the people than through the newspaper, which is welcomed and read by every member of every family to which the paper goes.

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WOBURN.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIX.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

NO. 39.

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RESIDENCE:
PLEASANT STREET, WOBURN.
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Miss J. J. Campbell,
desires a few pupils on the
PIANO FORTE,
and will also teach THEORY. Terms reasonable to suit the times. For particulars call at her residence, No. 70 Main Street, near Green St.

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ESTABLISHED 1865
Parks & Freeman,
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Mill and Steam work of all kinds. Shafing
Pulleys and Gearing, Steam, Water and Gas Fittings,
Tanneries and Curing Shops fitted up at short
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All orders promptly attended to. Copartnership
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MACHINIST
Steam and Gas Fitter.
MANUFACTURER OF
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Mill and Steam Work of all kinds. Shafing
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fitting up Tanneries and Curing Shops.
SHOP, REAR OF 130 MAIN ST., WOBURN

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CENTRAL HOUSE,
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Sleighing or Dancing parties. With one of the best
dancing halls in the County, and all the facilities for
carriage parties, the Central House will be found to
answer all the requirements of the traveling public.
LEE HAMMOND, Proprietor.
Catering on the most satisfactory terms a
specialty.

A. BUCKMAN,
Dealer in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 Main Street, Woburn.
Grammar Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on
hand.

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Livery, Hack & Boarding
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G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

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BOOT and SHOES REPAIRED.
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Near the Highland Station.

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TAILOR,
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Having had many years experience as a Practice
Tailor, in some of the best tailoring establishments
in the country, he offers his services to the citizens
of Winchester, and will guarantee satisfaction to all
who may favor him with their custom.

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Photographs in Every Style made and finished in the
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8 x 10 Photographs \$2.00. Club Pictures to schools
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H. S. DUNSHIEE, Artist.

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Farming Tools & Seeds,
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Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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TOWN BILL POSTER
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Orders left at Porter's Cigar Store, 139 Main Street,
promptly attended to. - - - - -
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tended to.

R. C. HAYWARD,
Dealer in
GROCERIES,
FLOUR, GRAIN, FEED, MEAL, ETC.
At the Lowest Prices.
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SEWING MACHINES
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Liberal Prices allowed Old Machines in exchange
for new ones.

For Sale or To Let.
HOUSE OF 6 ROOMS,
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Inquire of J. B. McDONALD.

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FOR VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LIMBS, ETC.

The relief given by these in cases where such troubles exist is incalculable. Many that ought to wear them put off their use until after a time, and then find it impossible to do so. A few days ago we fitted a pair to a man who has suffered terribly over eight years with swollen limbs, and he has experienced the greatest relief from them. Another case fitted was a man who neglected getting one, a sore formed and he was confined to his room for months. Directions for self measurement if desired, or any information given with pleasure by

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George H. Conn,
INSURANCE AGENT,
NO. 159 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

DR. EPHRAIM CUTTER,
94 Tremont Street, Boston,
10 A. M. to 2 P. M.
September 11, 1879.

CHARLES D. ADAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
No. 54 Devonshire Street, Boston.
No. 159 Main Street, Woburn.
Office: At Boston, 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO
THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES.
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FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
of Liverpool, England.
I have this day been appointed AGENT of the
above Company for Woburn, Winchester and Stone-
ham.
All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended
to.

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J. M. ELLIS & Co.,
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Work guaranteed for 10 years.
STONE MASONS AND CONTRACTORS.
Sand, Loam and Gravel furnished.
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Has removed to
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EAST STREET, 34 house from HIGH STREET

Auctioneers.
WILLIAM WINN,
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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
seasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL OF-
fice, Woburn, promptly attended to.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER,
Office, 89 Court Street, - - Boston.
Orders left at H. F. Smith's Tea Store, 154 Main
Street Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

North Woburn Street Railroad.
FALL TIME TABLE.
Horse cars leave No. Woburn at 6.10, 7.00, 8.25,
9.45, 11.35 A. M., 12.45, 3.00, 4.15, 5.25, 6.35 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 8.50 P. M. Saturdays
at 8.50 P. M.
Leave Woburn Centre at 6.35, 7.30, 9.00, 10.35,
A. M., 12.05, 1.40, 3.35, 4.45, 5.50, 7.05 P. M.
Mondays and Thursdays at 9.00 P. M. Saturdays
at 9.15 P. M.
Dexter Carter, Supt.

Cornet's Commercial College
THE FORTIETH ANNUAL
REGISTER
Now ready, sent by mail or may be had free at the
College, 660 Washington Street, Boston.
ALL KINDS OF PRINTING AT THE
JOURNAL OFFICE.

OPENING ADDRESS

Delivered by Mrs. Dr. France B. Hiller,
before the Farmers & Mechanics Club of
Wilmington, Mass., at their Fifth Annual
Fair, September 19th, 1879.

Strangers, Visitors, Townspeople and
Townspeople, Mr. President, and members of
the Farmers and Mechanics Club:—The
high honor of delivering the opening address
upon this 5th anniversary of your agricul-
tural fair, has been conferred upon me. You
might doubtless have selected a more com-
petent speaker to perform this pleasant task,
still I am deeply touched when I realize that
you have this day paid through me a most
delicate compliment, not alone to your
mothers, your wives, and your daughters,
but to all the women of America, and
throughout the civilized world, for I believe
I am the first of my sex who have been in-
vited in this or any other country, to address
an audience upon an occasion like the present.
To me it appears a confirmation
of the glorious fact that woman is not looked
upon as a mere drawing-room ornament, a
lay figure for the milliner and dressmaker,
or else a toiling drudge, but the equal intel-
lectually of man, possessing the same aspira-
tions, the same hopes, the same capacity for
intellectual culture, worthy to be the friend
and counsellor as well as the companion of
her husband. May I not be pardoned if I
am proud to say, my townspeople are among
the first to extend a friendly recognition to
this social, moral and intellectual advance-
ment of woman.

It seems to me very appropriate that
in this edifice where the farmers assemble to
return thanks and solicit blessings, that they
should also receive their full meed of credit.
There is an adage that "the laborer is worthy
of his hire," if so, then surely the farmers
of Wilmington are doubly worthy of praise,
for who can behold the splendid collection in
the hall and not wonder at the perseverance
and energy, the cultivation and muscle that
must have been expended ere this admirable
result could have been achieved? Name the
market where you can find finer produce or
a greater variety than you have this day
examined. It has hitherto been the ungra-
tified fashion to say "Wilmington sand will
produce nothing." This assertion must now be
forever set at rest, for our farmers have
for the past five years fully demonstrated
the fact that their land will produce crops
above the average, therefore I repeat, all
praise to the men who in the face of such
discouragement have proved the truth in
the saying: "It's not what's in the land but
what's in the man." Why should not our
land bear crops, there is no difference be-
tween it and the lands of Lexington and
Arlington. It is but a few months since that
an experienced Arlington farmer said that
he wished no better fortune than to possess
12 acres of our land in Arlington, for he
could raise three consecutive crops a year
on it! There is appreciation for you! I
think you will all agree with me that it will
not be advisable in the future for these
lecturers to disparage our land and doubt
our capabilities for farming, for perchance
they may rouse our farmers to still greater
efforts and consequently greater rewards! These
detectors must remember that our
farmers are not of that fretful disposition
and grasping nature, that they are disturbed
by every foolish story, of this man, or that
man, or the other man making wonderful
profits all of a sudden. No! I am proud to
say, they are of a staid, conservative dis-
position, industrious, careful, and withal con-
tent with their lot, their farm and its income;
they envy no man, but do the best they can
in their own way, keeping a sharp eye for
the main chance and use all the energy and
enterprise they can bring to bear on their
business, and never get troubled by forget-
ting the solid fact that no man gets a dollar
very often without giving a dollar in labor,
or skill, or sometimes in actual money for
it. It is impossible for me to say all I wish
concerning the thousand and one things con-
tributed by the ladies of this town. A few
hours are not sufficient to thoroughly view
the countless evidences of their ingenuity,
their knowledge and their patience. The
hearts of their husbands, their fathers and
their brothers should swell with pride and
exultation at these proofs of their talents,
displayed in the production of so many
varied, beautiful and useful articles. It is
plainly to be perceived that though our far-
mers are clever and wise, their families can
boast that they this day stand upon an
equal footing.

Many among you will probably view
other affairs and view the contributions of
other ladies, but I think I can in all hon-
esty assert that the work of the Ladies of
this town cannot be excelled. Now, it is
not my intention to attempt to instruct my
superiors in knowledge in the art of farming.
I have always held the opinion that the best
place to speak of practical farming is at the
Farmer's Club and I am not going back
upon that opinion now; yet I must confess
that I am sometimes astonished at the mis-
taken idea which many thoughtless persons
entertain that any one can become a farmer.
To this day it is a common saying "when I
can't do anything else, I shall take to farm-
ing." I often wonder, if there are many in-
dividuals who accurately picture to them-
selves the real, not the ideal farm life. I
suppose that nine out of every ten, if asked
this question—would reply, "Oh, delightful!
chickens, you know; fresh milk and cream
and little pigs, lamb, and green peas, and
new mown hay, and all that sort of thing,
you know." This may sound absurd, but I
have received that answer scores of times.
I find, it is very difficult for people to im-
agine a farmer's life to be anything else
than ridding about and raising and eating
good things. They never appear to think
that farming is a science and requires con-

siderable thought and much labor, or that a
farmer to be anything of a success must
study somewhat and possess a level head.
It seems to me that a farmer from his rising
to sleeping and sleeping to rising again, has
more calculating and planning to perform
than the world is willing to give him credit
for.

Very few can begin to imagine the future
possibilities of farming, but the time is fast
approaching when agriculture shall be pro-
nounced the noblest of occupations, and the
grandest of sciences. The farmer has no
idea of the power he wields, plodding on
day after day, year after year, teaching the
great world lessons of Energy and Industry.
He is building a superstructure of power and
influence such as monarchs may envy. The
farmer is the foundation of his country's
prosperity; he is the bread winner for the
millions, without him the world would be a
wilderness and man's vaunted pride, learn-
ing and magnificence would come to an an-
ticipated end. Nations would perish and the
Earth would once more be delivered up to
solitude and silence. Kings and Princes
may quarrel and send their armies to fight
their unholy battles, for glory, revenge or
avarice. Blood may flow like water amidst
the clang and clash of arms, the rain of
shot and shell and smoke of cannon, and
amidst the cries of despair, rage, passion
or fury, and though none of these things
shall stay the murderous work, two
little words will accomplish it, "No nations."
What dismay would fall upon the rank and
file, but the horrors of famine. Glory,
revenge and avarice would be alike forgot-
ten in the face of this dire disaster; mon-
archs would ignore their fancied wrongs and
join amicably in the search for that commodity
which is more precious than life, for it is life it-
self. A Rothschild may find the money to carry
on the wars of greed and ambition or to
make or unmake empires, kingdoms or re-
publics, but their power is forever stayed
when bread fails. Let us all suppose a
period in the history of America when all
the farmers in the land should decide that
they would not reap, or plow, or sow, or do
any work upon the farm for one year;
neither should there be any communication
carried on with any other country for that
space of time. Can you imagine what the
result would be? Some among you would
naturally reply "America's resources are so
vast that there would be more than sufficient
to supply the wants of the nation." Not so!
Before three months should have elapsed
there would be a heartfelt cry for food; at
the end of six months that cry would be-
come a deep and bitter wail; the multitudes
would look around them and say, "Where
is the food? What are we coming to?
What shall we do?" In those days the
baker may heat his oven and sweep it, but
that would not make bread; the butcher
may sharpen his knife and stand at his block
but it would not make meat; the carpenter
may use his saw and his plane, but he could
not fashion a loaf of bread. The machinist
may go among his straps and his valves and
wheels, but he could not turn out a loaf of
bread. The spinners and weavers may
weave their cloths ever so cunningly, but
they could not weave a loaf of bread. The
sewing woman may sew her fingers to the
bone, but she could not make a slice of
bread. The woman of fashion may recline
upon her silken couch and bedecked in her
richest jewels and raiment but all her riches
would not purchase her an ounce of bread.
The dandy and the idle fellows who have
despised the farmer may deride now to their
hearts content, for neither their insolence
nor their fair words would procure them a mor-
sel of bread. The lawyer may close his
books and nail up his door; people have no
time to wrangle when they cry for bread.
The doctor may prepare his pills and his
potions but he cannot give them the coveted
poor "bread." The printer may print his
paper; his startling bargains will not tempt;
he cannot offer them bread. The merchant
may wander into the marts of commerce
and solicit where he once commanded, but
he could not procure a crumb of bread.
The silver tongued orator may teach the
people ever so wisely but he could not teach
them where to find bread. The philanthro-
pist may give his life but he cannot give
them bread. Senators and congressmen,
legislators and judges would share the com-
mon lot; their power nor their influence
could not procure them a mouthful of bread
—and laborer, what of him? He would
clasps his wife and little ones to his aching
breast and say, "Though I work from
morn' till eve and from eve till morn' again,
until these sinews should crack or these
veins should burst, I cannot earn your daily
bread." At such a time you might hang a
bag of gold upon the nearest picket fence
and not a soul would touch it. The poet,
the painter or the sculptor, though endowed
with all the power and all the magic of their
hearts, though capable of reaching or em-
bodying the boldest flights of imagination;
the philosopher, though he may be able to
scrutinize the most hidden depths of human
thought can be known and appreciated only
by a few; but the farmer, who, toiling for
him, endures the heat of summer, the
frost of winter, who is content with enough
energy, in pursuit of his heaven-sent call-
ing—he is the man, the sphere of whose in-
fluence, extends with the progress of years
and his name shines brighter and broader as
time goes on. Compared with his, the fame
of the legislator among distant nations and
the celebrity, of new institutions appear un-
certain and obscure, while the glory of the
conqueror shall sink into the destroying
abyss of time. But the honor and the name
and the fame of the farmer shall challenge
the reverence of the world.

Among the most important and valuable
results of civilization, if not the most im-
portant, are Agriculture and Literature.
Like twin sisters, hand in hand, they scatter
far and wide with liberal generosity; the one
food for the body, the other food for the
mind. Literature holds within her grasp
the accumulations of centuries, all that we
can know of the past, all that shall teach us
in the present, or guide us in the future.
The literature of the present day, especially
that portion appertaining to the farming
interests, you will all admit, is faithfully
represented by the press. Where would the
farmer be without the press? Nowhere!
There is not an experiment made in agricul-
ture that the press does not gladly herald to
the world. The farmer works and experi-
ments by day, the press toils and groans by
night to disseminate the news throughout
country. Depend upon it, the press is the
farmer's best friend, for it makes a point of
collecting and printing every item that can
be of service or benefit to the community at
large. Many years ago, when newspaper
were scarce, farming was not held in such
high repute, but the press has enlightened
and taught the whole of the civilized world,
the nobility and grandeur of agriculture.
Through its columns, the farmers of all
countries are brought into friendly and
intimate relations; the American farmer
likes to read in the papers what his English
brother farmer is about; if there is a sudden
demand in any part of the world for his
products, he has not got to wait the slow
lapse of weeks to learn the news; no, he
simply looks in the paper and there find a
market for his goods. Does he wish to
purchase a fine cow, must he ramble all over
the country, waste valuable time and bring
home a scrub at last? No, he reads the
paper and very soon discovers where to ob-
tain the best. If he wishes to sell his hay, or
potatoes or grain, he has but to look in the
papers. In fact there is through the medium of
the press, a market for everything he has. Ex-
cuse me, I must make one exception, for a
first-class farmer in this audience, once told
me he would sell everything he possessed
but his wife. Farmers don't forget your
boys! But educate them in such a manner
that they shall love the farm and delight to
stay upon it. Don't make it such a drudgery
that they shall be forever contriving to get
away and seek other paths. Give them
amusement at home; you must remember
that times are different to what they used to
be. Most of you have found out that owing to
the press and railroad, you need not work as
hard as you did twenty years ago, and then
you know, you have the reaping machine
and the mowing machine and all sorts of im-
proved labor saving implements for farm-
work. So remember your own youthful
days and give the boys a chance; you all
know the old saying "all work and no play
makes Jack a dull boy." I fancy, I hear
some one among you exclaim: "Why, my
boys get amusement; there is the farmer's
meetings and the singing school, and have
got a base ball club and they see all the
sights that come to town. Isn't that enough?"
No, it is not enough. Take your boys, big
and little to the circus when it comes within
ten miles of you; take them to Boston, to
the theatre, the art studios, and the Natural
History Rooms; let them see the beauties of
the common and all the pleasant sights you
can think of. Feast their eyes, instruct their
minds, let them feel that they live; don't do
it once, but again and again and yet again,
so that they may not be continually hank-
ering after these pleasures. Your boys then
will not have inflated notions of dignity of
living in the city and becoming lawyers, doc-
tors, merchants or dry goods clerks. I
repeat, give them a practical as well as a
scholastic education, educate their hearts as
well as their brains. There is another thing
I should like to impress upon you. Don't
crum them with Greek and Latin, wasting
their young lives, learning dead issues, but
teach them French and German, practical
languages that will be of some future benefit
to them; for the world is rushing on and this
country is populated by so many different
nationalities that it behooves you to teach your
boys these languages that they may be en-
abled to hold their own in the race of life.
Farmers, you cannot afford to ignore this
matter; ask any of our best men and they
will assure you of this fact, even more em-
phatically than I do. There is not a man
among you, who does not believe that his
boys are capable of becoming anything, do-
ing anything, or filling any position. Why,
then, don't you, their natural protectors, as-
sist them in this matter and sow down upon
your heads the blessings of your children's
children. The farmer also should be thor-
oughly educated, not alone in the science of agri-
culture but in the politics of his country, so
that he may be enabled to exert himself for
the benefit of his fellow men. The farmer
is peculiarly in need of legislative representa-
tion and he should learn to understand his
position in politics, to the end that he may
work and vote for his own best interests. In
many quarters it is considered that the far-
mer needs no political privileges or representa-
tion, and it has been the practice to ignore
his wants, but the time has arrived when this
state of affairs must be ended, for the far-
mer's influence once brought to bear upon
politics will not only long continue, but will
become immeasurable for good. When I
behold amongst farmers the noblest spirits
and the most respectable characters of the
age, I am willing to believe that a mighty
advance will be made through them in all
that concerns the best interests of this
nation and that a new era of political purity
will dawn upon us that will put an end to the
present state of national degeneracy, of po-
litical imbecility and disgrace, of a malicious
unbelief, of a coquetish and sensual cant,
of a deep demoralization, of a passion for
pleasure, a ruinous extravagance and of

contempt for every public interest. If I
were not guided by a profound feeling and
an inviolable conviction upon these matters
I should not take it upon myself to speak of
them; but it is my firm impression that every
farmer from this time forth should use
his influence to combat these ignoble spirits,
who use their political power in a manner
mischievous, hostile and deadly to the most
sacred interests of the nation, of religion,
and morality.

Farmers of Wilmington! Are you aware
of the position in which the nation is this
day placed? Do you realize the tremendous
struggle that has been going on for the past
14 years? That since the late civil war the
very existence of the country has been at
stake? Look back upon the past few years
and picture to yourselves our enormous
public debt, our many ruined states, our
manufacturing industries impeded, our ship-
ping, commercial and transportation inter-
ests paralyzed, the thousands of our unem-
ployed, vainly seeking for work, that they
may earn their daily bread and then tell me
what the present reveals. I will reply for
you. Those troubles were not chronic and
though the way has been long and the road
rough, we see light at last. Those states
devastated by war, are phoenix-like rising
from their ashes. Our public debt is being
rapidly reduced, our shipping and commer-
cial interests are becoming every year more
assured and prosperous. In our manufac-
turing departments there is abundance of
promise, for there are no men or women un-
employed who are willing to work. Every-
one is more or less contented, for a dollar
now-a-days means a lot. Business fail-
ures are steadily decreasing, a sure proof
that confidence is being restored. Believe
me, when I say, I am convinced we stand
at the commencement of a new and un-
precedented period of prosperity. When
our disastrous war was ended, the people
fully realized that the only way out of all
their difficulties was to go back to the soil,
and nobly have the farmers and agricultur-
ists of the nation, East, West, North and
South acquitted themselves, and to them is
America indebted for her redemption and
salvation. The Pilgrim fathers little im-
agined when they fled from England's in-
hospitable shores, for freedom and con-
science sake that their descendants would
one day break the bonds of the British far-
mer, exactly as they have wrenched asunder
the fetters of the southern slave. Deny it,
who can, the English farmer is a toiling
slave; not only is he the humble dependant
of the British landowner who grinds every
cent out of him for rent but he is also dic-
tated to as to the crops he shall grow.
What farmer among you, sitting so happy,
contented and prosperous before me, would
be willing to grow oats where wheat should
be sown, or turnips where potatoes should
be planted, and then be obliged to pay rent
at the rate of \$30 per acre and live upon
the profits? Not one of you! Therefore
you will understand me when I repeat that
the farmers of this country shall break the
bonds of the English agriculturists; for
there is a cloud rising in the West and it
is travelling across the Atlantic, that cloud
is competition; it is a deadly foe to the British
landowner and will seek him out, not only
in his corn, but in his pastures and is more
dreaded by him than the Rinderpest. Com-
petition is the life of trade, and competition
will be the salvation of Europe. Do you
care to learn your exports? Fresh beef to
the value of upwards of five million dollars,
pork and ham at more than that figure;
thirty million pounds of cheese and a hun-
dred million pounds of butter; the total
value of your exports from the 1st of Sept.
78 to the 1st of Sept. of the present year
amounts to 754 million dollars. So you per-
ceive that with the boundless West at your
back, you can go on increasing your pas-
ture lands and send them more and more
corn, cheese, butter, bacon, ham, wheat and
beef every year, while they have only their
limited acres, their high rents and their un-
certain seasons. There has been a gradual
falling off in their agricultural produce dur-
ing the last twenty years, and there is no
prospect of a rebound, in the presence of
the overwhelming corn and cattle growing
of the West. It is a fact that all these ex-
ports which benefit us so immensely are
most disconcerting to the British landowner,
but they are glad tidings to the overworked
artisans of the mother country and a promise
of better days to the poorest of her popu-
lation—and God be thanked that through
your efforts your fellow creatures are
in that distant land will be made prosperous
and happy, in diminished rents, cheap bread
and cheap beef. So, up farmers and be
doing! Value yourselves, as you should be
valued, for you are the true lords of the
Earth, your Kingdoms are the Kingdoms of
genius, spirit and generosity. Amidst sun
and rain, amidst fire and steam, heaven's great
ordnance shall be obeyed, for toil either
of the brain, of the heart or of the hand,
shall be considered the only true greatness
—and to whom will the credit of all these
things belong? To the pioneers and promo-
ters of all the improvements in this town,
the members of the Farmers and Mechanics
Club. Gentlemen, your estates may in the
course of years fall into other hands; your
children's children may have passed away; the
very place where your sacred dust reposes
may be forgotten, but your names and the
memory of your exertions, in behalf of this
town will be remembered with gratitude
forever!

GRAND CONCERT

A Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, will be given at the

Congregational Church, Woburn, On Wednesday Even'g, Oct. 1, 1879,

By the choir, consisting of Mrs. SALLIE CLOUGH-PHINNEY, Soprano. Mrs. M. E. FULTON, Contralto. Mr. FRED. D. MERRILL, Tenor. Dr. C. T. LANG, Baritone and Director. Mr. JOHN C. BUCK, Organist.

ASSISTED BY Miss CLARA POOLE, the favorite Contralto of Boston. Prof. Wm. H. CLARKE, the celebrated Organist and Composer. Mr. F. H. LEWIS, Pianist. Mr. FRED. S. ROBBINS, Clarinet.

ADMISSION, - - 25 Cents. To be had of John C. Buck, Wade's Block, Frank B. Dodge, corner of Main St. and Montvale Avenue, and at the door.

Doors open at 7. Concert at 7.45.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

All persons interested, take notice.

BY virtue of a power of sale, and for breach of the conditions contained in a certain Mortgage given by Lemuel G. Richardson to the Woburn City Savings Bank, a legal corporation having its place of business in Woburn, Mass., dated twenty-seventh day of August A. D. 1878, and recorded in the County of Middlesex, book 1489, page 131, will be sold at public auction, on Wednesday the twenty-second day of October, A. D. 1879, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all and singular the certain conveyed by said Mortgage Deed, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Church Avenue, in the Centre Village of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz:—Northernly by said Church Avenue; easterly and southerly by land now or late of Stephen Dow; and westerly by land of George Buchanan, and measuring on each of said sides, one hundred feet.

Said premises will be sold subject to all taxes now existing on the same.

One thousand dollars will be required to be paid at time of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,

Mortgagee and present holder of said mortgage,

by JAMES N. DOW, its Treasurer.

WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Mass., September 27, 1879. 214

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

BY virtue of a license from the Probate Court, within and for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at public auction, on Tuesday the fourteenth day of October, 1879, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the right, title and interest which R. Russell Simons, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, had at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, namely:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon, standing, situated in the southerly part of said Woburn, on Highland street, containing one hundred and thirty square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on said Highland street, and land of Josiah Parker, 2d; thence the line runs easterly by land of said Parker and by land of Lincoln Emerson, one hundred and forty nine feet to the centre of a private street; thence southerly by the centre of said street, to the northwesterly corner of Edmund C. Cottle; thence westerly by land last named, one hundred and forty nine feet to said Highland street; thence northerly by said Highland street, one hundred and forty nine feet to the point of beginning. The interest which R. Russell Simons had in the same, is supposed to be one undivided sixth part of five undivided thirty-sixth parts, and see deed from Edmund C. Cottle to said Simons and others, dated June 24th, 1874, and recorded with Middlesex (So. Dist.) Deeds, Book 1387, Page 309.

Terms at sale.

HENRY A. EMEISON, Administrator.

Winchester, Sept. 25, 1879. 208

REMOVAL.

FRED. F. LOWELL,

Successor to G. P. Simmons, has removed his

FISH AND OYSTER MARKET

To 232 Main St., opp. Union St.,

Where he will be pleased to see all his old patrons and the public generally. Will keep constantly on hand all kinds

Fresh, Smoked and Pickled Fish, Oysters, Clams, and Lobsters.

Oysters and Clams opened fresh every day. Boarding Houses, Saloons, Parties, and Fairs, supplied at greatly reduced rates. Orders called for and delivered promptly.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risk. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see our prospectus, which we will send you at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make a great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$50 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLET & CO., Portland, Maine.

MRS. ROBBIE

WILL RESUME

Piano-Forte & Vocal Lessons

ON AND AFTER SEPT. 23,

AT HER RESIDENCE,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

PERSONS.

TO FRIENDS AND PATRONS

IN WOBURN AND WINCHESTER.

Having secured a

CARGO OF COAL,

Will deliver at

SUMMER PRICES

UNTIL November 1st.

Send orders early. Orders addressed to P. O. Box 242, Winchester, for COAL or

GROCERIES,

Will receive prompt attention at the WINCHESTER HIGHLAND CASH GROCERY, Depot Building, Cross street.

Orders respectfully solicited and delivered in any part of Woburn or Winchester.

J. W. PERSONS.

Dr. J. E. JEBBOTT,

The well-known

VETERINARY SURGEON.

Wakefield, Mass., opp. Centre Depot,

Will be at the stable of G. F. Jones, Woburn, every Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Consultation Free.

YOU can buy Pure and Good WINES and LIQUORS, in any desired quantity, packed and sent anywhere, by sending cash orders to the old house of

C. A. RICHARDS & CO.

141 15 and 22 Kilby street, Boston.

MANURE AND SPENT TAN

for sale cheap at BRYANT & KING'S, Woburn Mass.

Woburn By-Laws.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At the Superior Court begun and holden at Cambridge within and for said County of Middlesex, on the first Monday of June, being the second day of said month, Anno Domini 1879.

The following By-Laws of the Town of Woburn, in said County, are presented to Court for approval, to wit:

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1.—The Annual Town Meeting for the choice of Town Officers and other purposes, shall be held on the first Monday in April in each year.

SEC. 2.—A written or printed copy of every warrant for a Town Meeting, attested by the officer or person to whom it is directed, shall be posted up at each of the Government Post Offices of the town, and printed in each newspaper published in town, which is issued not less often than once a week, seven days at least before the time named therein for holding said meeting.

ARTICLE II.

FINANCIAL CONCERNS OF THE TOWN.

SECTION 1.—The financial year shall begin on the first day of March, and end on the last day of February.

SEC. 2.—No money (except State Taxes and Principal and Interest of legally authorized Town Notes) shall be paid by the Town Treasurer without a written or printed warrant for the same, signed by the Selectmen or a majority of them.

SEC. 3.—The Town Treasurer shall issue no Notes in the name of the Town unless it is approved by a majority of the Selectmen and stamped by them with the Town Seal.

SEC. 4.—The Town Treasurer shall on the first day of March annually, render to the Selectmen in writing a full and correct statement of all receipts and disbursements for the financial year last past.

SEC. 5.—The Selectmen shall cause to be printed and distributed, ten days at least before the Annual Town Meeting, the Treasurer's annual account, together with the report of the officers of the various departments and the financial report of the various departments of the Town for the year last past.

ARTICLE III.

TAXES.

SECTION 1.—All taxes shall be assessed and committed to the Collector or Collectors, on or before the fifteenth day of August in each year, excepting in the year in which a new valuation shall be taken, when as soon as may be, and the tax bills shall be delivered by the Collector or Collectors, within sixteen days after the date of assessment.

SEC. 2.—All taxes shall be due whenever a bill of the same shall have been presented to any person taxed, or his agent, or the tenant of any non-resident proprietor of any property taxable in the town, or left at his usual place of abode or business.

SEC. 3.—In all cases where tax bills for poll, or for poll and personal tax only, are not paid, on or before the first day of October in each year, it shall be the duty of the Collector to forthwith issue a summons to each delinquent and if such delinquent do not pay the amount within twenty days after the summons, within ten days from said summons, the Collector shall issue a warrant to the Officer who shall forthwith proceed to collect the amount due, in the manner provided by law.

SEC. 4.—The delivery of a tax bill as directed in the preceding section, shall in all cases be deemed a demand for payment of the tax.

SEC. 5.—Every Collector shall pay over to the Town Treasurer all taxes by him collected, except town taxes, at or before the first day of February in each year.

ARTICLE IV.

HIGHWAYS, STREETS, AND PUBLIC LANDS.

SECTION 1.—No building shall be moved over any public road or way in this town, without a written permit from the Selectmen being obtained, and any person who shall not comply with such restrictions as the Selectmen shall think proper security requires them to set forth in any permit, shall forfeit such pay for every such offence the sum of ten dollars; provided that the Selectmen shall in no case grant a permit for the removal of any building whatsoever, which in the course of its removal will tend to destroy or damage any trees or shrubs, the property of individuals, whether standing in the roads or in the fields unless the consent of such individuals is first had and obtained.

SEC. 2.—The Selectmen may grant permits to any persons to build sidewalks in front of their own lands, or on any of the streets or ways in the town, whenever the public safety will permit, which permit shall specify the width and mode of constructing the same.

SEC. 3.—Whenever complaint shall be made to the Selectmen that the practice of casting on any of the streets or sidewalks in this town has become dangerous to the public safety, they may if they shall judge it expedient, post up a notice in some conspicuous place on the side or corner of any street or sidewalk, forbidding all persons to cast upon the same, and if for persons so cast upon the same, shall be liable for the cost of such notice, he shall forfeit a sum not less than one dollar, nor more than five dollars, for every such offence, to be recovered of the offender, his parent or guardian.

SEC. 4.—No person except the Highway Surveyors in the lawful performance of their duties, or those acting under their orders, shall obstruct any sidewalk or street, or any part thereof, or any part of the ground of the same, without first obtaining a written license from the Selectmen, and the person so licensed shall keep up a sign on each side of the sidewalk or street so obstructed and shall place a substantial and convenient walk around such obstruction, and keep as many lighted lanterns fixed at proper places for the protection of the public, as the Selectmen may require, and the Highway Surveyors shall direct, so long as the said obstructions shall be unsafe or inconvenient for travellers.

SEC. 5.—No person shall place or cause to be placed in any public or private way of the town, the contents of any sink, cesspool or privy, nor place any rubbish or garbage in the same, except for the purpose of the immediate removal thereof.

SEC. 6.—The contents of any sink, cesspool or privy, must be removed in a vehicle effectually covered and tight, between the hours of 6 P. M. and 7 A. M., unless otherwise permitted by the Board of Health.

SEC. 7.—Any person placing any obstruction on any sidewalk or highway of the town, without a permit from the Selectmen, who shall not remove such obstructions immediately after receiving notice from any Police Officer, shall forfeit three dollars for every such offence, and three dollars additional for every six hours such obstructions remain.

SEC. 8.—Every owner of any vehicle stopping on the highways of the town so as to obstruct or delay the passage of other vehicles; or for the purpose of persons as shall obstruct or delay the passage of vehicles, who shall not remove such obstruction immediately when ordered by any Police Officer, shall forfeit three dollars for every such offence.

SEC. 9.—Three or more persons shall not stand in a group or near each other, on any sidewalk or street in such a manner as to obstruct or impede free passage, after having been requested, by any Constable or Police Officer, to move on.

SEC. 10.—No awning, sign or projection of any kind shall be erected on any sidewalk or street, or walk without a written permit from the Selectmen, stating the conditions upon which such projections are granted, and the length of the time they shall continue.

SEC. 11.—No person shall fire or discharge any gun, fowling piece, pistol or fire-arm, or set fire to any materials known as "fireworks," or other combustible matter, or throw any such lighted fireworks in any of the public or private ways of the town, except on such occasions as the Board of Selectmen may specially permit.

SEC. 12.—It shall be the duty of the Highway Surveyors to expend in the most judicious manner, seventy-five per cent. of the Annual Appropriation for the improvement of highways in town, before the first day of August in each year.

SEC. 13.—No vehicle of any kind, with or without a horse or any other animal attached, shall remain backed against the sidewalk on any highway of the town, or on any other public way, for a longer time than it may be absolutely necessary to load or unload the same.

SEC. 14.—No person shall suffer or permit any horse or other animal, carriage or vehicle of any kind to belong to him under his own hand, or to stop upon any sidewalk or crosswalk in the town, for any purpose except the taking up or setting down of passengers, or merchandise, or any longer time than may be absolutely necessary for such purpose.

SEC. 15.—No gate either for the use of persons, horses, cattle, carriage or vehicles of any kind, constructed in any fence abutting on the highways of the town, shall open outward over the sidewalk or highway.

SEC. 16.—Snow or ice shall be removed by the tenant abutting, from any brick or concrete sidewalk in the town, within six hours after the same shall have ceased to fall or form.

SEC. 17.—No street or public way shall hereafter be opened in the town, of a less width than forty feet.

SEC. 18.—Whoever posts, affixes, or in any way attaches any poster, hand-bill, notice, advertisement or sign, or upon any fence, wall, fence, building, or structure not his own, without the permission of the owners or proprietors of such post, wall, fence, building, or structure, shall forfeit and pay for each offence a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars, to be paid into the treasury of the town.

SEC. 19.—Whoever paints, draws, or stamps any letter, notice, figure, advertisement, or marks upon or into any wall, fence, post, tree, building, or structure not his own, without the permission of the owners or proprietors of such post, wall, fence, building, or structure, shall forfeit and pay for each offence a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars, to be paid into the treasury of the town.

SEC. 20.—Whoever paints, draws, or stamps any letter, notice, figure, advertisement, or marks upon or into any wall, fence, post, tree, building, or structure not his own, without the permission of the owners or proprietors of such post, wall, fence, building, or structure, shall forfeit and pay for each offence a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty dollars, to be paid into the treasury of the town.

SEC. 21.—Whoever the Selectmen or the Highway Surveyors shall construct a sidewalk of brick, concrete, or gravel, on any of the highways of the town, one-half of the cost of said sidewalk shall be assessed upon the property abutting.

SEC. 22.—No horse or other animal attached to any carriage or other vehicle be permitted to stand upon, or to be driven along any sidewalk or crosswalk, or to be driven along any highway in the town, provided, that this section shall not be so construed as to prevent any person from driving any such animal or vehicle across any sidewalk to enter upon, or leave his or her premises or those of others; nor shall it apply to hand carriages used for children.

SEC. 23.—Any person using profane, obscene or indecent language upon any of the public streets of this town, shall be fined not less than five, nor more than ten dollars for every such offence.

SEC. 24.—No person shall smoke a pipe or cigar in any hall or other place where the citizens of the town are legally assembled for the transaction of business, during the time of said meeting.

ARTICLE V.

HORSE RACING.

Any person who shall lay out, or measure off any distance on any public street or highway with intent that the same shall be used as a race course, or any person who shall purposely drive a horse or any other animal on any such distance or course so laid out, or measured off, or on any highway of the town, shall forfeit ten dollars for each offence.

ARTICLE VI.

ALMSHOUSE.

SECTION 1.—The building heretofore used by the town as a Workhouse, shall be used hereafter wholly as an Almshouse.

SEC. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Overseers of the Poor to hire a suitable person, to act as Master of said Almshouse, and to furnish or cause to be furnished all necessary supplies for the support of the same at the expense of the town.

SEC. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Master to receive all persons who may be lawfully admitted to said Almshouse, and govern them according to the rules which are or may be lawfully established for that purpose.

SEC. 4.—That quiet and good order may be preserved at the Almshouse, on Sunday, all persons are forbidden to visit the same on that day of the week, without permit from the Master or one of the Overseers, provided, that nothing in this section shall be so construed as to prevent any minister of the Gospel in town from attending to give religious instruction on that day of the week.

SEC. 5.—It shall be the duty of the Overseers of the Poor to contract with a Master of the Almshouse for one year, which shall begin on the first day of April.

SEC. 6.—All persons are hereby prohibited from selling any inmates of the Almshouse, or furnishing any inmates of said house with intoxicating drinks or supplies of any kind, except by permission of the Master or Overseers of the Poor, and any person so offending against the provisions of this section shall forfeit twenty dollars for every such offence.

SEC. 7.—It shall be the duty of the Master of the Almshouse under the direction of the Overseers of the Poor, to keep a permanent record of the names, ages, places of birth, places of residence, and parents names, of all persons who are, or may be admitted to the Almshouse for support, and the amount furnished to all persons who receive aid or assistance as paupers.

ARTICLE VII.

DOGS.

SECTION 1.—Every owner or keeper of a dog shall annually on or before the 30th day of April, cause it to be registered, numbered, described, and licensed for one year from the first day of the ensuing May, in the office of the Town Clerk, and shall cause it to wear around its neck a collar distinctly marked with the owner's name and registered number, and shall pay for such license, one dollar for a male dog, and five dollars for a female dog.

SEC. 2.—Any person becoming the owner or keeper of a dog not duly licensed or licensed and described, described and licensed until the first day of the ensuing May in the same manner and subject to the terms described above.

SEC. 3.—Any person keeping a dog contrary to this By-Law, shall forfeit fifteen dollars, of which five dollars shall be paid to the complainant and ten dollars to the Town Treasurer.

ARTICLE VIII.

CATTLE GOING AT LARGE.

No person shall pasture or cause to be pastured any cattle or other animals upon or within the limits of any street or way of the town, either with or without a keeper, and every person guilty of a violation of this By-Law shall for each offence be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, to be recovered by complaint, on oath for the use of this town and one-half for the use of the complainant before any Justice of the Peace in this town or in the County of Middlesex, authorized to try criminal cases.

ARTICLE IX.

TRUANT CHILDREN.

All habitual truant children in the town of Woburn, and all children in said town wandering about in the streets or public places of said town, having no lawful occupation or business, not attending school and growing up in idleness, between the ages of seven and sixteen years, may be punished by the Selectmen, on complaint, on oath for the use of this town and one-half for the use of the complainant before any Justice of the Peace in this town or in the County of Middlesex, authorized to try criminal cases.

ARTICLE X.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All persons who assemble together in the streets on Sundays to the annoyance of peaceable citizens, or who lounge about the doors or entrances of Churches and other places in which public meetings are held, and either there or within said churches, or other places, in any way, or in any way wilfully disturb said meetings, shall severally forfeit five dollars for every such offence.

All persons congregating together in a disorderly manner, who shall not disperse when ordered to by the Police Officers, shall severally forfeit five dollars for every such offence.

No person shall play at ball or throw balls, stones, snowballs or any other missiles within or upon any of the streets or public places of the town.

No person shall bathe or swim in Horn Pond, or in any public or exposed place in the town. No person shall throw into Horn Pond, or in any of the reservoirs constructed for supplying Woburn, with pure water, any dead animal, any refuse matter, or any article calculated to contaminate or render impure the waters of said pond.

The Selectmen shall have full authority as agents of the town to institute and prosecute suits in the name of the town, and to appear and defend suits brought against it, unless it is otherwise specially ordered by a vote of the town.

ARTICLE XI.

POLICE.

SECTION 1.—There shall be annually appointed, five or more Selectmen, five or more constables, and efficient persons as police officers, who shall hold office a year from the date of their appointment, unless sooner removed by the Selectmen, and shall receive such pay as the Selectmen shall order, whose duty it shall be to notice all offences against the By-Laws of the town, and to appear and defend suits brought against it, unless it is otherwise specially ordered by a vote of the town.

SEC. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Chief of Police to report in writing annually to the Board of Selectmen.

ARTICLE XII.

PENALTIES.

SECTION 1.—Every violation of any of the foregoing By-Laws except where the penalty is specially stated, shall be punished by a fine of not less than two dollars nor more than twenty dollars, to be recovered by complaint before any Justice of the Peace in the County of Middlesex; and it shall be the duty of the Selectmen, Constables, and Police Officers, to prosecute every violation of the By-Laws, and all prosecutions shall be commenced within three months from the date of the violation thereof.

SEC. 2.—All fines imposed for a breach of any of the By-Laws of the town, shall be paid over to the Town Treasurer for the use of the town.

ARTICLE XIII.

Who by reason of the neglect, crime, drunkenness, other vice or vice of his or her parent or parents, or is from orphanage, is suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing him or her to lead an idle and dissolute life, the Judge of the Superior Court, or any Judge or Justice of any Municipal, District, or Police Court, or before any Trial Justice in the County of Middlesex, may, in his or her discretion, order such person, or persons, to be committed to the custody of the Board of Selectmen, or to any other place that he or she may deem expedient; not extending beyond the age of twenty-one years for males, or eighteen years for females, to be there kept, educated and cared for according to law.

SEC. 2.—The Selectmen shall assign from time to time, some institution of instruction or reformation to which children under sixteen years of age living in the town, who are in the custody of the Board of Selectmen, or to any other place that he or she may deem expedient, and they shall also appoint suitable persons to make complaint under the authority of this By-Law.

ARTICLE XIV.

HORACE COLLAMORE, GEORGE M. CHAMNEY, JOHN JOHNSON, MARK ALLEN, Committee.

Voted, that the By-Laws approved by the Superior Court holden at Cambridge, July 30, 1879, are annulled when these By-Laws are approved by the town.

Voted, that the Town Clerk be instructed to forward to the Superior Court for approval, a copy of the By-Laws.

A true copy of record. Attest: M. S. REILEY, Town Clerk.

Which said By-Laws being seen and understood by this Court, are, on this twenty-seventh day of June, A. D. 1879, approved, except Section three of Article VI, which is not approved.

In testimony that the foregoing is a true copy of record, I hereto set my hand and affix the seal of said Superior Court, this second day of July, A. D. 1879.

THEO. C. HURD, Clerk.

HAMMOND'S Clothing House,

Lyceum Building, Woburn.

A choice selection of Clothing, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, and Trunks, at bottom prices, for Cash.

207

Flannels & Blankets

Large Assortment and Low Prices!

C. A. SMITH & SON, 177 Main St., Woburn.

217

HAVING PURCHASED

THE STOCK OF THE

WOBURN CLOTHING STORE

And added a New, Stylish and Large

The Village Editor and his Friends.

[From the Danbury, N.Y. Man's new book, "Mr. Phillips' Goodness," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price—paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.]

"If Tom Griggs looked for any lightening of the cloud when out of the atmosphere of his home and in that of the office, he was not gratified. It is more than likely he had no such expectation. It is a remarkable fact in connection with the conduct of a country printing-office, that, on the day when an extraordinary financial effort is to be put forth, some mechanical or other trouble arises. A form 'pie,' or an important roller melt, or some one of the meagre force is unexpectedly taken sick or drunk. A short bank-account, and one, if not all, of these contingencies, invariably conjunct on the day preceding publication. People of a superstitious turn are confident there is something supernatural about this. In the case of Tom Griggs it was the last-named misfortune. Hazleton, being of a frail and sickly cast, and not expected to live any great length of time, had gone off on a broad and comprehensive drunk. This fact was communicated to Tom, the moment he entered the room, by Mr. Phillips, in that helpless tone peculiar to the foreman of an office when he is confronted by any emergency. 'A mighty poor look for the paper,' he cheerfully added.

"Mr Phillips' spirit communicated itself to Joe Goodwin and 'Lippy,' and occasioned the former to audibly observe, for the benefit of his employer, 'We'll be a day late, or I'm damned!'

"Whereupon Master Vanderlip was led to remark, for the behoof, also, of the dejected editor, that, if the paper got on at all that week, it would be mighty lucky.

"The editor sat down to his desk, and groaned inwardly, while he involuntarily clasped his head in his hands. Then he went at his books to make out bills for collection. There was an array of uncanceled figures in the columns that was most grateful to the casual glance, but apples of ashes in the teeth of him who gave them a closer inspection. This party was out of town; or that one was to pay next month; or there was a counter-account from so-and-so; or what's-his-name wouldn't pay any; and so down one column after another, until Tom Griggs began to doubt if he could get bills enough for the desired amount, saying nothing at all of what he might collect on that.

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"A man with a four-column newspaper article on the phenomenon of atmospheric influences on the Arizona cactus. He pronounced it the clearest and most logical exposition of this subject he had seen, and was very anxious to have it appear the next day. Almost bereft of breath by this suggestion, Tom told him that the paper was already nearly full. The man said he was confident there wasn't anything in it one-half as important as this, and room ought to be made for it.

"A man with a written account of a visit he had made to Boston, being mostly a complimentary description of the hotel at which he had stopped, with the proprietor's name, and the hotel's terms, which the article spoke of as exceedingly reasonable. When published he wanted a copy sent to the landlord, who would probably subscribe.

"A man with sixty dollars' worth of advertising of a patent medicine, to be inserted for eight dollars; also a five-dollar editorial to be published in consideration of getting the contract.

"A man who had taken the right of the town to sell a patent window-fixture, and came in to tell it, as he knew items of a local nature were always acceptable. Having a fixture with him, he kindly gave fifteen minutes of his time to explain its workings, and was particularly to see that the half-named editor got his name spelled right.

"A man who was an extensive grower of strawberries for the market and who brought in ten cents' worth of the fruit for the exclusive behoof and enjoyment of the editor, and who thoughtfully suggested, that, in case mention was made of it in the paper, it might be added that he had plenty of the article on sale.

"A man who supposed the editor was glad to get any thing to fill up the paper with, and so notified him that he had a few choice cabbage-plants to sell,—a fact many of the readers would be glad to know."

WANTED TO STOP THE INTEREST.—Daniel Webster once dined with an old Boston merchant, and when they came to the wine a dusty old bottle was carefully decanted by the host and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he poured out Mr. Webster's glass and handed it to him. Then pouring out another glass for himself he held it to the light and said:

"How do you like it, Webster?"

"I think it's a fine specimen of old port."

"Now can you guess what it cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said Mr. Webster; "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well, now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it cost me the sum of one dollar and twenty cents per glass."

"Good gracious! you don't say so," said Mr. Webster, and then draining his glass he presented it again with the remark:

"Fill it up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that confounded interest."

WHAT HIS POLITICS WERE.—Col. Robert Ingersoll tells a story of a Dutch farmer at Fairbury, Illinois, who on being asked if he was a Democrat, answered:—

"Nix, I ish not a Demograd."

"Are you a Republican?"

"Nix, I ish not a Republican nider."

"Then you have no politics?"

"Vat is my bolidix? Vy, I dells you vot my bolidix ish. Feifdy sends a bushel for nine corn and doo glasses of lager beer for nine cents. Demis my bolidix, and dems better bolidix than yer tam Republican or Demograd bolidix. Eh, vat you got to say now, by tam?"

NO SMOKING IN HERE.—"You can't smoke in here," said a John street conductor to a man who was pulling away vigorously at a five cent cigar in a car half full of ladies.

The man did not seem to hear.

"I say," cried the man with bell-punch, in a louder key, "if you want to smoke come out here on the platform."

"All right," returned the passenger, and he stepped out. "Didn't think it would hurt nothin'," he said, apologetically; "seem's there ain't any straw in the car to catch fire."

"But there are ladies there."

"Oh, yes. Didn't think nothin' 'bout that. Might get ashes on their gowns and spile 'em."

"It isn't so much that," explained the conductor, "but ladies object to smoke."

"Well, I didn't ask any 'em to smoke, did I? They needn't object before they are invited."

"You don't understand. Smoking is disagreeable to ladies."

"Best reason in the world why they shouldn't practice it. Catch me smokin' if it was disagreeable to me!" And he tranquilly puffed away at his five-cent.

Sailor bathing off the shore near Cherbourg and with the water near up to his chin:—"What are these things I feel on the bottom with my feet?" A marine from the shore:—"Nothing serious! An inventor is only trying some experiments with torpedoes."

The ladies will come in flocks to see the pedestrians; but the ladies, bless them, always did take an interest in matches.

The man who ate three hot rolls the other evening, and then had the nightmare, says it was a thoroughbred one.

"My pleasure is two-fold," said a heartless young man who was courting two girls at once. Two fooled, he meant.

Hanging is too good for a picture that is poorly executed.

A promising young man is chary of his promises.

Unseasonable fruit—Currants of air.

Best table butter—Billy the goat.

CHILDS & LANE

116 Tremont Street, Boston.

Anticipating the large advance which has taken place in every grade of

CARPETINGS,

We placed our orders very early in the season at prices much below current rates, and are thus enabled to offer to our customers a splendid line of goods at very low prices. In addition to a full stock of TAPESTRY, THREE PLY, EXTRA SUPERFINE, and low priced INGRAIN CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTH, RUGS, and MATS, we call especial attention to a new make of BODY BRUSSELS, which for quality, style, and finish has never been surpassed. Many of the patterns are private to us, and will be confined to our retail trade.

Funeral Undertakers

L. H. ALLEN,

FURNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER,

COFFIN WAREHOUSE,

MONTVALE AVE., NEAR CORNER OF MAIN ST.,

Woburn.

CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and

prices. Robes in great variety. Also, CATH-

OLIC HABITS, and every article necessary

for the burial of the dead, furnished

at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neigh-

boring towns is called to the fact that this is the only

Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are

furnished here at less than Boston prices and deliv-

ered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving

the bodies by cold air alone, without the direct applica-

tion of ice. When preserved by the cold air process,

a glass reveals at any moment the features of the

deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than

the old way. Have a sufficient number of these

preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriages fur-

nished.

Residence, East Street, near Green.

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Coal, Wood & Lumber

LUMBER!

EASTERN, WESTERN, and

Northern LUMBER,

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on

hand, and delivered promptly, at shortest notice, at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Shingles, Clapboards, Laths, Cedar and

Chestnut Posts.

Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard on Prospect Street, opposite the Rail

road Freight Yard.

H. S. CONVERSE,

Carpenter and Builder,

WOBURN, - - MASS.

Shop on Prospect street, Woburn.

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